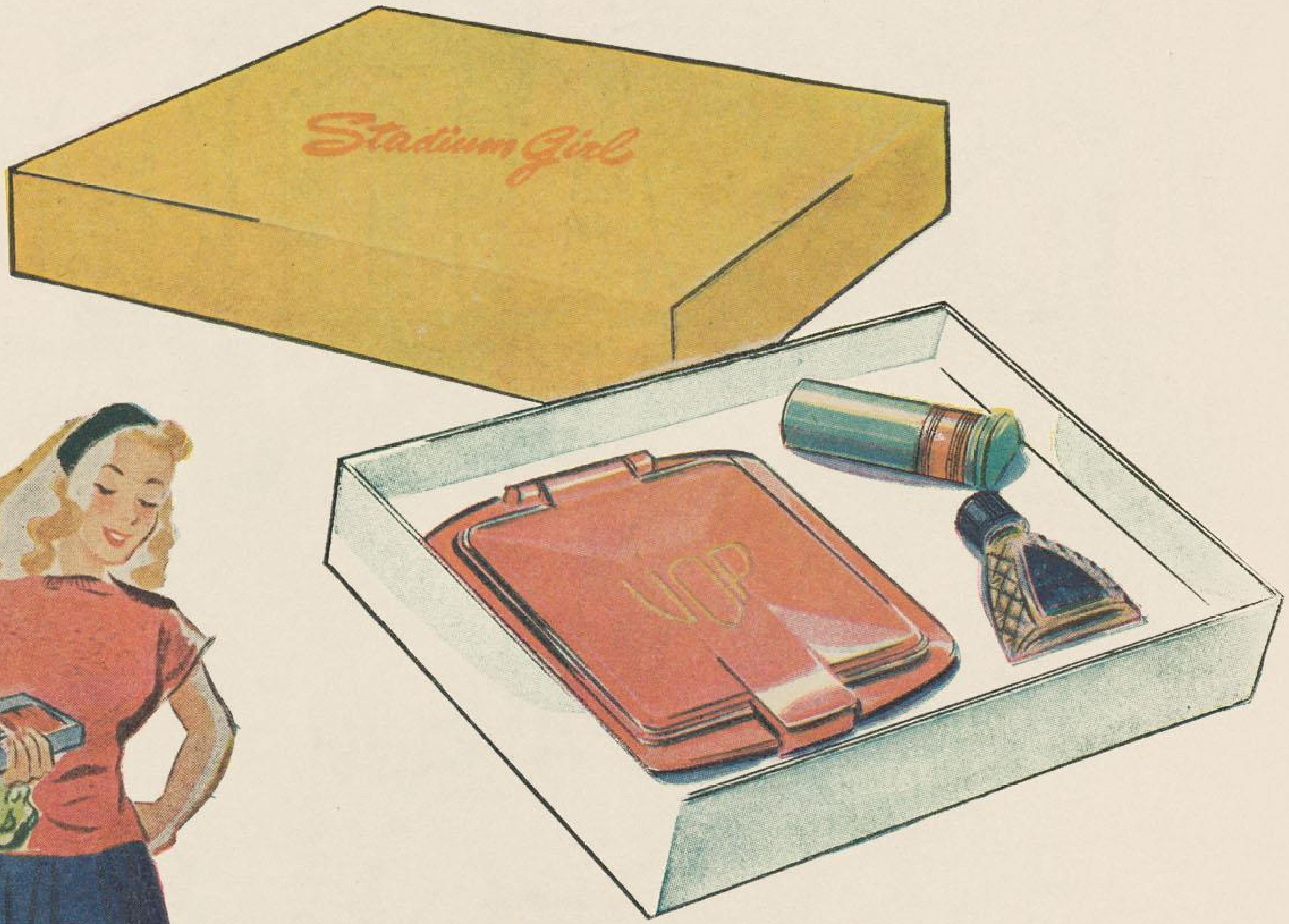
FEB. 10¢

Miss America

FICTION FASHIONS BEAUTY FUN MOVIES CHARM TIPS



It's terrific! . . . your gift of this impressive

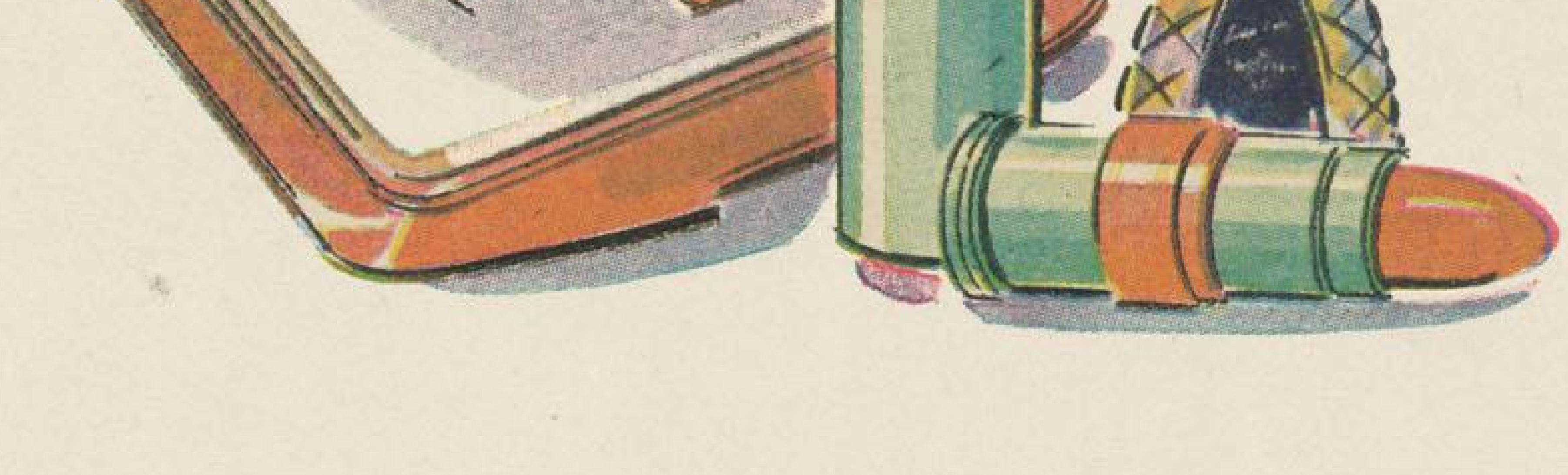
Stadium Girl

$1.00 COSMETIC GIFT BOX

(Monogrammed Compact . . . Lipstick . . . Perfume)

One peek inside this handsome, gold-colored Stadium Girl gift box is enough to thrill any girl. For look what it contains: (1) One of the most adorable compacts you've ever seen! It's the new *square* Stadium Girl plastic compact. And it's monogrammed with three initials on the cover in gold! (2) A large-size Stadium Girl Lipstick that stays on and on and on — in a fast-acting, plastic push-up container. (3) A whole dram of the brand-new, flower-fresh scent, Stadium Girl Perfume. . . . Giving a Stadium Girl gift box is a grand way to say "Be my Valentine," and it's appreciated *anytime* as a birthday gift, "bread-and-butter" gift, party prize, etc. It's easy on your allowance — only one dollar (tax and postage included). Your choice of popular lipstick shade and compact color . . . Order several Stadium Girl gift boxes, by coupon below. Be sure to include one for yourself!

Leading five-and-ten cent stores carry Stadium Girl Lipsticks . . . Stadium Girl Cake Makeup . . . Stadium Girl Rouge . . . and Stadium Girl Compacts.



TEAR OUT COUPON AND MAIL TODAY!

CAMPUS SALES CO., Dept. 327
411 E. Mason St., Milwaukee 2, Wisconsin

NO C.O.D.'S PLEASE

I am enclosing $1.00 for each box (in Canada $1.10), which includes tax and postage in full, or a total of $.................... for.................... Stadium Girl Gift Boxes. I have indicated the compact color and lipstick shade at the right. The letters that I want stamped in gold are clearly printed below.

☐ First initial ☐ Second initial ☐ Third initial

(Attach separate list of initials and color selections for additional boxes.)

Name..

Address..

City.............................. (......) State..............

My choice of compact color is:

☐ Red ☐ Blue
☐ Pink ☐ Aqua

●

My choice of lipstick shade is:

☐ Cherry Red (med. lt.)
☐ Sunset Pink (med.)
☐ Rare Orchid
☐ Tropic (med. dark)
☐ Ruby (dark)
☐ Burgundy (very dk.)

Teentimer*
OHRIGINALS
Designed by
GRACE NORMAN
RAYON FABRIC BY
Pondel
*TRADEMARK REGISTERED

HUNT-HONEY . . . foxiest catch at any meet! That's you — in this spirited, hunting-print date dress — ruffled for flattery, full-skirted for dancing. A Pondel rayon crepe in thorobred colors: filly gray, blue ribbon royal, hunter green, and saddle. Teen sized, 8 to 16 — Teen priced, about **$8.00.** For name of nearest store, write Teen-timers, Inc., 1359 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

And keep "hep" by tuning in every Saturday to "Teentimers Club" starring Gordon MacRae and the nation's top bands on your NBC station

Miss America

FEBRUARY, 1947 VOLUME 5, NO. 4

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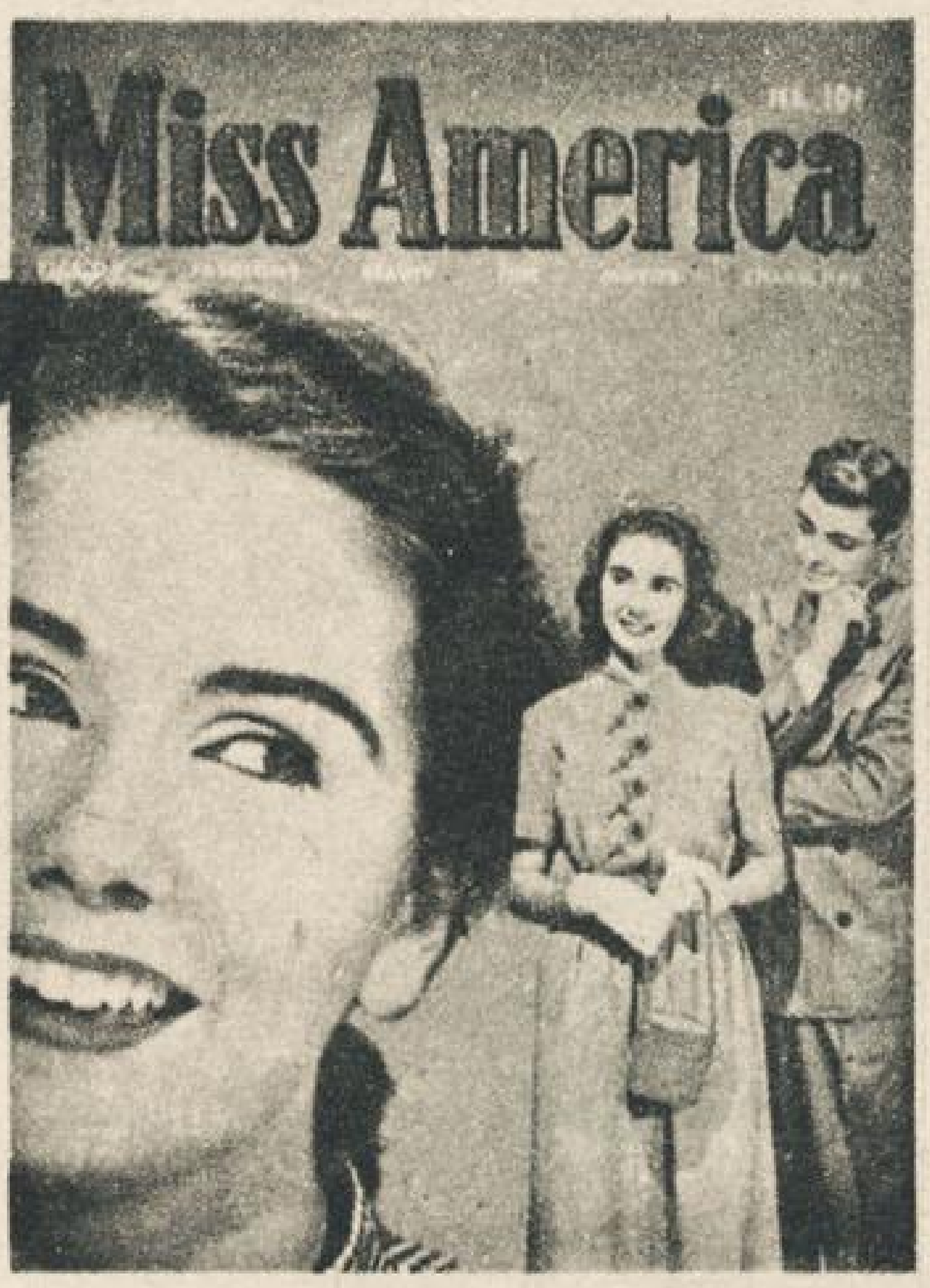

You're all set for Valentine's day in your newest checked glory. It's the Teena Paige $7 party-goer, also shown on p. 24. You're carrying a Fri-Lo plastic bag, about $3; wearing a Pom-Pet Tish-u-Tex hat by Leighton, about $3; Wear-Right shorties; Melinda's "School" lipstick. Stores on p. 55.

Kodachrome by Trend Studios

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Hello Girls:

Tears dim my eyes as I grope for the words to express the sorrow over Barbara's untimely passing. The lovely, courageous, warm-hearted Barbara who could smile in the face of pain and the pangs of loneliness, is no longer with us. The gay-hearted Barbara who loved to dance and wear pretty clothes, but was struck down, in the flush of her beautiful youth, has gone on to a new world—a heaven of unspeakable beauty, we pray; a heaven free of suffering and pain.

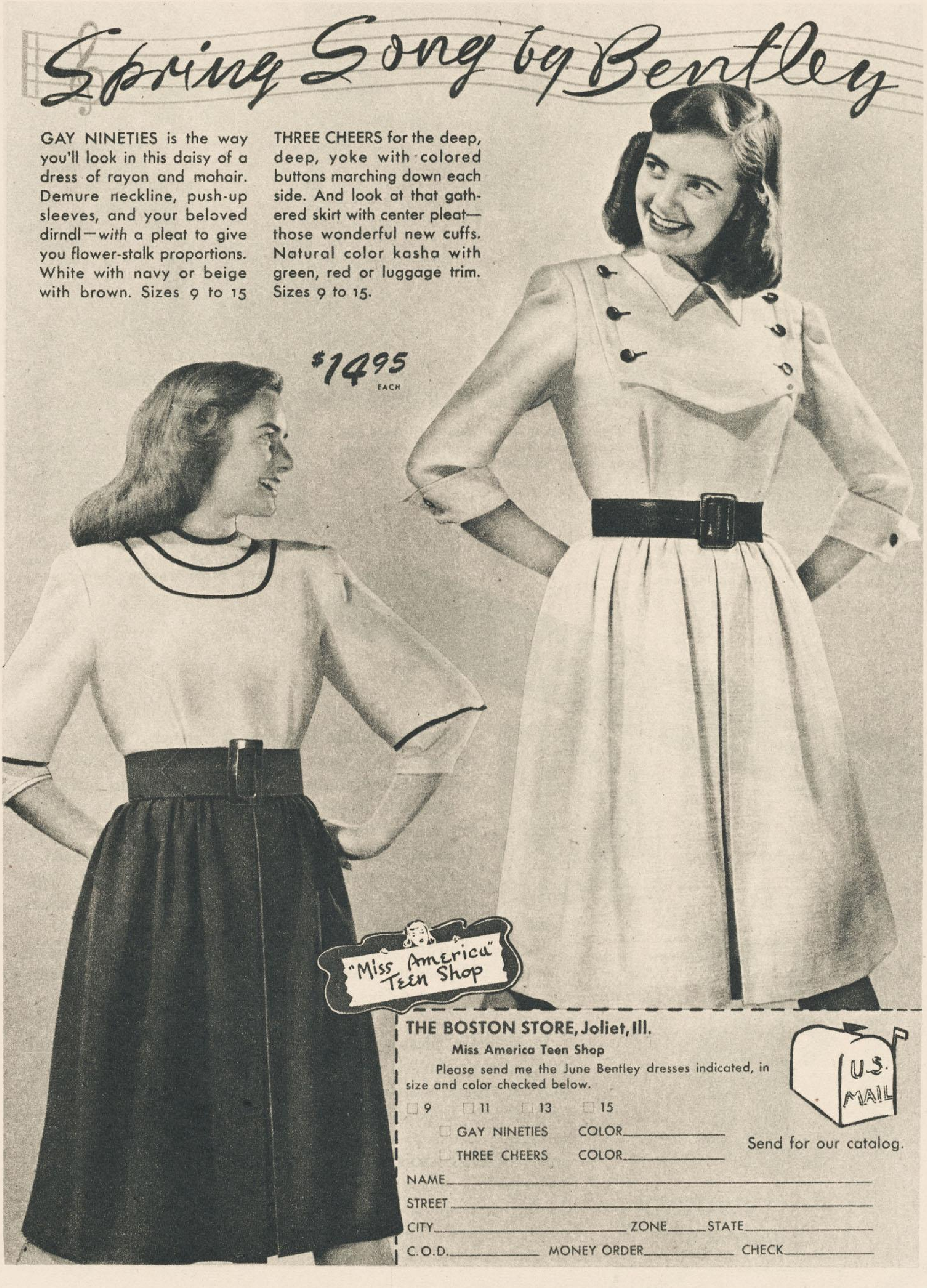
Barbara's aunt, Dorothy Wolff, has written us the sad news of her niece's passing. I'm sure all of the countless friends who wanted so much to cheer and help Barbara during her illness, will want to read the letter Mrs. Wolff sent to Laraine Day, in whose column the teen-aged girl asked for suggestions to while away the hours of bedridden inactivity. It was Miss Day's suggestion that MISS AMERICA readers exchange letters with Barbara. Here is the poignant letter:

> "I am writing, after this long while, to thank you and all the teen-agers for the boxes of letters, etc., that were sent to our Barbara.
>
> "I am sure she would have loved them and been very thrilled had they come in time. Our Barbara passed away a few days before they came, at which time she was completely paralyzed and her speech had been gone for two months. She was sick nine long months—bedfast—and her right side paralyzed all the time. She was operated on at the Temple Hospital in Philadelphia, Pa., for a brain tumor that could not be removed. Her mother and daddy brought her home and we all tried to make her happy, for we all knew it would only be a little while before we would be without our little girl.
>
> "You may put my letter in your page if you wish, or at least a thank you to all the boys and girls and tell them we will pass the letters on to some other shut-in some time to brighten their hours.
>
> "Barbara was a lovable little girl, dark red hair, green eyes and no freckles. She was the right size to look cute in her clothes, an "A" student in school and had many friends who never forgot her all the long nine months. She loved to dance, go swimming, and draw.
>
> "Thanking you again, Miss Day, and also all the boys and girls.
>
> "Barbara's Aunt"

Farewell, dear Barbara. May God rest your soul.

Affectionately,

Jean Goodman



Spring Song by Bentley

GAY NINETIES is the way you'll look in this daisy of a dress of rayon and mohair. Demure neckline, push-up sleeves, and your beloved dirndl—*with* a pleat to give you flower-stalk proportions. White with navy or beige with brown. Sizes 9 to 15

THREE CHEERS for the deep, deep, yoke with colored buttons marching down each side. And look at that gathered skirt with center pleat—those wonderful new cuffs. Natural color kasha with green, red or luggage trim. Sizes 9 to 15.

$14.95 EACH

THE BOSTON STORE, Joliet, Ill.

Miss America Teen Shop

Please send me the June Bentley dresses indicated, in size and color checked below.

☐ 9 ☐ 11 ☐ 13 ☐ 15

☐ GAY NINETIES COLOR__________

☐ THREE CHEERS COLOR__________

NAME____________________

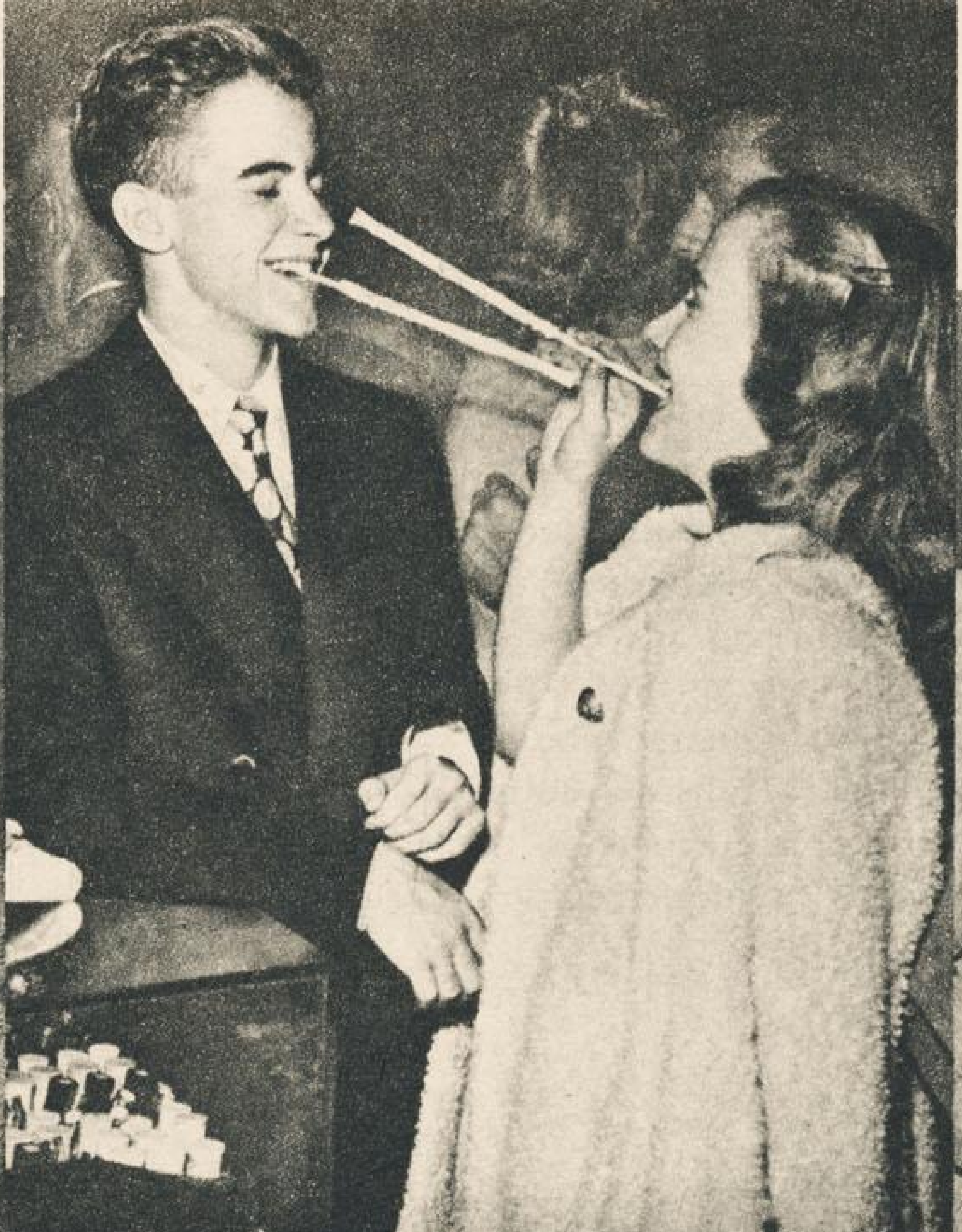
STREET____________________

CITY__________ ZONE____ STATE__________

C.O.D.________ MONEY ORDER________ CHECK________

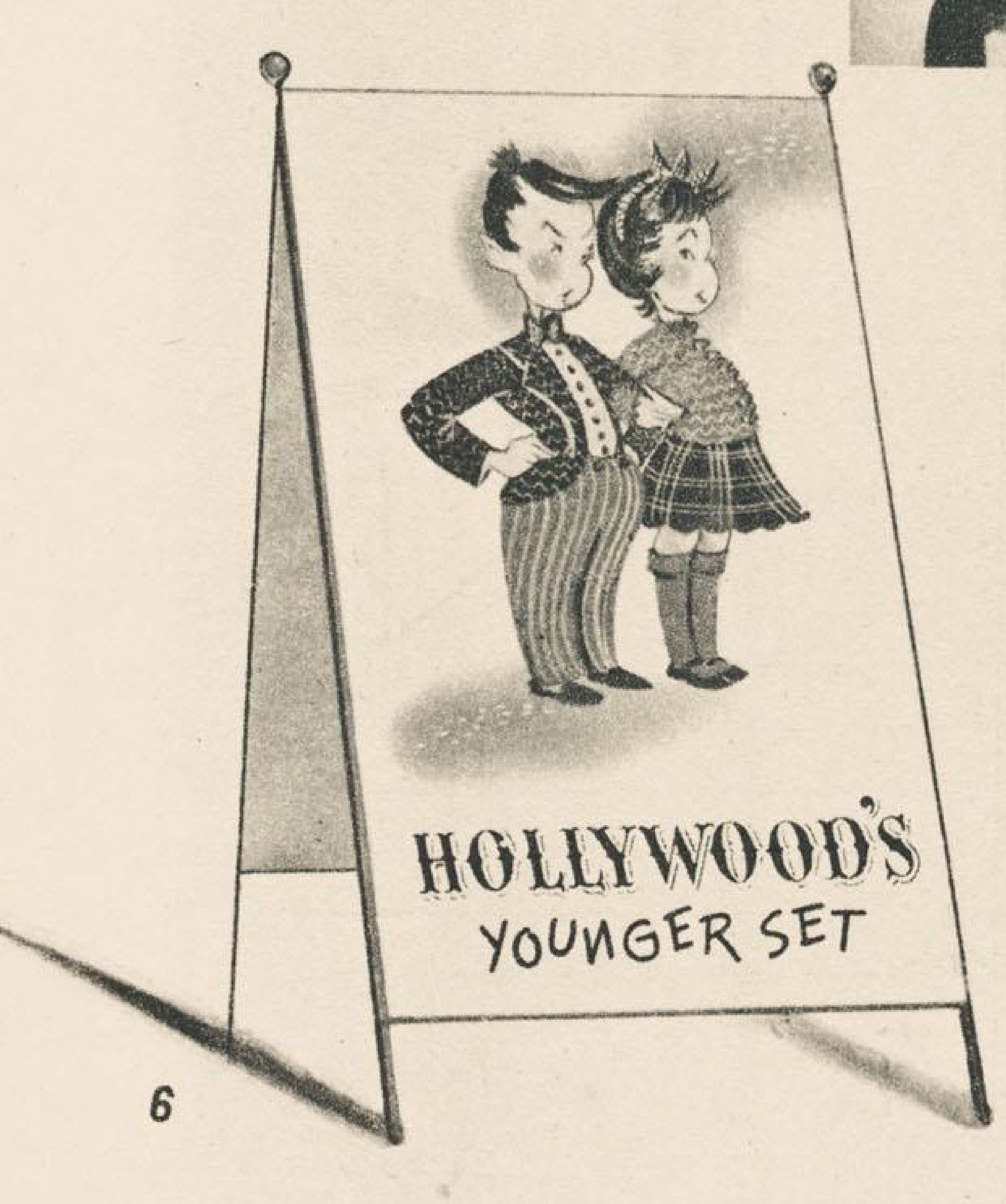
Send for our catalog.

"If at first you don't succeed . . . then something's wrong with the lighter." Jane Powell demonstrates for Walter Pidgeon.



Blow the man down! Scotty Beckett and Peggy Ann Garner wage a fierce battle of straws, against each other at a party.

Ann Rutherford helps those (Rory Calhoun—it's a pleasure!) who help themselves—at Eddie Bracken's buffet party.



HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

May's line is busy . . . buzzin' with what's new, who's who in Hollywood. . . . Listen!

by may mann

Deanna Durbin is before the cameras after a year's absence. Says Deanna, "I sing Brahm's 'Lullaby' which comes naturally, after singing it so often to Jessica."

Jessica is Deanna's own six-month-old baby doll, and her reason for temporary retirement. Before Jessica, Deanna admits, she was always a little scared of babies when they cried—definitely not the "sitter type." (Next to movie-actressing, what pays better? Some "sitters" receive seventy-five cents an hour).

The new Durbin picture is "I'll Be Yours," and Deanna's her nice trim 110 pounds, which is the result of lots of effort. Meaning she says, "no", nowadays, to ice-cream bars and such!

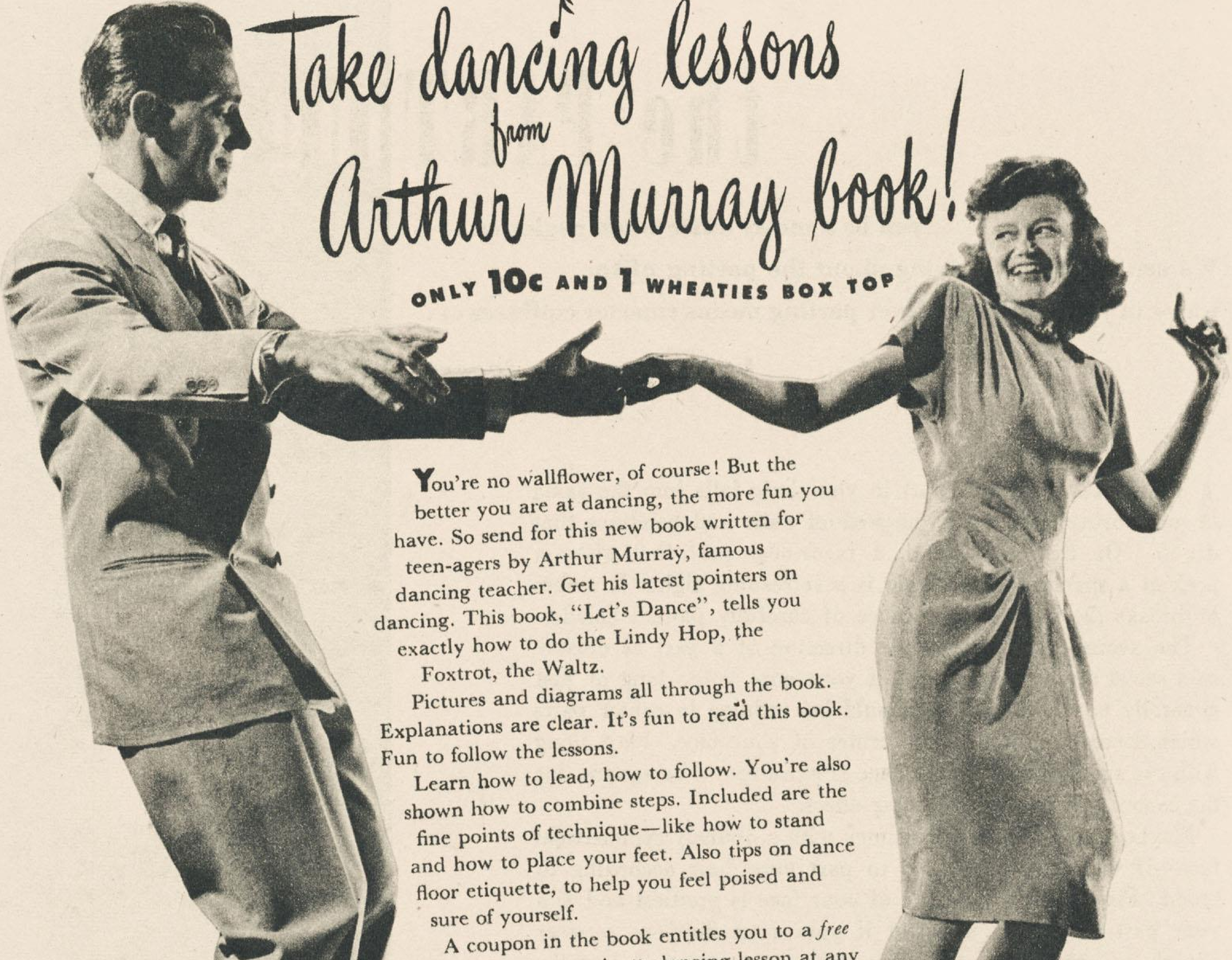
* * *

Incidentally, please, what are we to do with the personal autograph albums you ask us to fill for you with stars' names? Imagine walking around with a couple of thousand autograph books under each arm? Impossible, as you'll agree. So please don't send autograph books to this department. According to the editorial policy of MISS AMERICA, they'll only be returned (and unsigned), if you enclose return postage. An autograph in an album establishes the fact that you saw the celebrity in person. So hope you understand, chickies. The stars won't sign them, they say, unless sent directly to each. Good luck!

(Continued on page 56)

Take dancing lessons from Arthur Murray book!

ONLY 10c AND 1 WHEATIES BOX TOP



You're no wallflower, of course! But the better you are at dancing, the more fun you have. So send for this new book written for teen-agers by Arthur Murray, famous dancing teacher. Get his latest pointers on dancing. This book, "Let's Dance", tells you exactly how to do the Lindy Hop, the Foxtrot, the Waltz.

Pictures and diagrams all through the book. Explanations are clear. It's fun to read this book. Fun to follow the lessons.

Learn how to lead, how to follow. You're also shown how to combine steps. Included are the fine points of technique—like how to stand and how to place your feet. Also tips on dance floor etiquette, to help you feel poised and sure of yourself.

A coupon in the book entitles you to a *free* fifteen minute private dancing lesson at any Arthur Murray studio in the country.

"Let's Dance" is offered by the makers of Wheaties, those crisp toasted whole wheat flakes. Try Wheaties. Delicious! And send today for Arthur Murray's new book, written for teen-agers.

HOW TO ORDER YOUR BOOK . . .

WHEATIES
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions

"Let's Dance"
BY ARTHUR MURRAY

Address your envelope to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 356, at 623 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis 2, Minnesota. Enclose one Wheaties box top and 10c—together with your own name and address printed clearly.

Send today for this new Arthur Murray book, "Let's Dance." It's written especially for teen-agers. It's full of interesting and helpful pointers. Add to your pleasure in dancing!

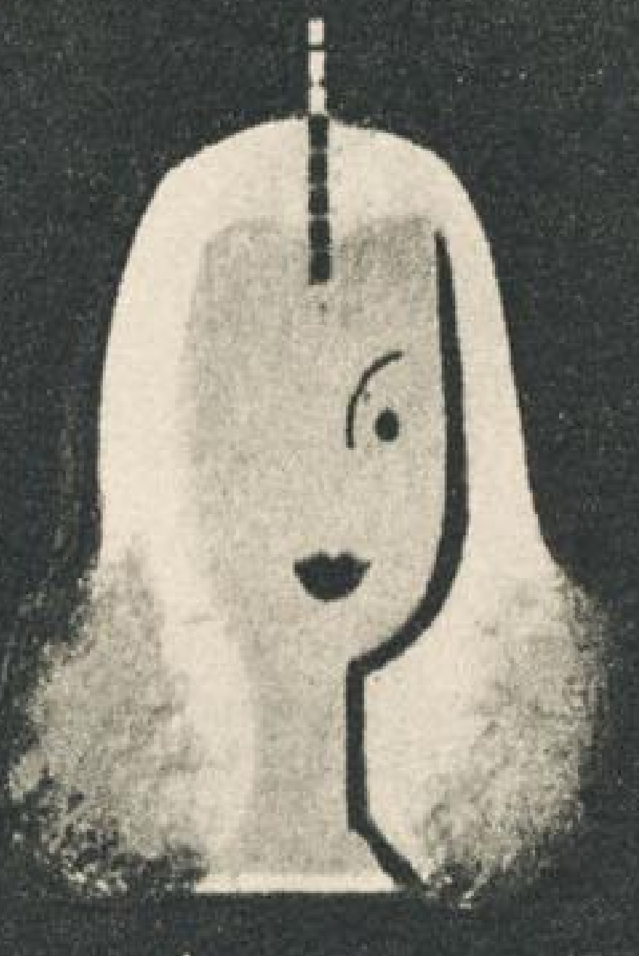
General Mills, Inc.

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn.

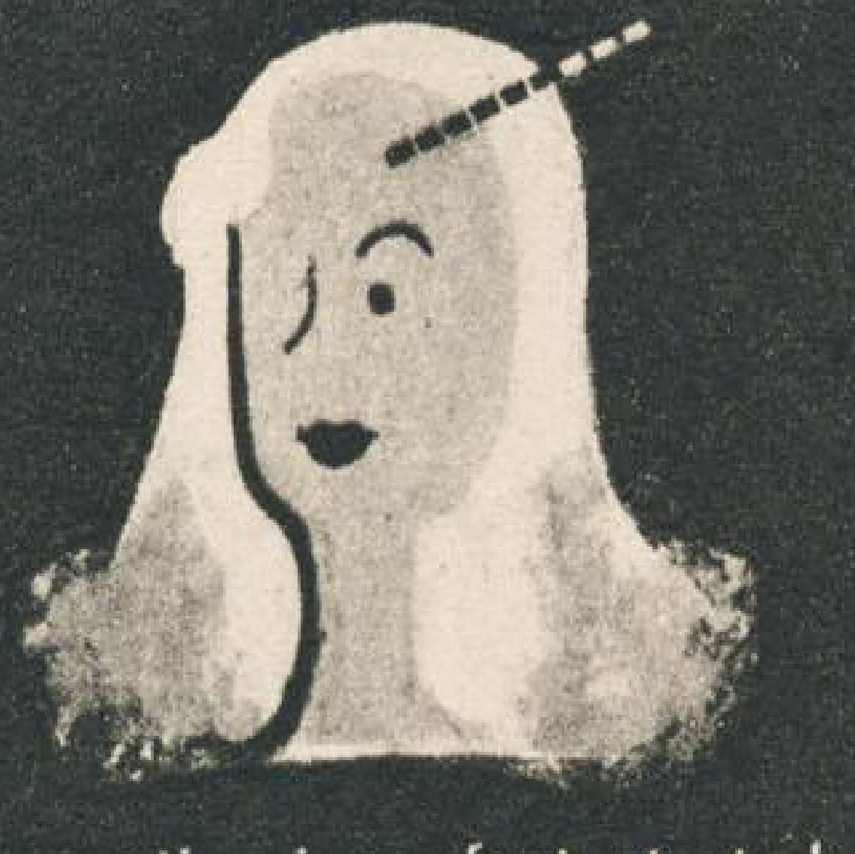
the PARTing...

can be a messy affair when neglected . . . We are, of course, talking about the parting of the waves in your hair . . . Clever parting means smarter coiffures . . .

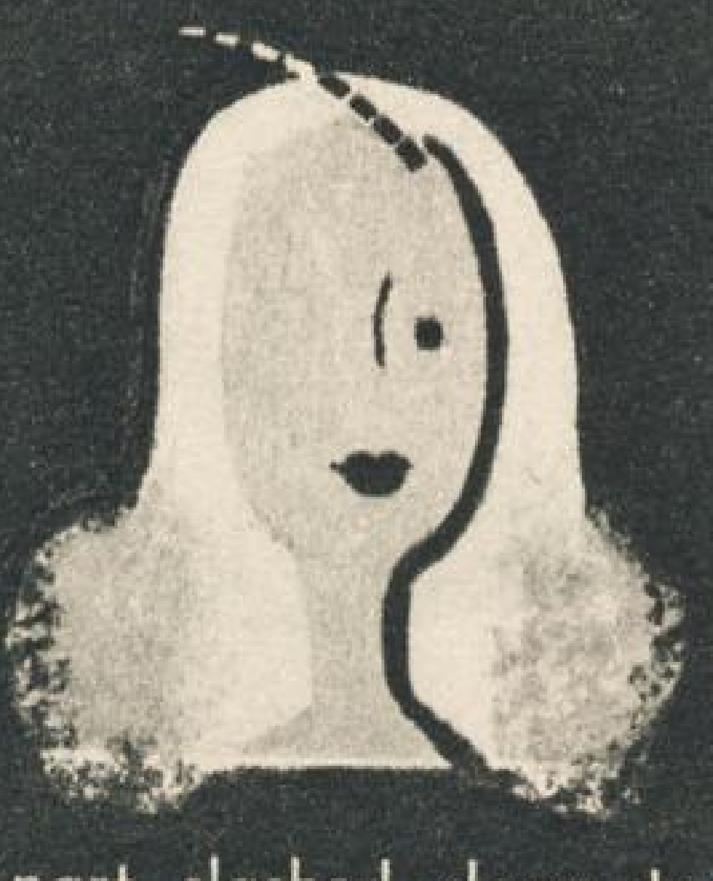
by barbara de forest



Front and center part only if your face is thin enough for it.



Side parting is perfect, started low, for lengthening wide faces.



A part slashed down to the nape of the neck for smartness.

A CROOKED, careless part in your hair falls into the same unalluring category as chewed-off nails and hemlines that droop. On the other hand, a razor-neat part that gives a peek at a spanking clean scalp is a refreshing sight. It makes or breaks the overall appearance of carefully plotted hairdos.

The average eye follows the direction of a part as closely as a serial mystery story. So if your nose is too long or just generally no better than it should be, indulge in center parts which focus attention on the center of your face. Play along with the same advice if your face is extra-round or square, for the center part has a broadening effect.

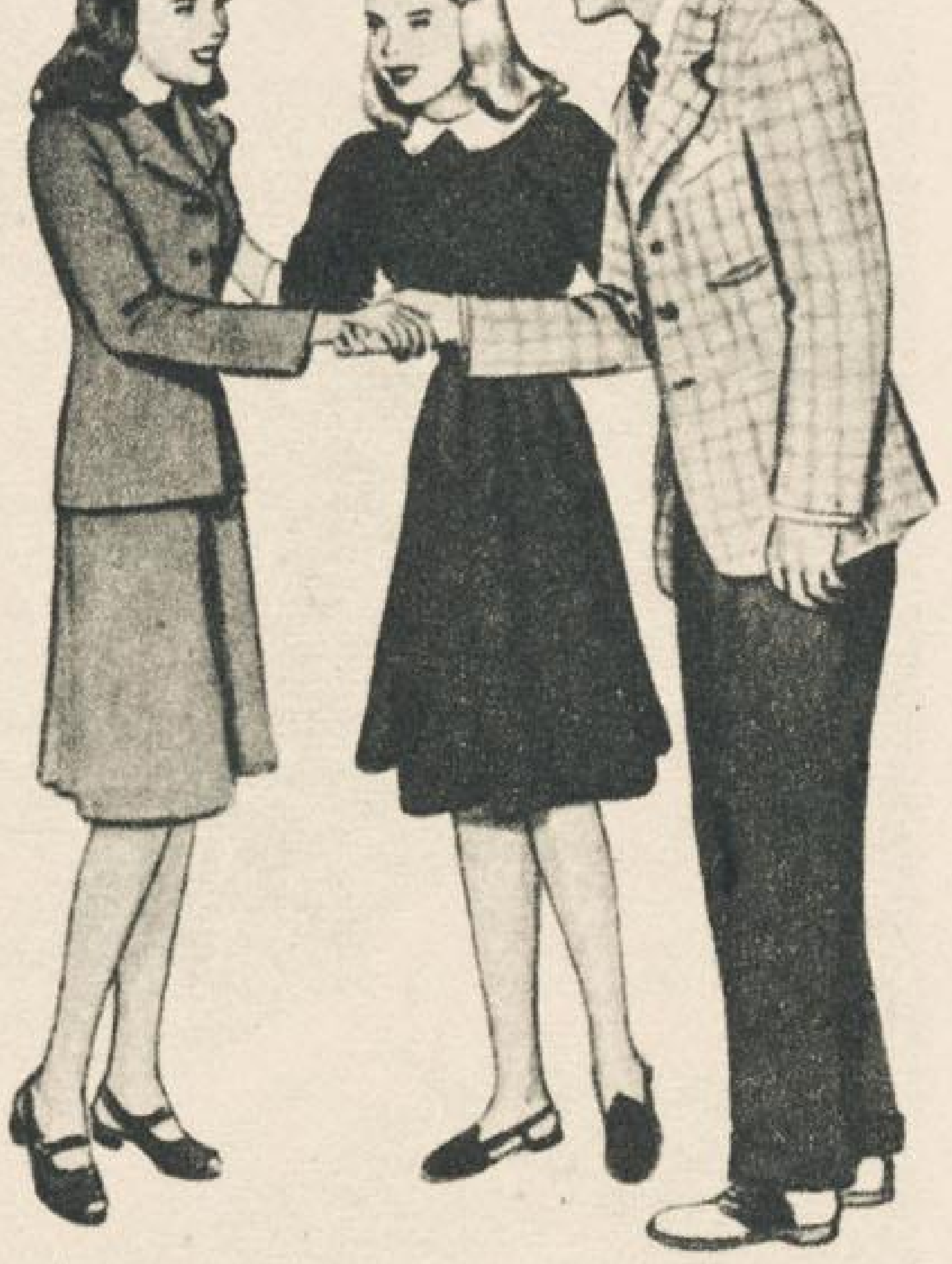
Maybe you're that rare specimen with a divinely symmetrical face—if so you're privileged to part your hair according to mood. Figure out which side of your face is prettiest and aim your part to play it up. But if your nose happens to veer slightly to one side or the other, locate your part on just the opposite side. Optical-illusion stuff.

Parts don't have to follow any set pattern, either. Be a little adventuresome, and experiment until you hit on the type that does the most for you. The side part takes on excitement, starting low at the side and slanting up towards the top of your head. Definitely perfect for the wide face, because if you take a gander at yourself straight on, in the mirror you'll see what others see—no part visible. If you're wangling for facial width, start your part nearer the top in front, and slant it sideways. Makes your face look shorter and rounder—especially with your tresses flat on top.

As a last thought, do you go in for the part that starts in at your widow's peak, and slashes straight across and down to the nape of your neck? Always give the back of your head a careful scrutiny, to be sure the back view is as unstraggly as you fondly believe. And speaking of widow's peaks—if you have a nice one, don't mangle it with a center part.

Whatever you do, play your part right for *you*. Parting can be sweet sorrow you know, or it can hitch you up to some pretty nice things. New dates, for example.

Are you in the know?



How should you cope with hickeys?

☐ *Squeeze with finger-tips*
☐ *Cover with heavy makeup*
☐ *Let them alone*

You're all set for next Saturday night, and horrors! — a hickey rears its ugly head. Never squeeze pimples. Just dab with antiseptic and let them alone. Unless they're chronic, needing medical care, they'll soon disappear on their own power. Well-scrubbed skin gathers few blemishes. And bathing's especially important if you'd be clover-sweet on certain days. Kotex helps keep you dainty, because every Kotex napkin has a *deodorant* locked inside!

Should a thank-you note be—

☐ *A formal acknowledgment*
☐ *Brief but "personalized"*
☐ *An essay on gratitude*

When sending thanks by mail, you needn't be stiff, or wordy or witty. Make your thank-you brief, but warm, with that personal touch that's *you.* Why let "duty notes" nag you? Writing them can be so simple. Likewise, why be needled by little problem-day worries — when Kotex can give you peace of mind? The exclusive *safety center* of Kotex means *extra protection* against accidents. That's why, as you skylark through "those" days, you'll say "thanks" to Kotex!

After making an introduction, then what?

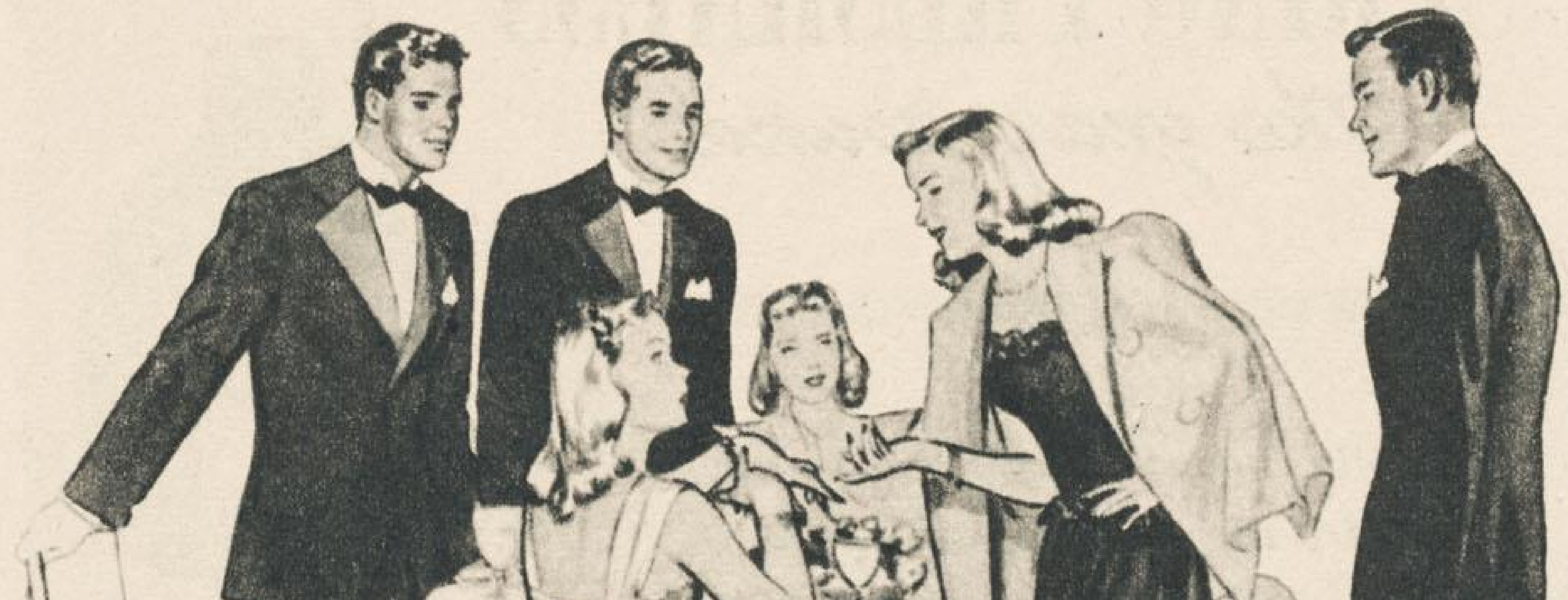
☐ *Follow through*
☐ *Let them take it from there*
☐ *Start talking for talk's sake*

Spare your friends the pause that distresses — after they've said "How do you do?" Follow through! Drop a word about Jim's pet hobby or Jane's mad passion for the Samba. It gives them the pitch for conversation; puts them at ease. To be at ease on "trying days", let Kotex introduce you to real comfort, dreamy softness that is strictly this side of heaven! For Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing.* You get lasting comfort . . . more poise per hour!

How can you leave at your dating deadline?

☐ *Tell the crowd Dad insists*
☐ *Say you need your beauty-sleep*
☐ *Mention an early A. M. appointment*

Party-ing is such sweet sorrow when you're the gal who must break it up. You're also the gal who must face the family . . . so don't hesitate. Mention an early morning appointment. It's the smooth way to exit at your curfew time. At "difficult" times, curfew for outline fears calls for Kotex. That's because Kotex has *flat, tapered ends* that don't show . . . that *prevent* revealing outlines. Yes, with Kotex you're poised at any party . . . a smoothie from the word go!



Kotex
Kotex
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Kotex

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins

A DEODORANT in every Kotex napkin at no extra cost

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

GLORIA JEAN
popular young singing starlet

For Your Hair

SPRING FRESHNESS

the year 'round...

Daintily Soft . . . Swiftly Cleansing
. . . with Blended *Vegetable Oils*

Do as thousands have done—*test* GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo this easy, interesting way! Be convinced that it's quicker, easier . . . and so satisfying!

No other shampoo can claim more natural-looking beauty for your hair, more lustrous sheen, smarter radiance and sparkle, than GLO-VER. Contains cleansing agents made from *blended* vegetable oils. Rinses out easily, *instantly!* Not a trace of unsightly film! Removes loose dandruff—and, best of all, leaves your scalp so *clean*, your hair soft as springtime and amazingly manageable! Ask for GLO-VER at any Drug Store or Drug Counter today—or mail the Coupon.

GLO-VER
SHAMPOO

FREE TRIAL SIZE

Includes GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo, Glover's Mange Medicine and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress—one application of each—with easy directions for famous Glover's 3-Way Treatment and FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of the Hair."

Your Hair will be Lovelier with

GLO-VER

Beauty Shampoo

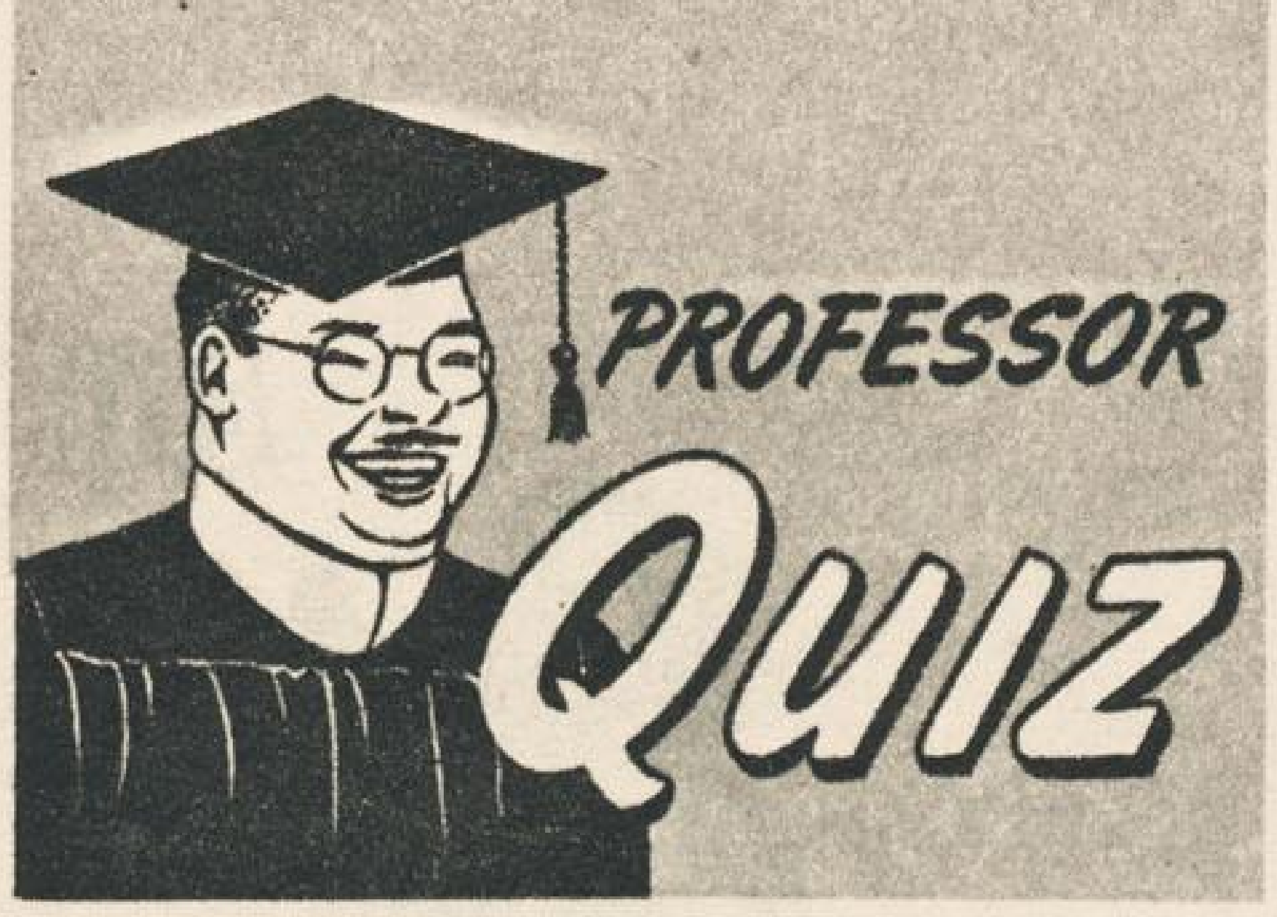
Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 232, N.Y. 1, N.Y.

Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing 3-Way Treatment in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with FREE booklet. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name..
Please print plainly

Address..

City.................... *Zone*........ *State*....................



PROFESSOR QUIZ

by
"the one, the only, the original"
Prof. Quiz—heard over CBS!

Q. What is the significance of St. Valentine's Day?

A. A lover's feast.

Q. What February holiday would the following foods suggest: Side pork, backwoods griddle cakes, honey and baked apples?

A. Lincoln's birthday.

Q. February 2nd has been dedicated to an animal. Which one?

A. The ground hog.

Q. What national holidays are also the birthdays of great men?

A. Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays.

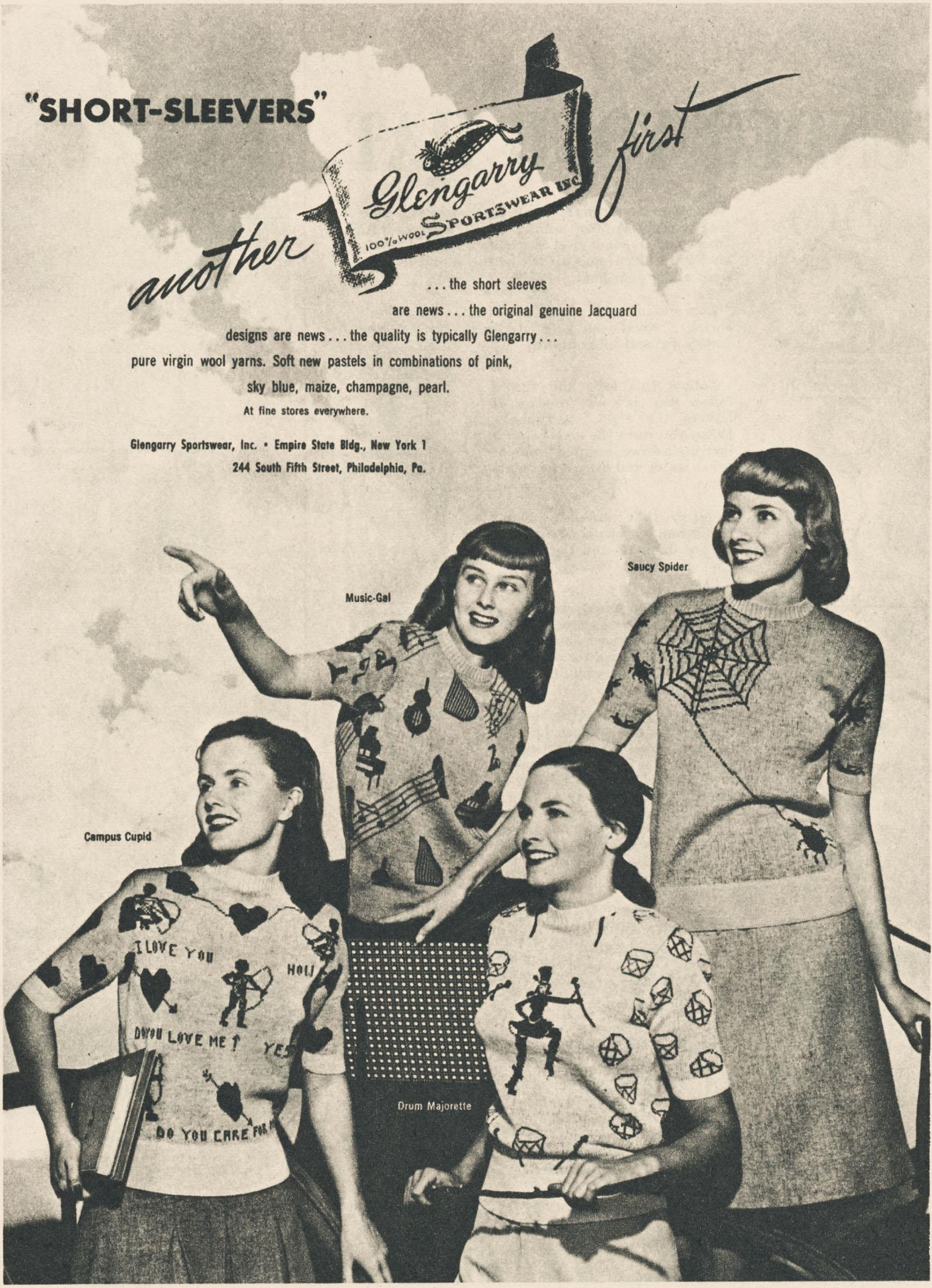
Q. What famous lover of fact or fiction might have sent these Valentines to either sweetheart or wife:

(1) I'm sorry I killed your cousin,
For my home in Verona I pine.
Remember the words we spoke that night,
And be my Valentine.

(2) Ah, for the days we raised "Cain,"
And life was a "Garden" benign,
But still I'd be happy, darling,
If you'll be my Valentine.

(3) Remember, I saved you in the cave,
From Injun Joe's design.
And on this happy, happy day,
Please be my Valentine.

A. (1) Romeo to Juliet.
(2) Adam to Eve.
(3) Tom Sawyer to Becky Thatcher.



Campus Cupid
Music-Gal
Saucy Spider
Drum Majorette

"SHORT-SLEEVERS"

another Glengarry 100% Wool Sportswear Inc first

. . . the short sleeves are news . . . the original genuine Jacquard designs are news . . . the quality is typically Glengarry . . . pure virgin wool yarns. Soft new pastels in combinations of pink, sky blue, maize, champagne, pearl.

At fine stores everywhere.

Glengarry Sportswear, Inc. • Empire State Bldg., New York 1
244 South Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

UNDER YOUR HAT

PERFUME
MOVIE TICKET

What's on your mind? A beau, a new bonnet, a date for Sat. night? A feller, a flicker queen, a pretty frill? Interested in some vital Statistics on how to be a choice tid-bit? Here's a little of this-a and data to keep under your hat!

•

Low and husky is your pitch with the lads. Don't shriek . . . when your voice climbs up think of the Bacall girl and get it down.

•

Follow this lead and they'll follow you. It's all a matter of having the right scentiments. When you reset the ends of your hair use a flower-scented lotion or toilet water and have a heavenly Aura.

•

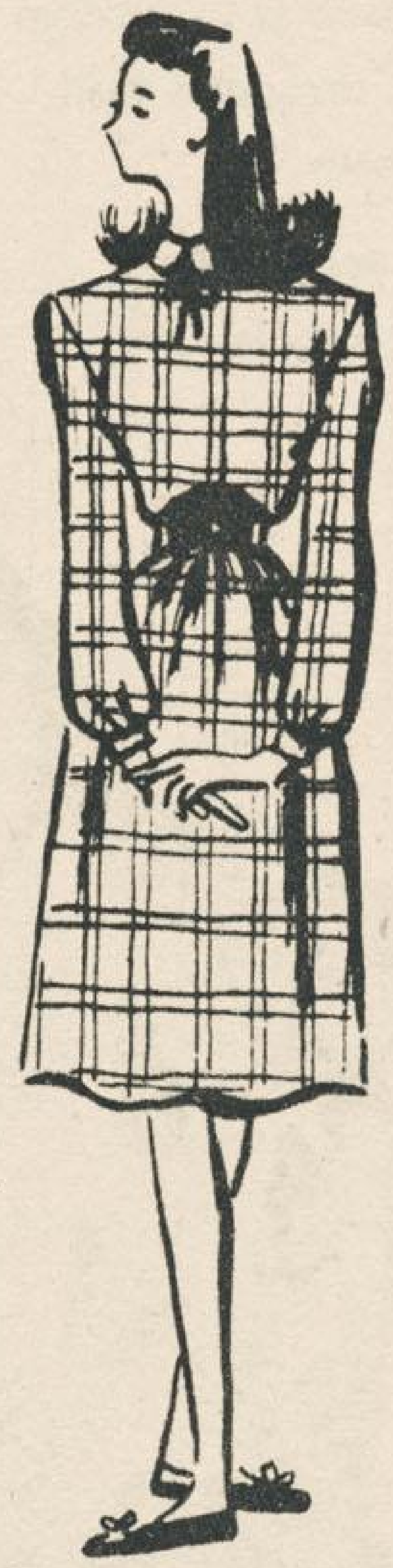
Resist that impulse. Don't haunt him by telephone. Let him do the dialing—and the dating. You stick to the baiting.

•

It's a plaid plaid world this winter. When you choose a dress pick your plaid with caution. It's a dark background for service, a light one for high visibility.

•

We're all for you being easy on the eyes but don't forget the boys like you *sweet*, too. Sweet-to-be-near-to. That's Arrid's department. Take half a sec a day to smooth gentle, creamy Arrid under each arm. No other deodorant stops perspiration and odor so effectively, yet so safely. Keeps you always angelic-to-be-with.



Only ARRID Gives You This Unequalled 3-Way Protection

1 Arrid really protects you from offending others. No other deodorant, only Arrid, stops perspiration and odor so effectively yet so safely.

2 Arrid really protects your clothes. Stops perspiration, so prevents stains. Wins American Institute of Laundering Seal "Harmless to Fabrics." Greaseless. Stainless.

3 Arrid is really safe for your skin. "Arrid is non-irritating," report leading skin specialists. Used by many, many doctors and nurses. Antiseptic. Gentle. Smooth and creamy.

Arrid is used by more men and women than any other deodorant.

New Improved **ARRID**

39¢ plus tax. Also 10¢ and 59¢

Shopping

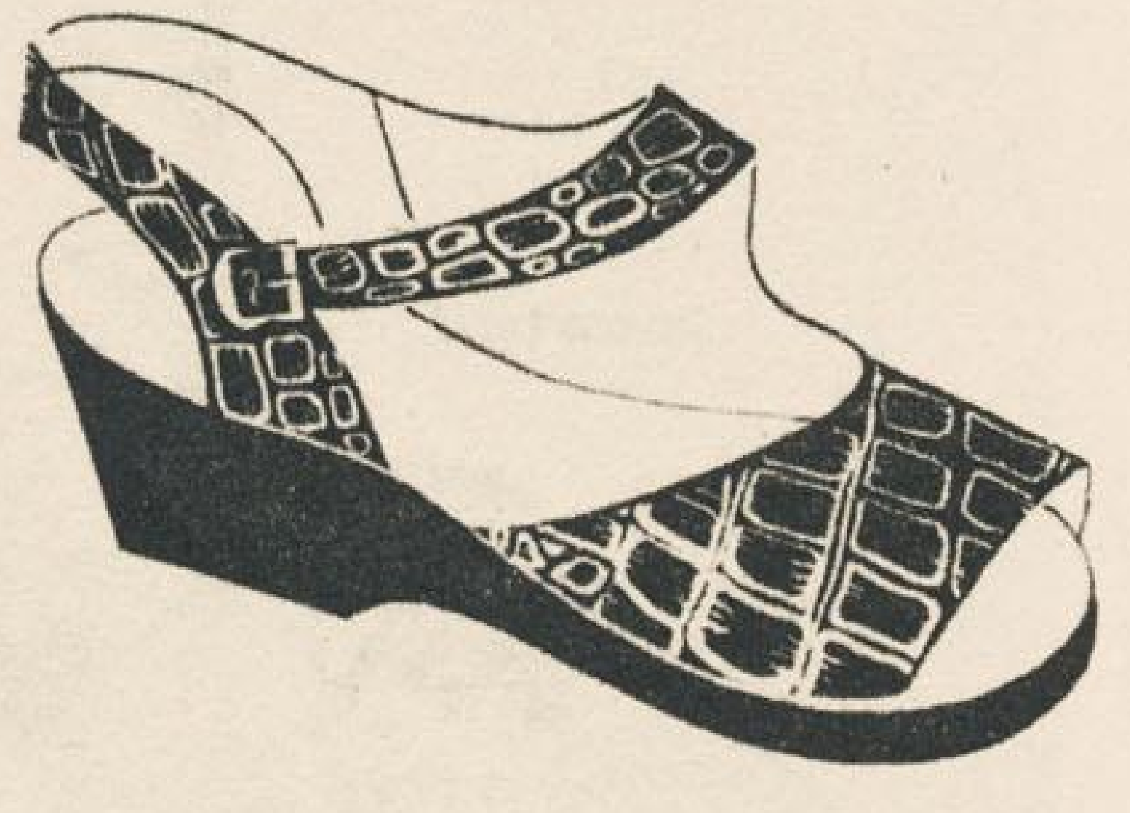
DOG-METICS

So your dog can be the neatest, the sweetest . . . his own shampoo, flea powder, and ! ! ! perfumed coat dressing. $1.98. Petmetic Prod. Hotel Imperial.

DOG-METICS
for "Putting on the Dog"
DOG-METIC
COAT DRESSING

PLASTIC FOOT-NOTES

They're wedged for comfort and style, and are in that new alligator plastic that goes so well with every outfit. About $5. Desco, 47 West 34th Street.

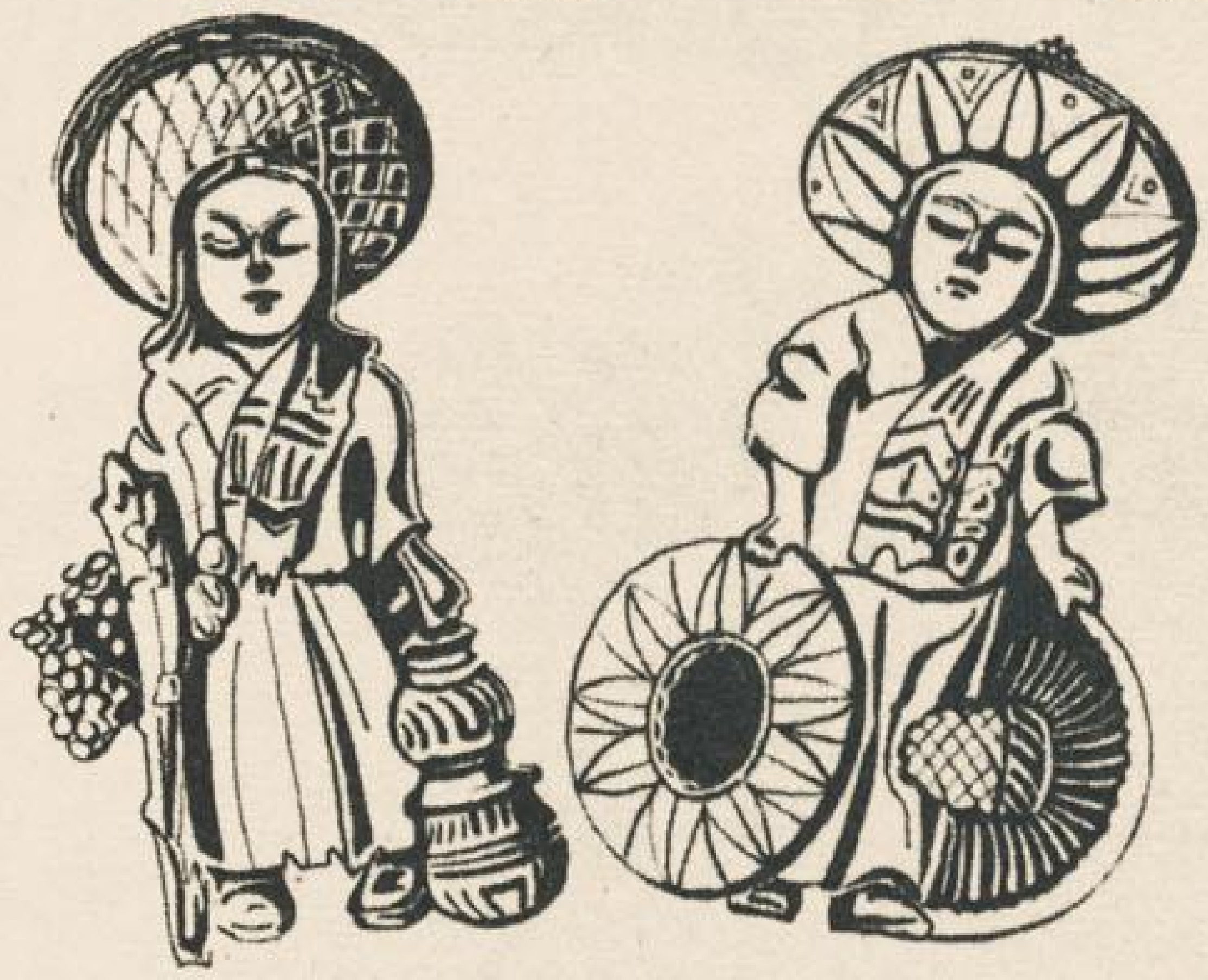


APRON NEWS

Here's something to make those extra duties 'round the house fun . . . gay gingham check, no laundering. About $1.25. It's a waterproof plastic by Krene.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

Show you're a good neighbor. Wear darling Mexican figure lapel pins in rich sterling plated plastic. Each $1 plus tax. D. Lisner, 305 Fifth Avenue.



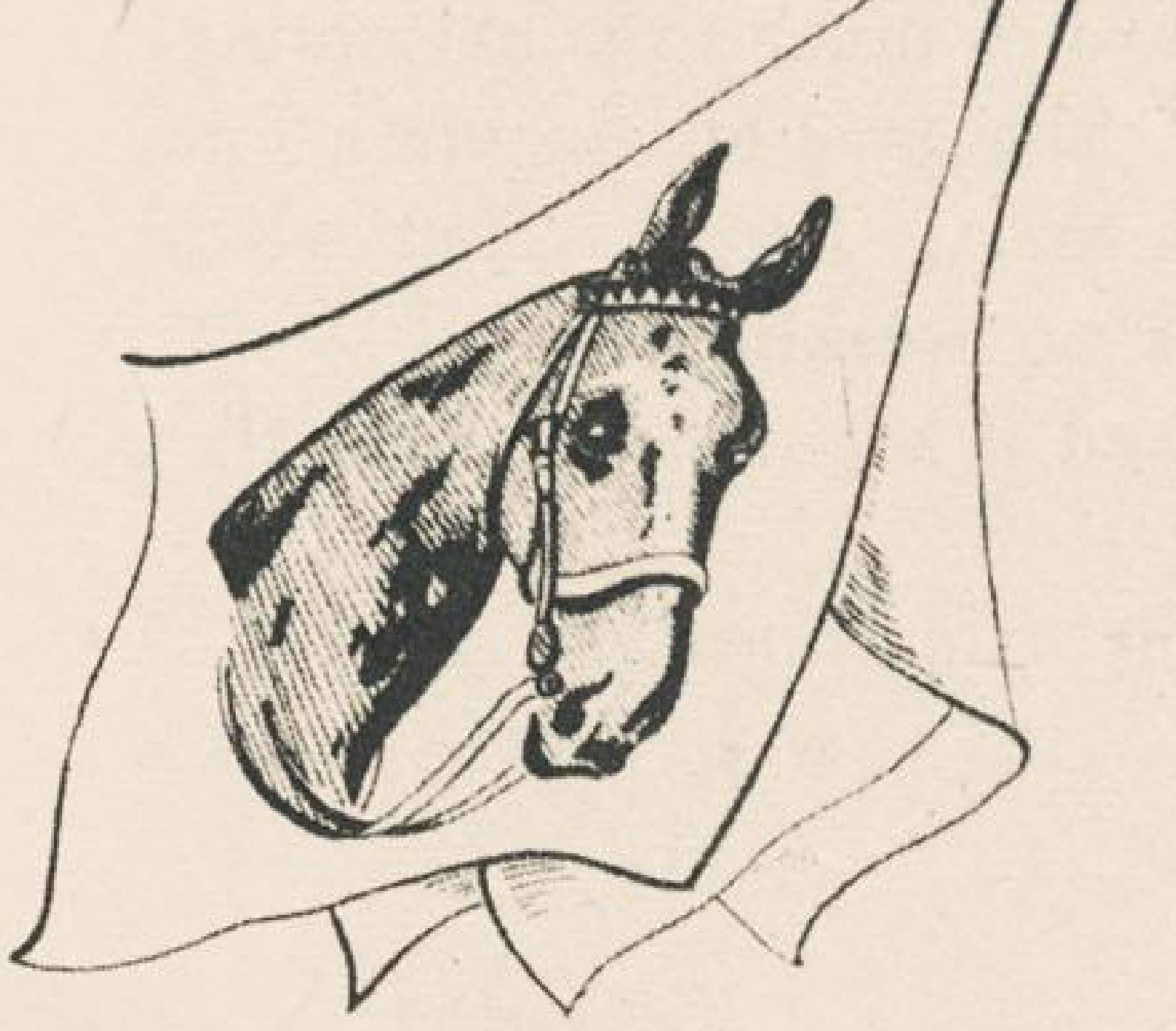
WAIST-LINE JIVE

Bonnie Lassie felt hand-painted jive belt with hanging pouch for "in-the-groove" coeds. In 6 colors. About $1.50. Carl Gutmann Co., 32 West 36th Street.

Whistle Bait!!

SPORTING FLATTERY

Sharp for all outfits . . . a colorful, perky white rayon square with dashing horse-head design in each corner. About $2.50. Echo Scarfs, 485 Fifth Avenue.



SO THIS IS THE WEEK-END YOU'RE A SUPER HOSTESS!

Marge is a Junior and you're a Sophomore, but you're friends. Marge is a gal who has everything —dates, cute clothes, a lovely home. She invited you there one week-end and you were thrilled. So now it's your turn.

Naturally, you're just about knocking yourself out to have things right. Saturday is fixed up with skating in the afternoon and the Club Dance at night. And the family can be counted on for swell dinners Saturday and Sunday.

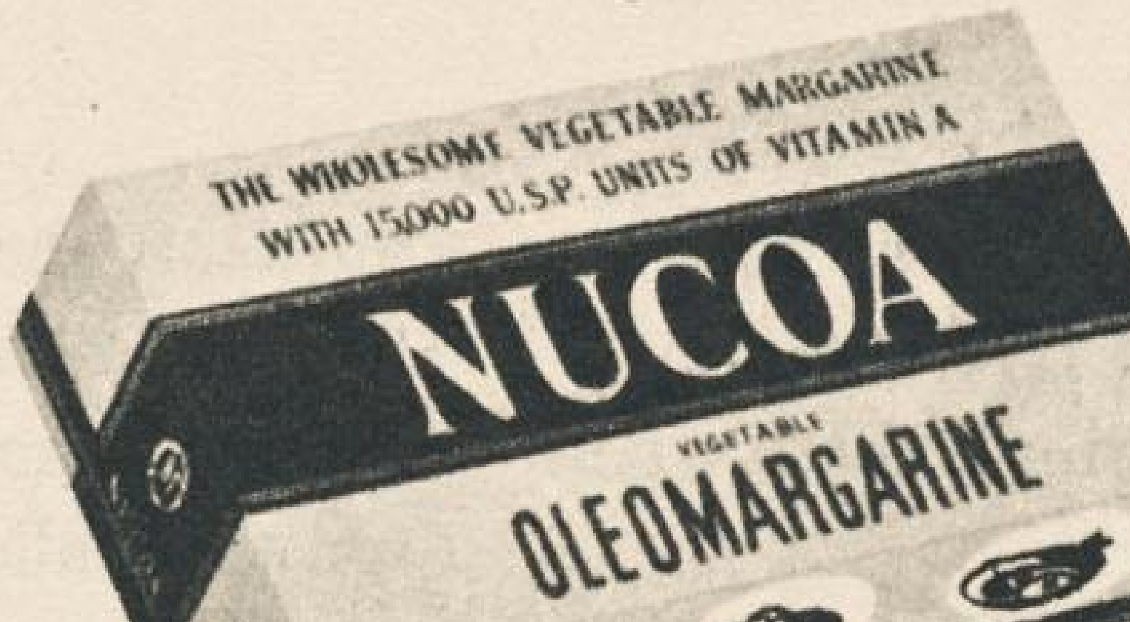
So that just leaves Sunday breakfast. Well, you'll want to sleep late, of course—after the dance. "All right," says Mother, "if you get your own breakfast." Oops—here's the first real snag. You did want breakfast to be something snazzy!

Okay—relax. Look what we have for you. As snorty a breakfast dish as if you had a French cook—but so easy you won't need to get up much before Marge does to star in your act!

This is for you!

PINEAPPLE FRENCH TOAST

(1) Sauté 4 slices of pineapple in 1½ tablespoons Nucoa until light brown. (2) Combine 2 eggs, beaten, with ½ cup milk, ½ cup pineapple juice and ⅛ teaspoon salt. (3) Dip 6 bread slices in the egg mixture. (4) Brown the slices on each side in a hot well-Nucoa-d griddle or skillet. (5) Serve hot with the sautéed pineapple. Yield: a hearty breakfast dish for two.


THE WHOLESOME VEGETABLE MARGARINE
WITH 15,000 U.S.P. UNITS OF VITAMIN A
NUCOA
VEGETABLE
OLEOMARGARINE

IT'S SMART TO USE NUCOA

LUXURY FOR LITTLE

When your spread for bread is Nucoa, you can have its fine flavor in cooking, too, without going overboard on cost. And Nucoa helps you get your daily quota of Vitamin A.

MA-2

AND HERE'S GOOD NEWS—FOR FREE!

"Party Foods on Little Money"— for club, class or private high jinks. Illustrated booklet contains 8 menus, with grocery lists and easy recipes. Address: The Best Foods, Inc., 88 Lexington Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

NAME______________________________
ADDRESS____________________________
CITY______________ZONE______STATE________

PARTY FOODS
on little money
IN RECORD TIME

Lila Jonson leaned out, "Sherry—darling, want a lift?" "No thanks—we're out for excercise."

MUSCLE MAN...

by julie easton

ILLUSTRATED BY LOUISE ALTSON

On the surface everything looked hunky-dory between Sherry and Tennis, but (such a BUT!) could their friendship flourish, bloom and blossom into something beautiful with the "thing" neither dared discuss? . .

SHERRY STEWART parked the car just as the train snorted to a stop. Her father was already on the platform, scanning faces, when she joined him.

"Ah," said Mr. Stewart, "there's our young man!" He hurried forward.

Sherry stood rooted, amazed green eyes on the slender good-looking youth swinging down the steps, bag in hand. That couldn't be—Tennis Baird, descendant of the great and near-great of the sporting world—why, his muscles didn't even show!

Drawing a ragged breath, Sherry did a quick mental about-face. Whipping off head scarf and mittens, she stuffed them into wide coat pockets. Then, resolutely, she threw out her chest, tucked in her tummy, and strode forward dynamically on the balls of her feet.

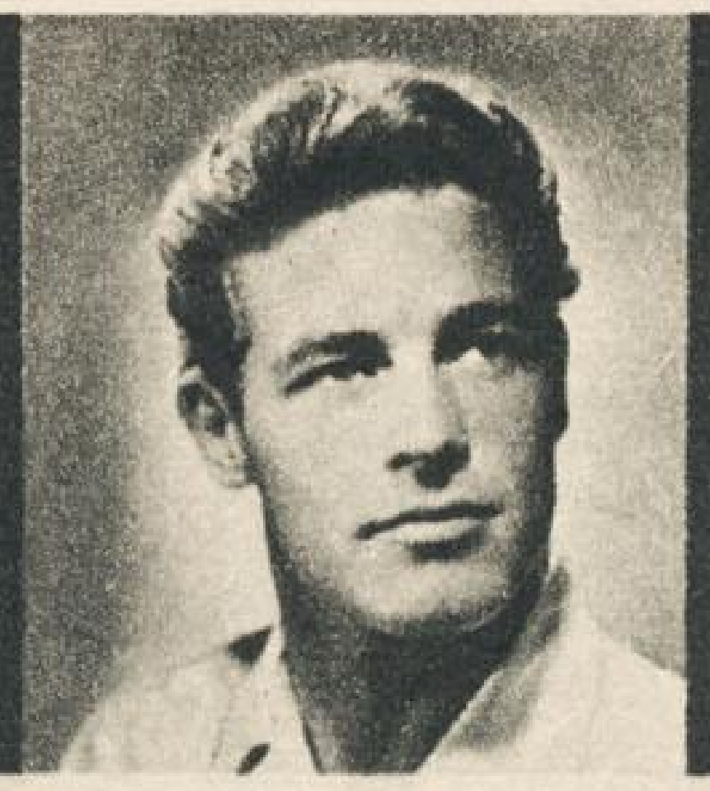
Her father turned fondly. "Sherry, this is—"

"Hello, there!" cried Sherry zestfully, pumping Tennis Baird's hand vigorously. "We've been looking forward so much to your coming! I've lots planned." She gave his fingers a final crushing, dropped them. There! That would show him she was no weakling.

The wind rose and it began to snow as they drove off.

"Drop me at the

(*Continued on page* 57)



my date with Guy Madison

by gail russell

"I'D rather have a date with you now than read about one, later," Guy said on the telephone, after I told him that I had dedicated my evening to turning authoress for MISS AMERICA Magazine.

"We'll make it a big evening and go to Villa Nova for dinner. Now that you've finished your picture maybe you can concentrate on a big steak—and me."

That's Guy! In all the time that we've been going together, he's kidded me about eating little while making a picture. As soon as I finish one, he dazzles me with pie-à-la-modes at drive-ins, steaks at Piccadilly and Villa Nova, and rich malts at Schwab's fountain.

"Besides," he pointed out logically, "How can you write about a date with me, without practical research? We can go out tonight, just so you can get some first-hand material for your story—how's that?" What could I say—but imagine Guy Madison as a practical research course!

I think our most unusual date was the Sunday that we drove down to San Pedro to spend the afternoon sailing. I wore shorts and Guy had on dungarees and an old sailor's cap. After a big day, we stopped for a sandwich at a drive-in, and some apple pie (Guy's with ice cream), when a news flash came over the radio that, "Gail Russell and Guy Madison have announced their engagement and will marry shortly!"

We wiped the pie off our faces, and looked at each other in astonishment. By the time the next radio commentator came on the air, he said, "Gail Russell and Guy Madison have just been married!"

"Where did they get that news?" Guy exclaimed. I was just speechless, since we have not discussed marriage.

In the interim, the press and our close friends were calling my home, asking if the news were true. Dad and Mother were rather skeptical, and when we walked in, they took one look at our worn and wilted attire, and Dad started to laugh, "You didn't get married in those, I hope!"

How rumors start in Hollywood, one never knows. However, this seems an excellent opportunity to say that the blue sapphire cocktail ring that Guy recently gave me as a friendship ring, is definitely not an engagement ring. In fact, it was sort of a delayed Christmas gift.

It's not quite a year ago that I first met Guy at Henry Willson's house. Our meeting was very brief, which was "remedied," as Guy says, on another occasion when we chanced to meet at Ciro's.

Diana Lynn had arranged a double date, with two of her boy friends in the service. It was my date's last night on leave, and he had to leave Ciro's early to catch a train. Guy and Henry were somewhat conveniently stagging at Ciro's, and Guy came over and asked if he could take me home. I tell him it was a "studied pick-up."

Guy can't dance worth anything, but I am told that he is taking lessons on the side. (I'm not supposed to know about them.) Dancing isn't everything, however, for we always have good times.

Golly-gee! Imagine going out with Guy Madison! All stunning, striking-as-lightning, Adon-ic six feet of him! Well, here's Gail Russell—the lucky gal who knows—to give you a first-hand account of what a date with the super-swoon Guy is like!

The lucky Gail, now in United Artists' "The Bachelor's Daughters", dining with Guy. His next is RKO's "Honeymoon" with Shirley Temple, hers is Paramount's "Calcutta".

Diana Lynn, Gail's close chum whose heart is also young and gay, and escort Henry Willson stop by for a chat. As usual, the gals do the talking, while the men listen.

Guy is recognized everywhere, and girls usually surround him and then swoon while they ask for his autograph. Sometimes I think Guy is a little embarrassed at so much attention, but he tries to reciprocate with friendliness and appreciation.

Guy's always on time to keep a date. His one bad habit is that he may suddenly go to New York or on location or anywhere without saying a word. Later, he telephones or telegraphs enroute, saying "I've left." When Guy and Diana Lynn and Henry Willson met recently, at a party in New York, they placed a long distance call to me. Mother and Dad, who are very fond of them, listened in, too. Guy and Diana were saying "I wish you were here. We're having a wonderful time, etc." I had been working continuously on a picture and had not had a single date or evening out—how I was wishing I was there, too! Oh well. Guy brought me as a gift some beautiful gold earrings, which I suspect Diana helped to select.

Guy often drives up to Bakersfield, his home town, in his black Ford coupé. His parents and six brothers and sisters are there. Guy's the middle one in the family. His first time away from home came when he enlisted in the Navy. Guy had hoped to see the world, but he only got as far as San Diego.

As I've already said, Guy kids me about not eating very much when I'm working, and about my taking vitamin pills. One day, he surprised me by having a large box delivered to me. On it was a note, "Health Hour. Please follow these directions. It's imperative that you do so, otherwise you might get some fun out of living. Signed Doc Madison."

The box disclosed a bottle of water with a note, "Take your time. You've got 60 minutes. One gallon of liquid consumed hourly, also during intermissions. Doc Madison."

There were three bags filled with vari-colored moth balls and final instructions "No more stogies, no more coffee or cigarettes, etc."

All of which adds up to my taking vitamin pills and not eating much when I am working. I don't smoke and have stopped drinking coffee. Guy's so healthy he thinks everyone should like to eat.

One night Guy cooked dinner, some big steaks and he whipped up a salad of avocados and bananas. That was too rich a concoction for me, but Guy relished it. That was the night that I gave him Doc, a little cocker spaniel pup, and Guy planned the dinner because the gift of the dog called for a celebration.

Sometimes Guy comes over to visit me when he's not working. He'll get out with the crew and play baseball. But when I'm playing a scene, I ask him to sit in my dressing room and listen to the radio, because his presence makes me nervous on the set.

Guy feels the same way when I visit him at his studio. He's quite an archer, and he has everyone outside between takes playing his archery game, purchased from a regular gallery.

Other times on the set, I hear he is quiet. Not that he is quiet by nature, but he takes it all in. "I'm playing in a league of big names who know this business. I keep my mouth shut and my eyes open and learn," he says.

As for ourselves, we are having fun dating together—but marriage is a long way off.

Charm Chatter...

A blow-by-blow round-up of a girl—it could be you—rehearsing for a date. . . . Good looks, grooming, conversation, taste, poise, personality take time and thought . . . but pay off in popularity. . . .

by polly lloyd

UNLESS you're just naturally a Hedy Lamarr or a Lana Turner, a successful date—one who'll have that dream man walking around in circles until he sees you again—doesn't simply happen. Mostly, it takes time and thought and preparation, especially preparation. The dividends being what they are, nobody would mind going to the trouble. And that little muffinhead includes you, doesn't it?

Let's face it at the outset: getting ready takes energy along with many other essentials. Unfortunately, there aren't any short cuts except in the movies where somehow girls always seem to be perfectly coiffed, groomed, and gowned so that when the man next door drops by to borrow a cup of sugar, they're all set to say yes to his suggestion, "What do you say we drop everything and go paint the town red tonight, honey?" But being an average teen, it'll take you time to get ready.

The smart little operator will start by taking a long look at herself in a full-length mirror, reading critically from top to bottom, after which she will contemplate her hair for a second or two. How to wear it? Well, generally speaking, boys like hair long and gleaming, but you know the style in which you look best. You also know what your plans are for the evening. If you're going bowling or to a game, for instance, you'll probably want to wear long pigtails with flowers or crisp bows on the ends. If that's your plan, do it right, why don't you? See that the flowers on your tails are as neat as the braids themselves. And—before His Majesty arrives—see that the ribbons are freshened up. This last is easy as pie. All you have to do for the extra-crisp effect is to press them between sheets of waxed paper. If you do, be sure that you have plenty of pins and combs on hand before you begin this operation. If you're only going to the movies, you'll feel just right with a long, gleaming coif topped with an Alice in Wonderland band across the front of your dome, a bit of decor which is really no trouble at all.

For a special shine to your gleaming locks, give them a good polishing. Yes, polishing. Just take a silk cloth and go to work on your hair. If you like, you might even mix one part orris root and two parts corn meal and rub the mixture into your hair, after which you can polish your locks mysteriously and brush the meal out of your high-glossed tresses.

One word more about hair and we'll drop the subject: don't, whatever you do, venture forth without seeing that your shoulders are free from stray hairs and dandruff particles. If you do, you may find your dream man's gaze wandering in that direction every now and then, and the chances are good that he won't be wearing a dreamy expression.

With your hair dry-cleaned, polished, and arranged the way you want it, you must start thinking about that beautiful little face of yours. The first thing, of course, is to give a thought to your complexion. If it's too dry, naturally, you'll be running around for hours before the front door bell rings with cream splashed all over your pink little cheeks. If your face is somewhat oily, you'll be washing it —briskly and often (five times daily isn't too often), not only that day but the next day and the day after that. As for those horrible bumps known as pimples, if you're smart you'll just ignore them, even if your best friend did tell you that by squeezing them you encourage them to go away. Actually, by squeezing them you just get their dander

(*Cont'd on page* 51)

A laugh a line in this brisk, bright-as-a-button tale of a guy with a flair for falling "into the fire," and a gal with an uncanny genius for hauling him out again . .

accidental hero...

by maxine shore
ILLUSTRATED BY HARVEY KIDDER

SOMEONE loped up our front walk, clattered up on the porch, and threw himself bodily against our front door. The doorbell gave an anguished shriek.

Mother appeared from the kitchen, called mildly, "That sounds like Bill, Connie. Better let him in before he breaks down the door —then let him out again as soon as possible, please. I don't want my cake to fall."

She disappeared, shutting doors behind her carefully.

I sighed, closed my book, and went to the door. Bill Barlow came skidding into the hall as if pursued by the school principal. Then he stood there, breathing hard, pale around the lips, looking at me pleadingly out of big brown eyes.

I recognized the signs. "Oh, oh," I said, "another crisis."

"Crisis, ha ha!" he said mirthlessly. "Nothing so trivial. This is —this is—" he groaned—"a climax!"

I whistled. "So you did learn something from English Lit, after all!"

"Don't!" he said, shuddering.

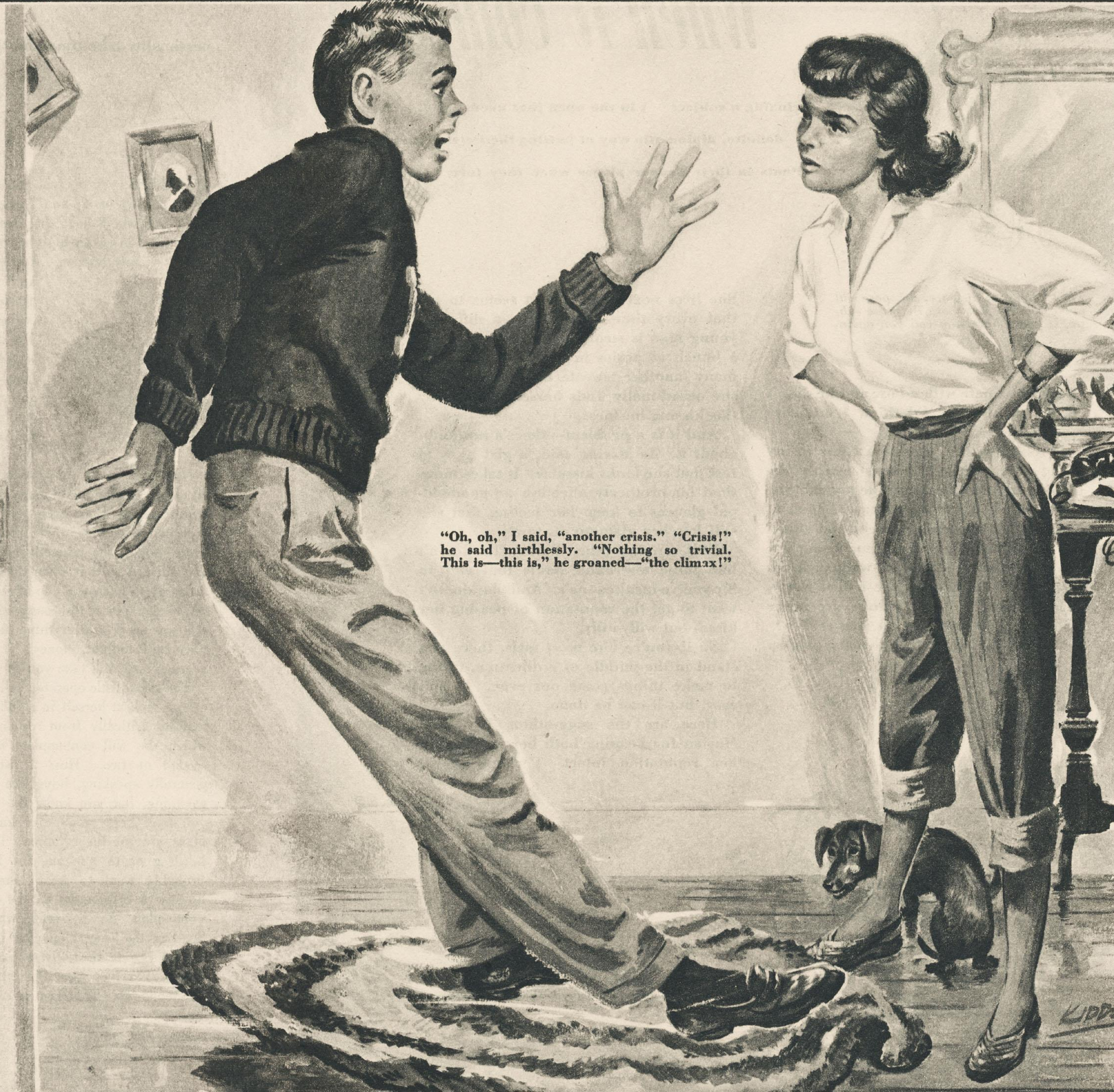
"Don't what?"

"Don't mention that subject—"

"But I have to," I said relentlessly. "You know as well as I do that if you flunk English Lit, it'll deflate your average so that they'll yank you off the football team, and if you don't play football we'll probably lose to Yankton High, and if we lose to Yankton High—"

"I know. We'll lose the championship. Don't think I'm not worrying. Connie, you've just got to help me!"

"Bill," I said soothingly, "have you forgotten? I've already promised to share what little I know with you. We agreed this morning, over cokes, to pool brains, don't you remember? You're supposed to bring your books over tonight and—" (*Continued on page* 64)

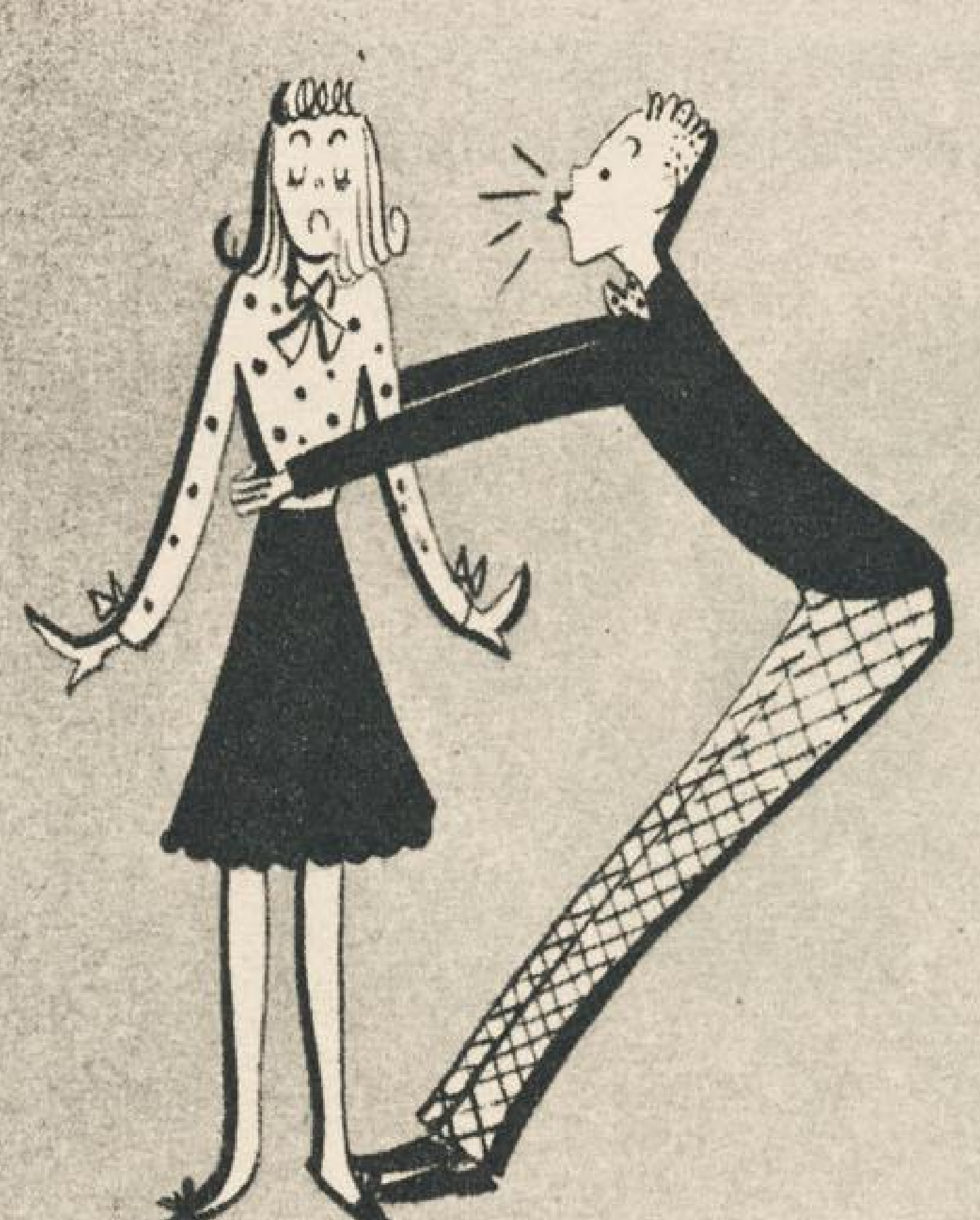


"Oh, oh," I said, "another crisis." "Crisis!" he said mirthlessly. "Nothing so trivial. This is—this is," he groaned—"the climax!"

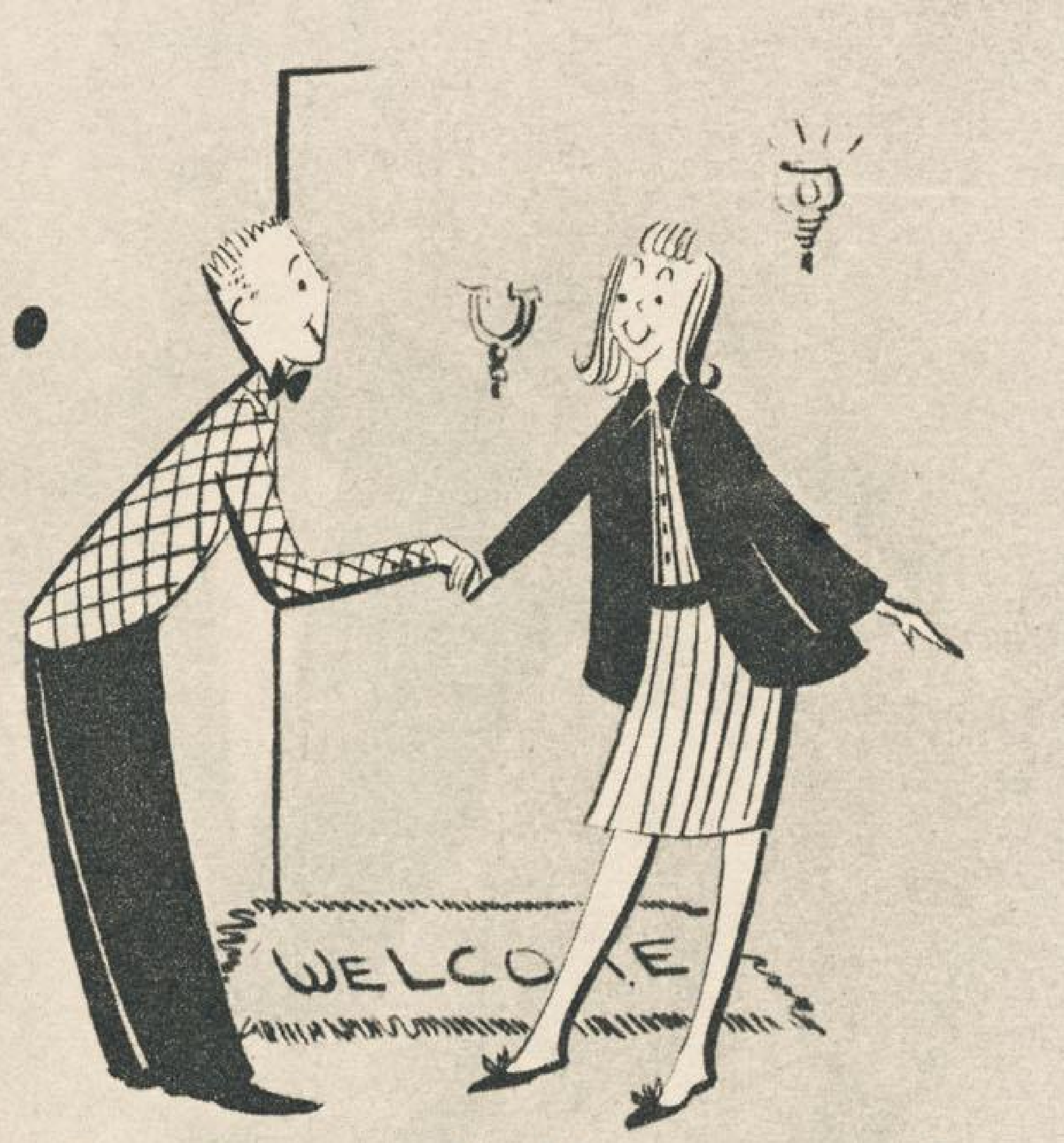
when it comes to KISSING...

Bringing a subject out in the open that needs OUT! There's a definite, diplomatic way of putting the Petes, Patricks, and Pauls in their proper places when they turn Lotharios . . .

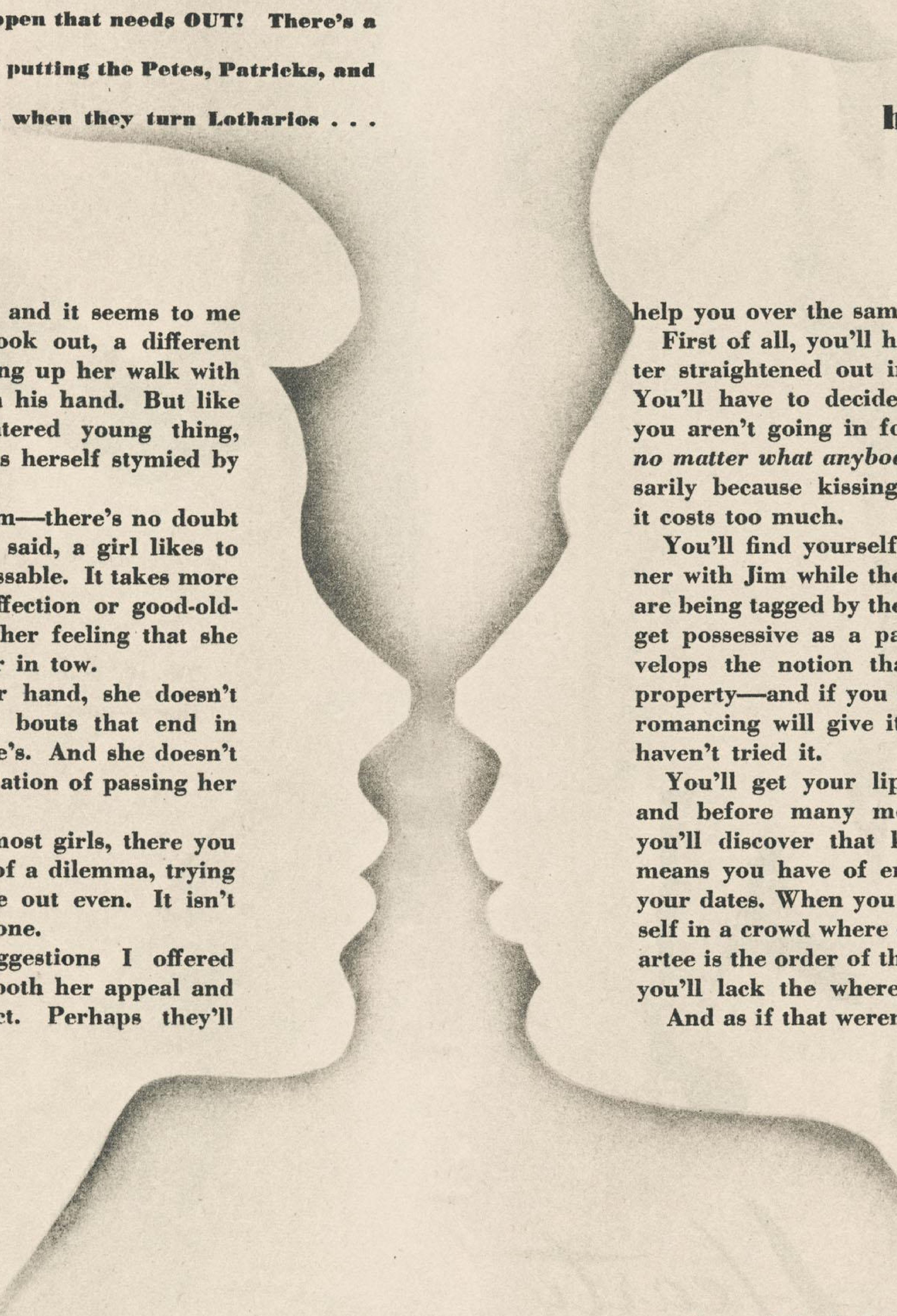
by ibbie bryan



The "keep-your distance, sir" pose will make him do just that. Be more subtle, if you'd have him call you again.



Extending your hand in a warm good-night-I've-had-a-wonderful-time gesture, will forestall any awkward moments.



"IF I had a date with a boy, and he didn't try to kiss me, I'd think I was slipping."

Perched on the edge of a chair in my living room, Marian was staunchly defending her right to feminine appeal. She had popped in for me to have a look at her new white evening frock, and somehow or other, the subject had come up. Probably because Marian wanted it to, for in the next breath, she added wryly, "The trouble is, most fellows are never willing to take 'no' for an answer."

Marian is one of my favorite people. She lives next door, and it seems to me that every time I look out, a different young man is strolling up her walk with a bunch of posies in his hand. But like many another sweatered young thing, she occasionally finds herself stymied by this kissing business.

And it *is* a problem—there's no doubt about it. As Marian said, a girl likes to feel that she *looks* kissable. It takes more than big-brotherly affection or good-old-pal glances to keep her feeling that she still has her glamour in tow.

Still, on the other hand, she doesn't like these ten-round bouts that end in Sir-you've-insulted-me's. And she doesn't want to get the reputation of passing her kisses out willy-nilly.

So if you're like most girls, there you stand in the middle of a dilemma, trying to make things come out even. It isn't easy, but it can be done.

Here are the suggestions I offered Marian for keeping both her appeal and her reputation intact. Perhaps they'll help you over the same hurdle.

First of all, you'll have to get the matter straightened out in your own mind. You'll have to decide for yourself that you aren't going in for a lot of kissing, *no matter what anybody says.* Not necessarily because kissing is immoral. But it costs too much.

You'll find yourself off in a dark corner with Jim while the rest of the lassies are being tagged by the stag line. Jim can get possessive as a parasite once he develops the notion that you're personal property—and if you don't believe heavy romancing will give it to him, then you haven't tried it.

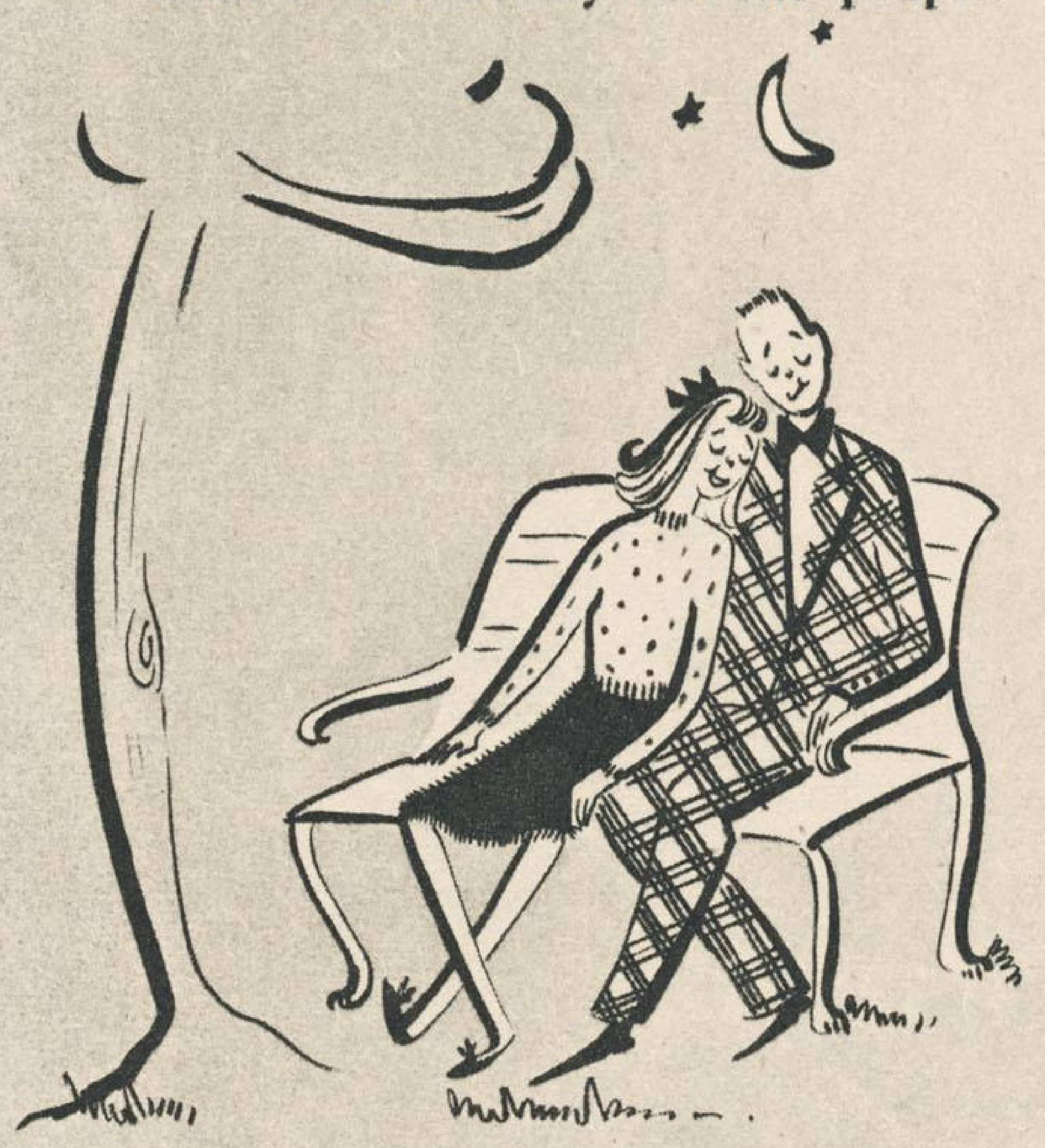
You'll get your lipstick all smeared, and before many moons have passed, you'll discover that kissing is the only means you have of entertaining your dates. When you find yourself in a crowd where clever repartee is the order of the evening, you'll lack the wherewithal.

And as if that weren't enough, presently the other girls will start raising their eyebrows when you saunter in. You'll run into abrupt silences or an occasional tracer bullet remark.

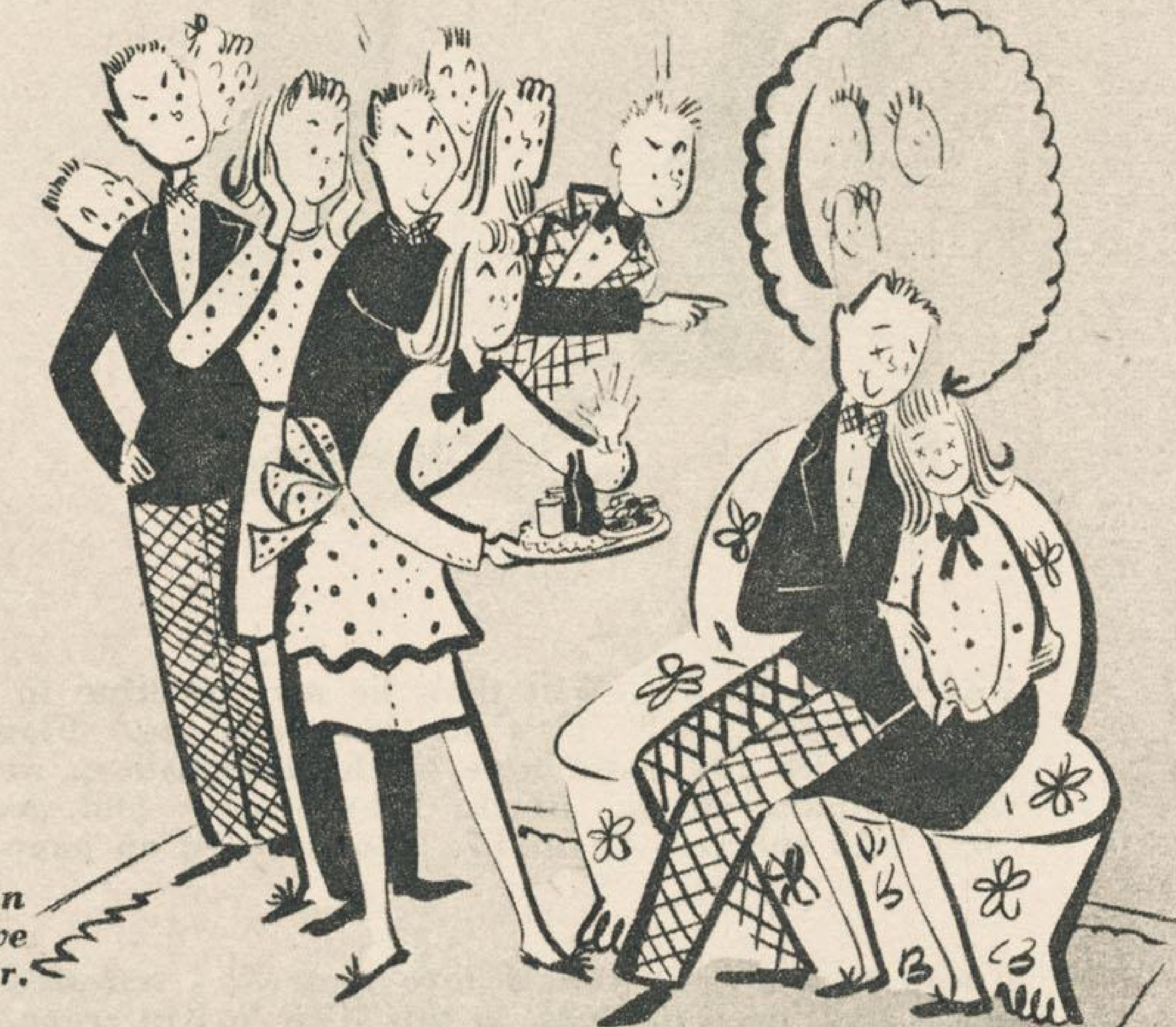
It's all very well to tell yourself "they're just jealous," but that's poor consolation when you have not one single girl with whom to exchange confidences.

But you have to be very sure of all these things in your own mind, because I don't have to tell you how handy the boys can be with ridicule and sarcasm when you say "nay" to their importunities.

"Old fash- (*Continued on page* 64)

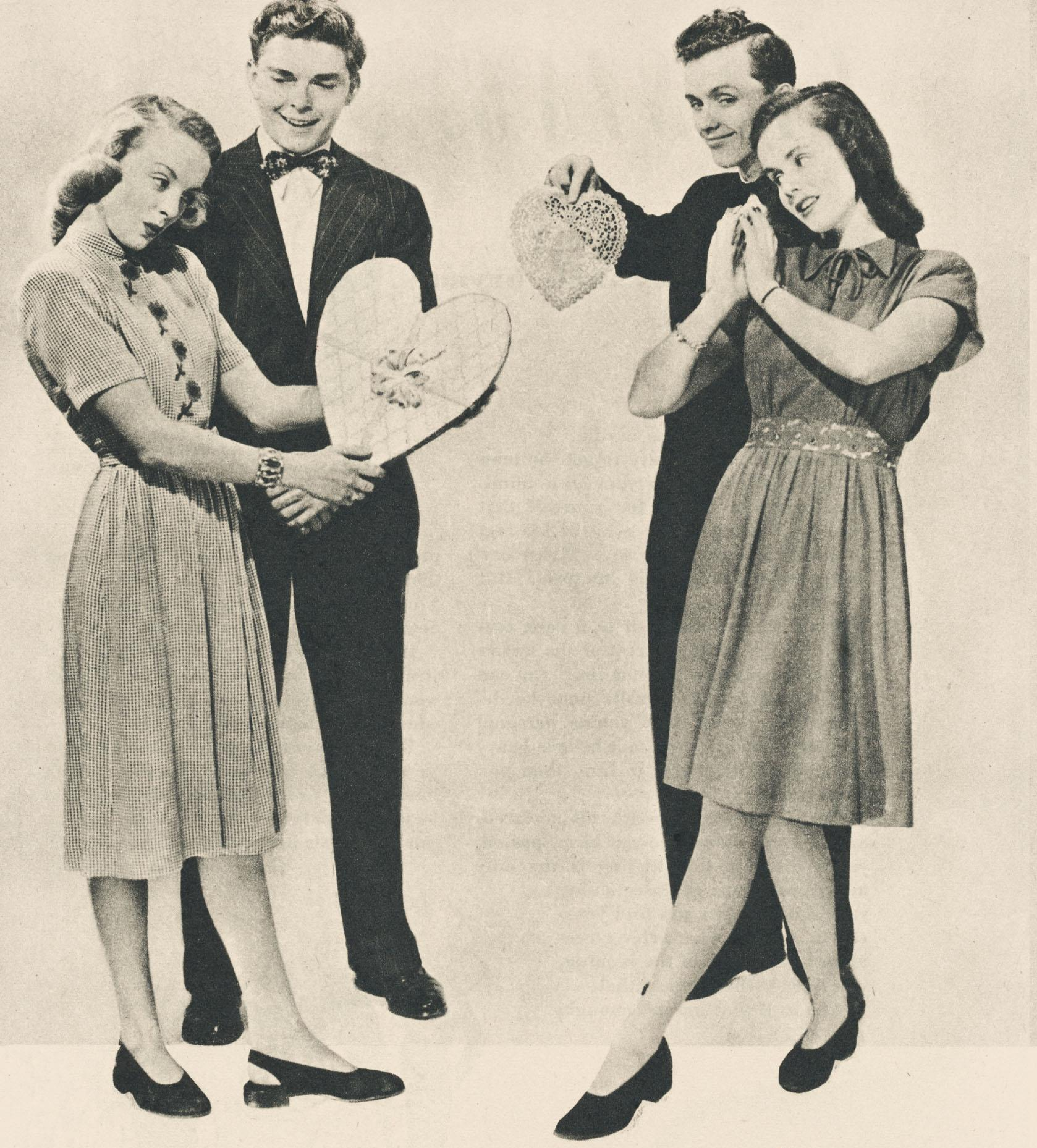


Moon, June—what comes next? Spoon? Not necessarily, as many a wise and modern miss discovered. It's up to you.



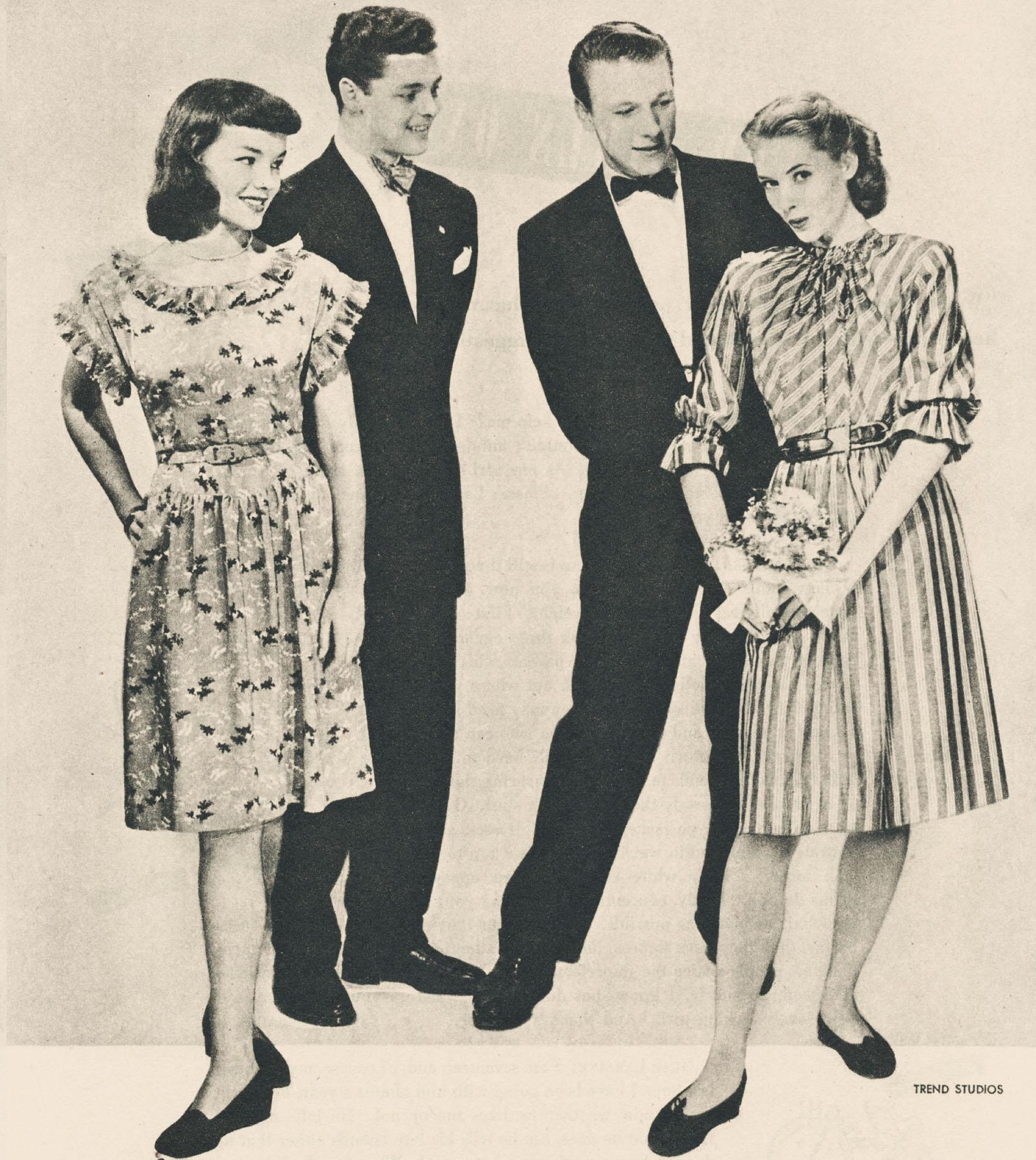
You can't be the life of the party, off in one corner, with one guy. You can't have friends (male or female) that way, either.

Hearty Approval…



Heart's delight . . . Wilt thou be my valentine in thy Teena Paige dress? (It's on the cover, too.) Flowery button holes add sweet note to the Bloomsburg woven rayon alpaca check. Black, brown, navy and green. Sizes 7-15 sub jr. About $7. Stores listed on page 55.

I love you, I love you, I love you . . . scrawled on belt. And 'deed he does, in this Kith 'n Kin crepe, with slender keyhole neckline. Coral, aqua, blue, beige, silver mint, and navy. By Cathy Moore. 7-15. About $15. At B. Altman & Co., N. Y. . . . Jewelry by Coro.



TREND STUDIOS

Ruffles of springtime . . . Gentle little prinky ruffles soften the curved neckline and capped sleeves of this Pondel print. By Teentimers. In royal, gray, luggage, green. 8-16 teens. About $8. At Sanger Bros., Dallas; Harry's, Mobile; D. H. Holmes, New Orleans.

Say it with flowers! He thinks you're lovely in that Dan River stripe with push-up sleeves, drawstring neckline. By Betty Worth. In black and pink, green, blue. 9-15. About $10. Wanamaker's, New York; Monnig Dry Goods, Fort Worth; May Co., Cleveland.

FOR GIRLS ONLY

by Laraine Day

"When trouble troubles you . . ." let our charming star help you—with her sound and sympathetic suggestions . . .

Dearest Laraine: Will you please help me? I am not really thin, but I am small and have no shape. I wouldn't mind so much except that the kids make fun of me behind my back. As one girl said, I'm just straight up and down. I am 15, not bad-looking. Please, Laraine, help me. I know you will try to do all you can. Jean.

Dearest Jean: At your age, there is still time for that "filling out" to occur. I know that's a small comfort to you now, but, you can systematically set about gaining weight. First of all, in addition to everything you eat, drink three eggnogs a day—between meals and at night. Your parents will want you to have a basal metabolism test to find out where your food is going if it isn't building you up. You may need some special medical treatment, and the only person who can tell you that is your family doctor. Next, you will have to learn some little tricks of camouflage. Instead of wearing tight sweaters, wear white shirts neatly tucked in at the skirt. Over these, a loose Eisenhower-type jacket. For date dresses, always concentrate on a nipped-in waist and a draped top to make you look larger. Wear white—it makes you appear fuller. Prints do, too. Lastly, concentrate on making your face and your hair as lovely as possible. Many of our movie stars have prettier faces by far, than they have figures, but so much attention is focused on their faces that few people notice the imperfections of their figures. These few months at fifteen, go slowly, I know, but don't worry. Before you know it, you'll be a lovely-looking girl. And that's a promise. Laraine.

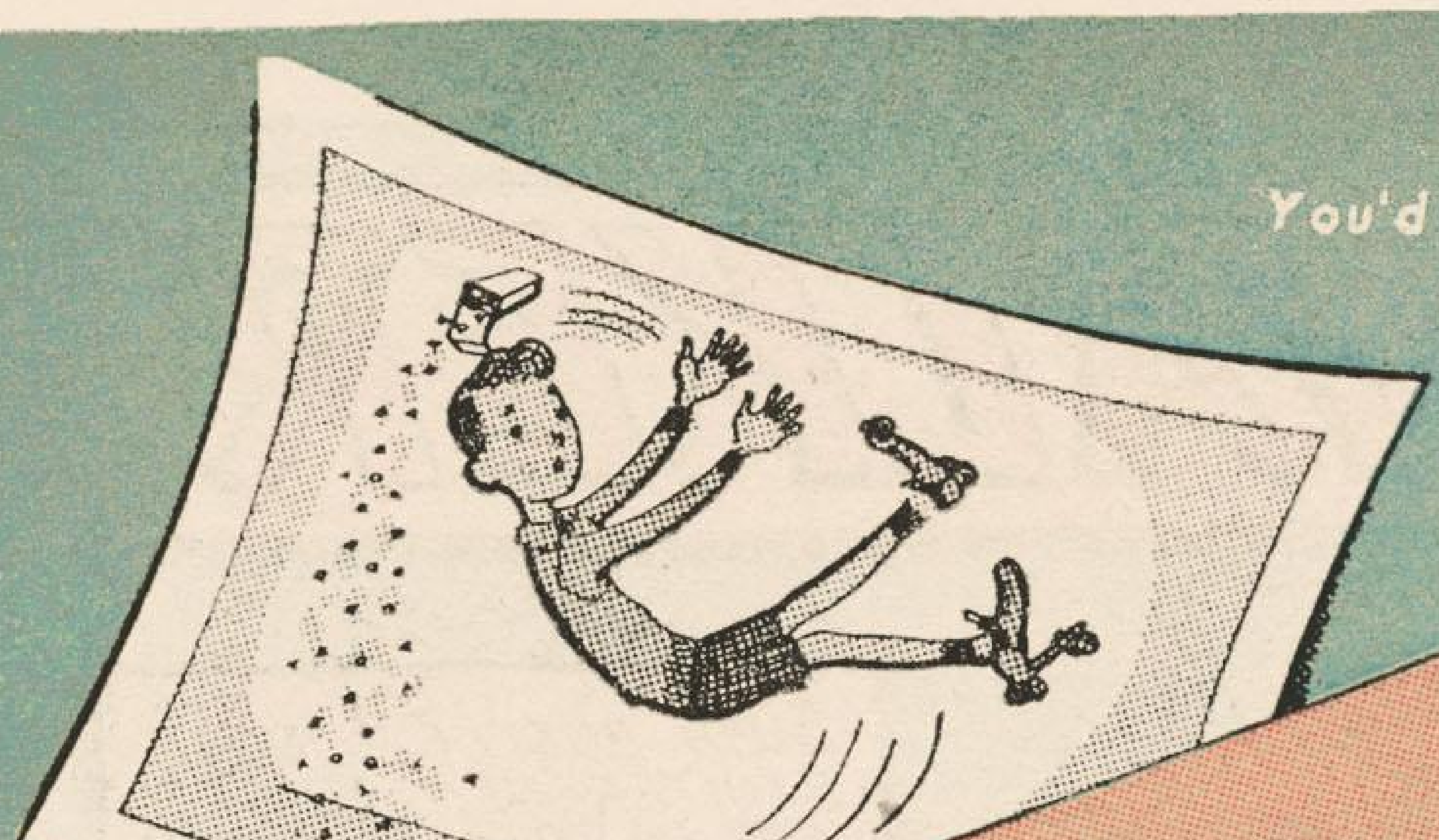
from Louise

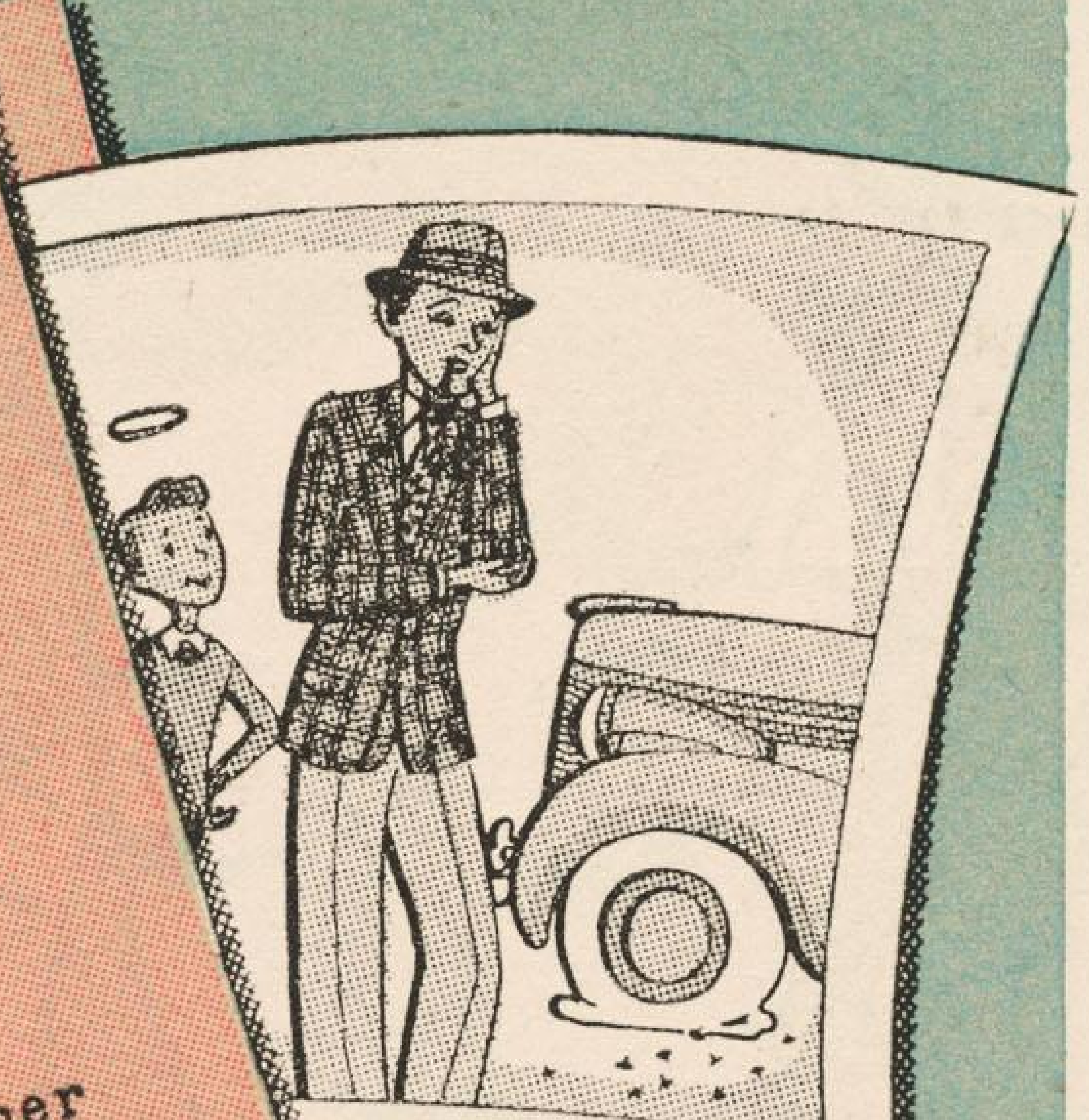
from Jean

Dear Laraine: I am seventeen and, of course, my problem is a boy. I have been going with him almost a year, but I still don't know whether he likes me or not. He tells my girl friend that he does, but he tells his boy friends either that he doesn't know or that he hates me! When we fool around and talk and laugh, he seems to like me better. But I would really like to know what he actually feels, because I like him very much. Louise.

Dear Louise: You have fallen heir to the old female trait of wanting to tie up your romance in a neat little package. You want your friend to completely *(Continued on page* **42***)*

You'd think things like this could only happen in the movies, or in one of those impossible day dreams . . . but there are witnesses to prove that Vickie actually and truly did sip a soda with Bing Crosby . . .





Dear Betty Ann—

Oh, Betts:

The most super thing. Beverly and I had lunch with Bing Crosby! Honestly!

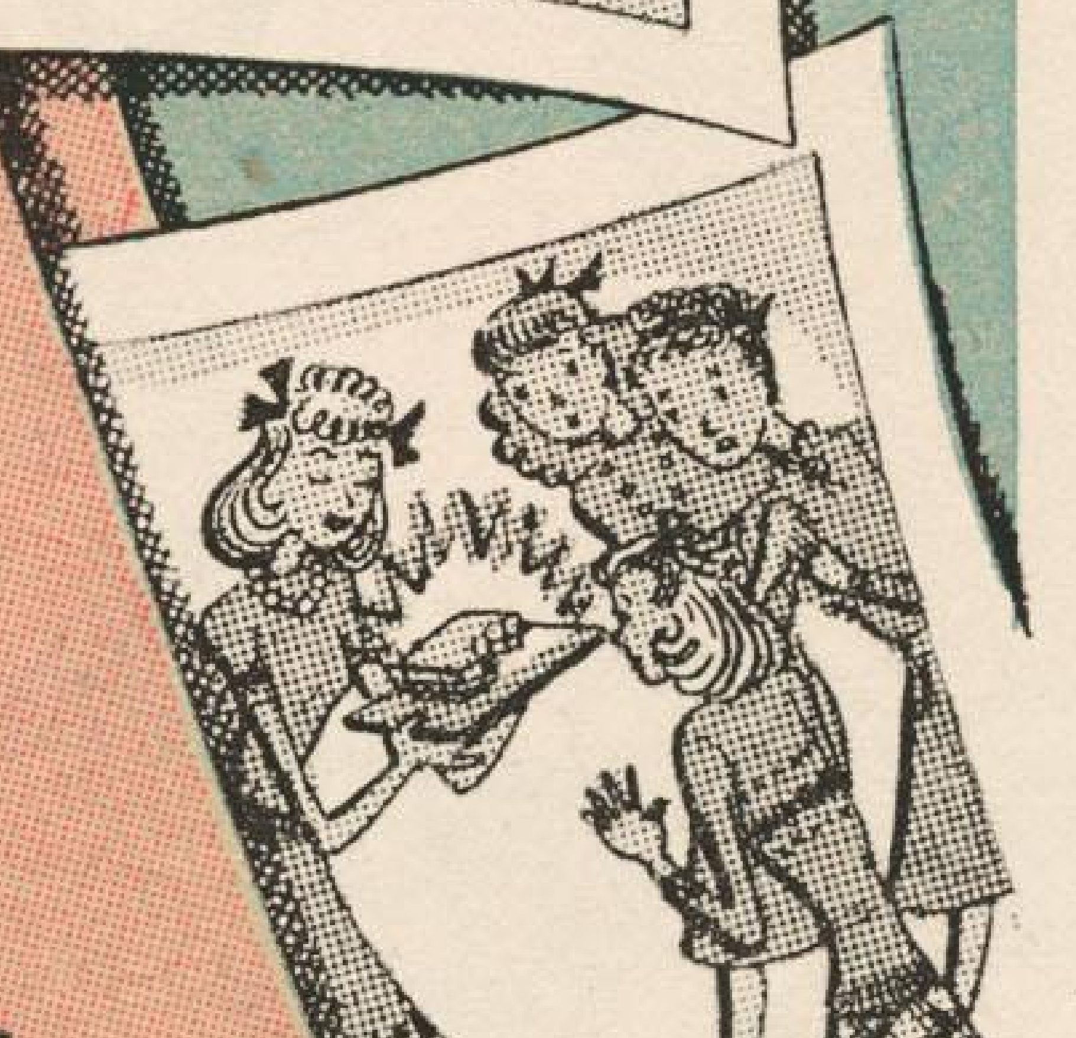
It sounds just too fantastic, doesn't it? But if Bev's little brother, Tim, hadn't fallen down on his way home from the corner drug store, it might never have happened.

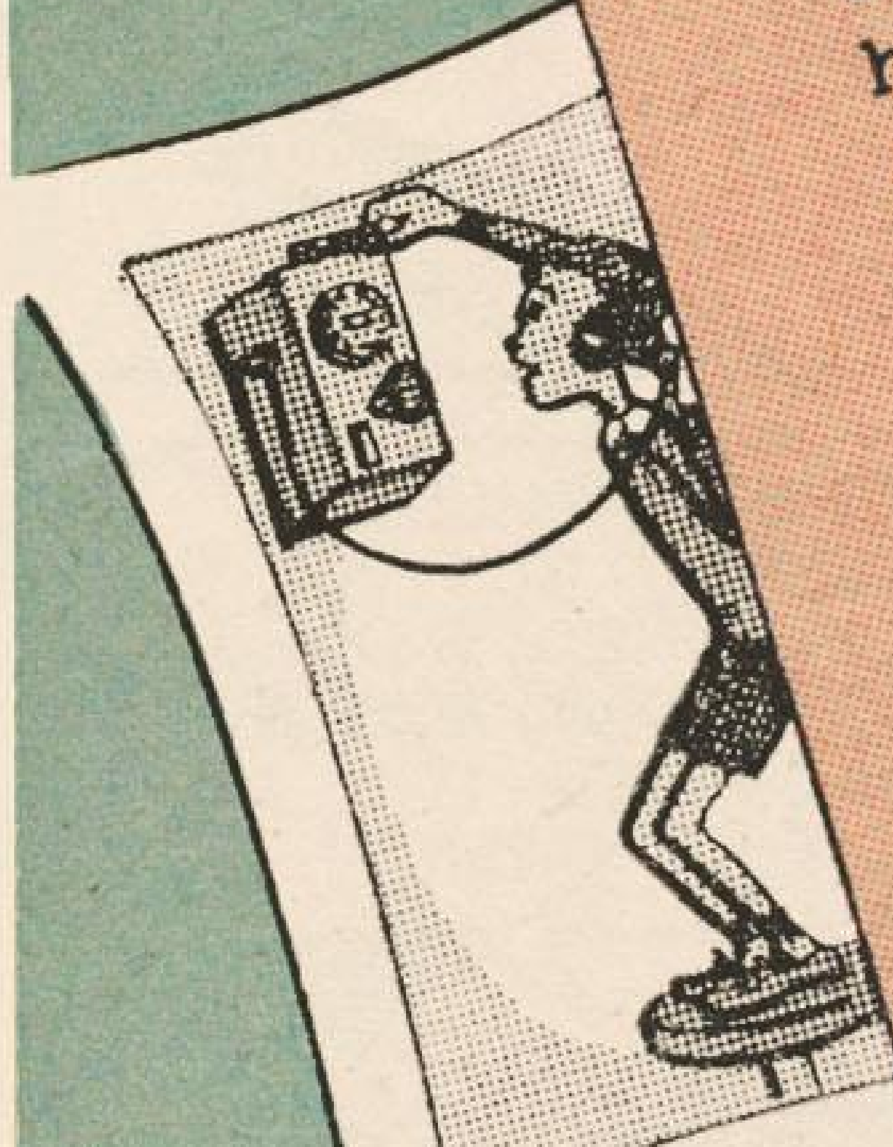
I mean Betts, that Bev's little brother Tim was rollerskating at 'steen per across the street with a box of carpet tacks that his mother had sent him for. Well, Tim's roller skates struck a bump in the pavement, (on account of the asphalt had melted from the sun, or the tar or something had bulged) and Tim's skate tripped and over he went.

Which in itself isn't really important, but Tim fell down so hard he landed right on the box of tacks that he was carrying. Naturally tacks, five hundred in a box, scattered everywhere. Which proved to be a blessing in disguise. Really!

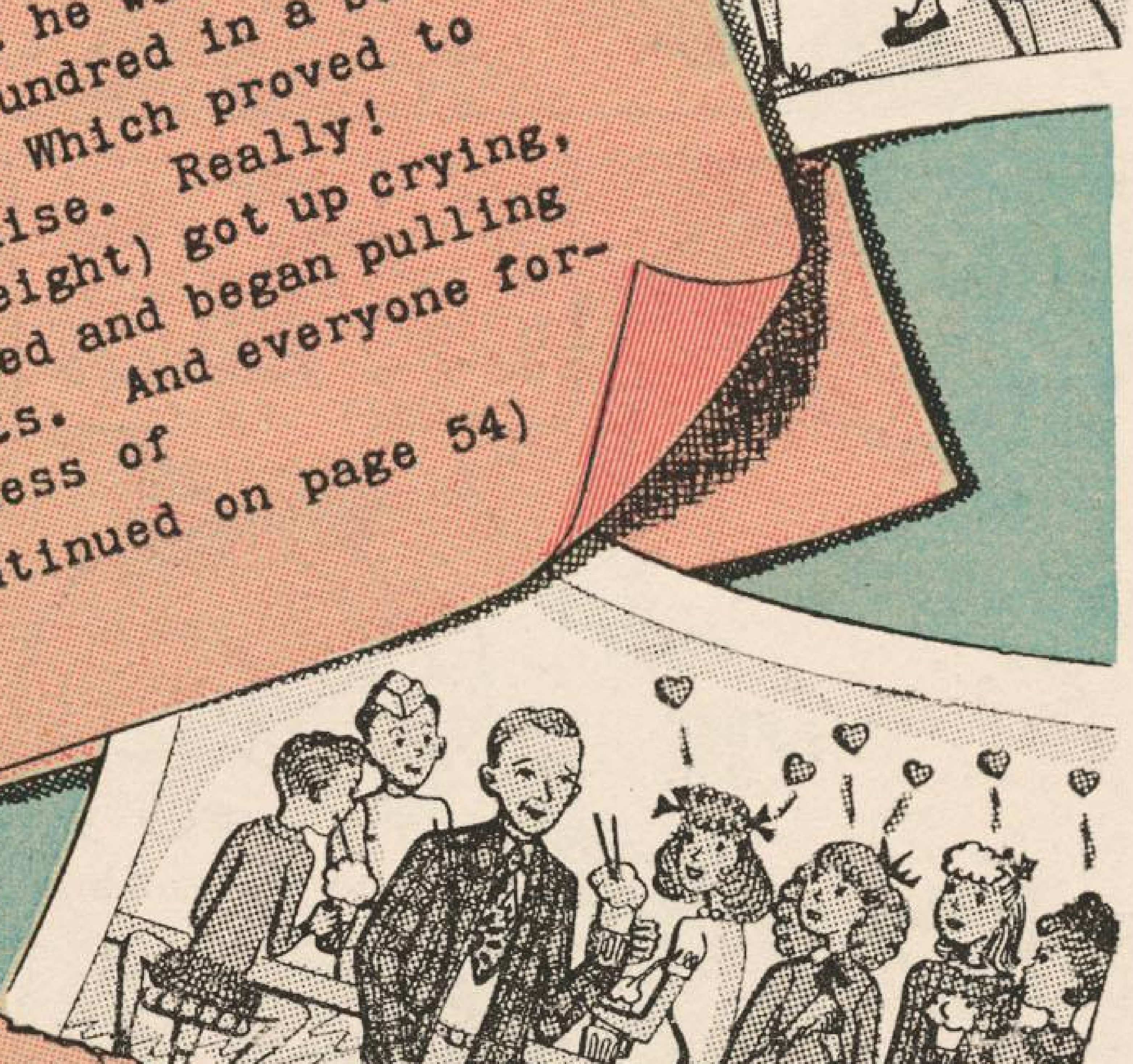
Tim (only a baby of eight) got up crying, and a nice lady stopped and began pulling tacks out of his pants. And everyone forgot all about the mess of

(Continued on page 54)

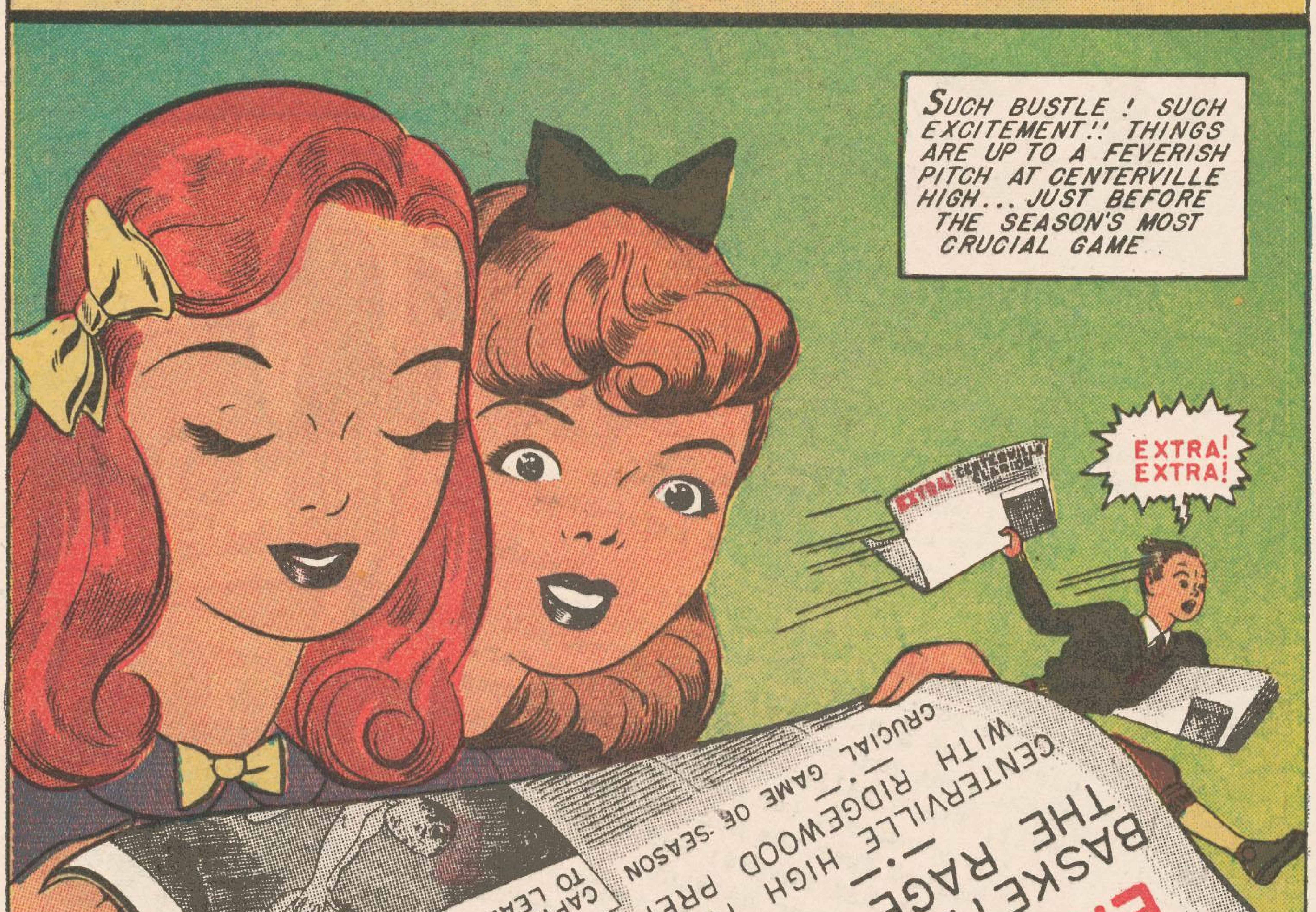


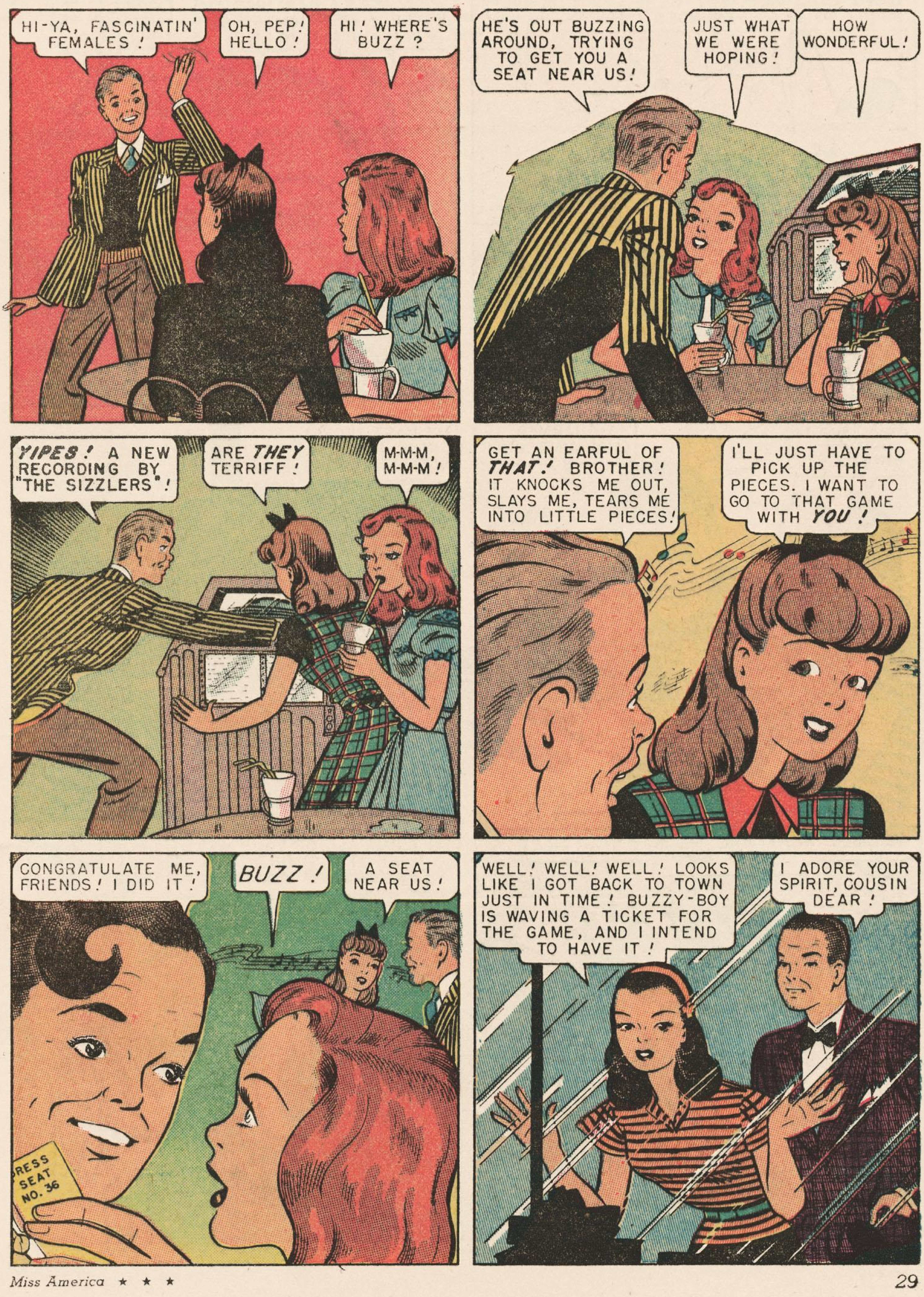


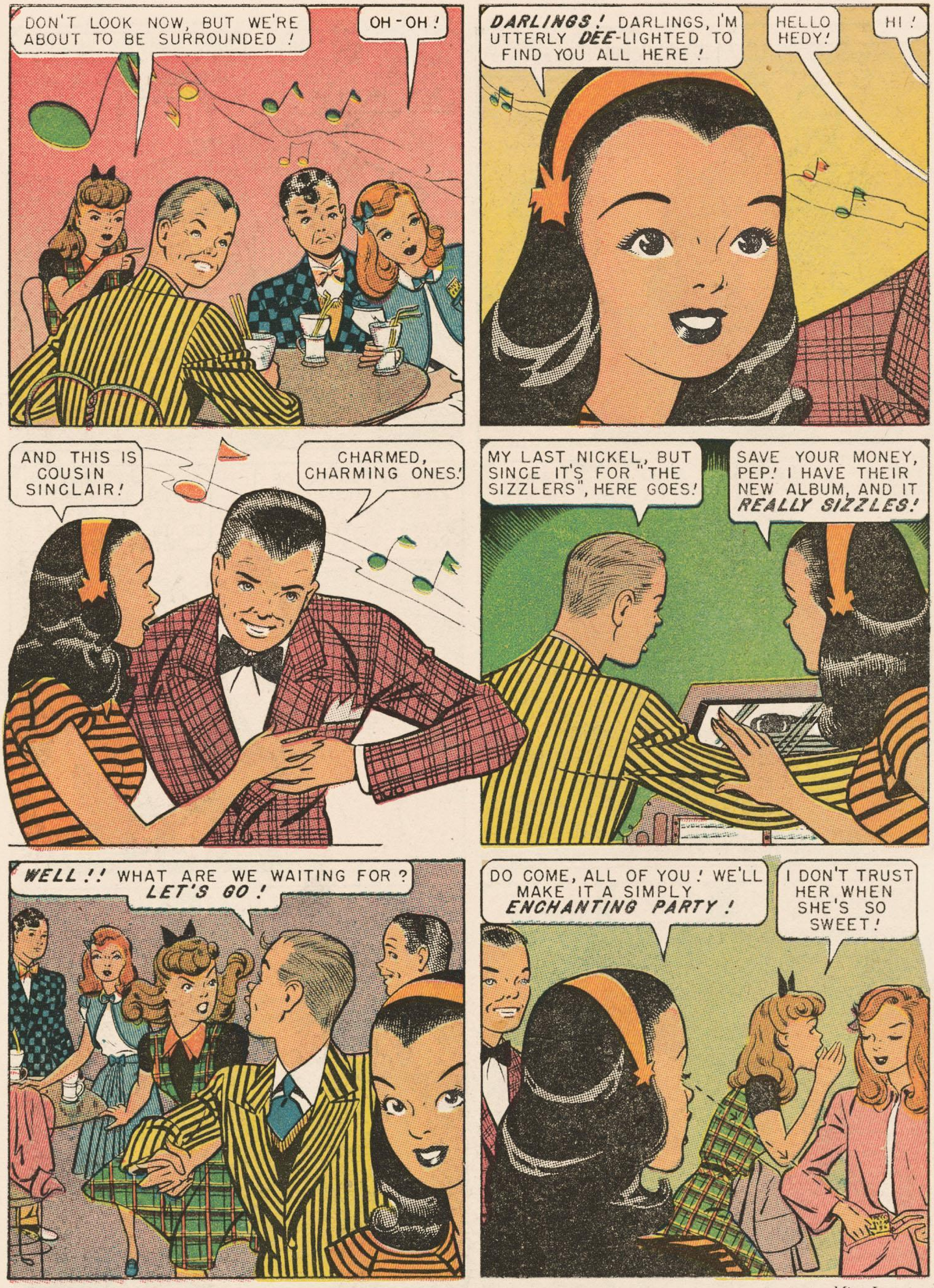
VICTORIA ALLEN DUNFORD
HOLLYWOOD, CAL

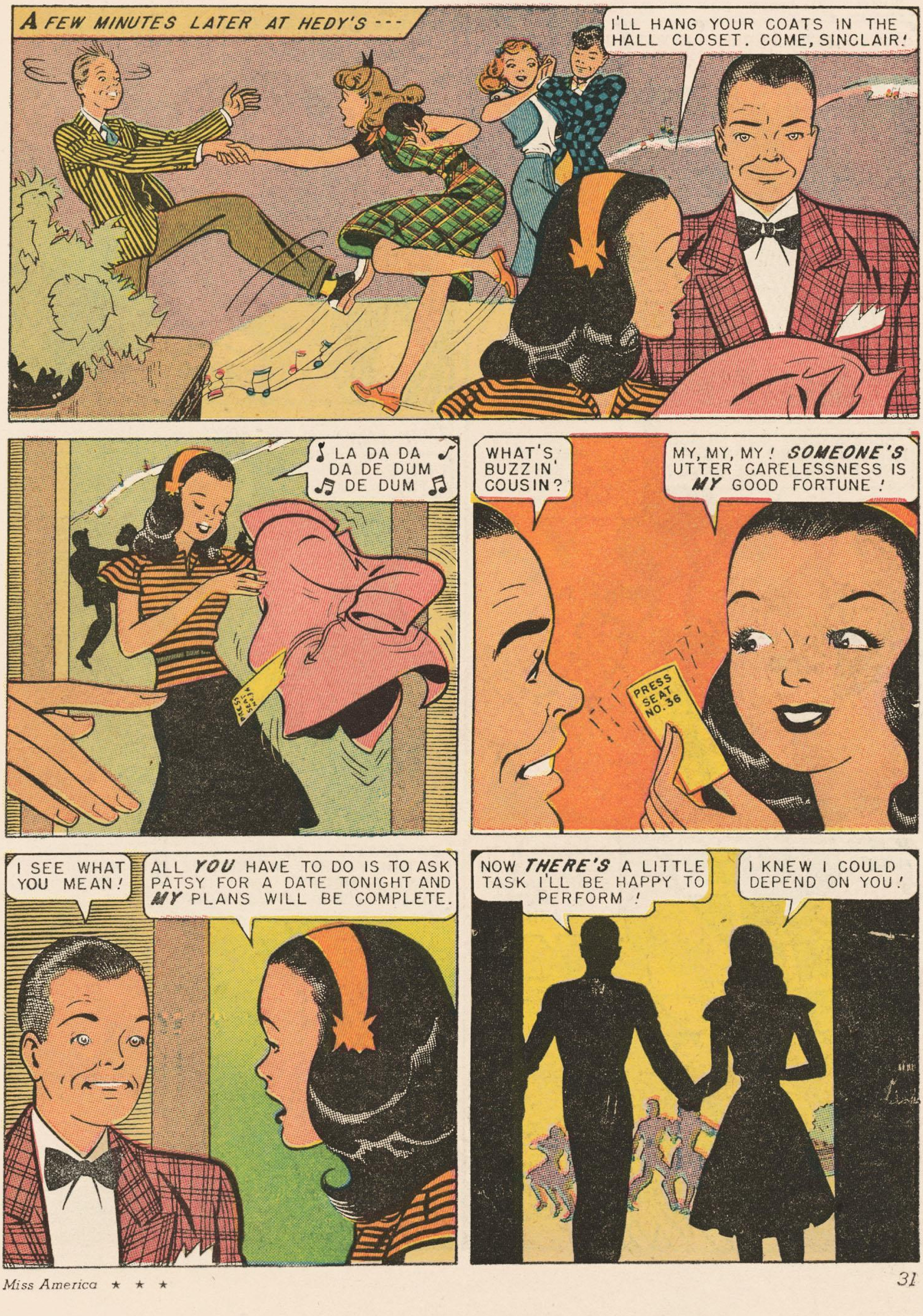


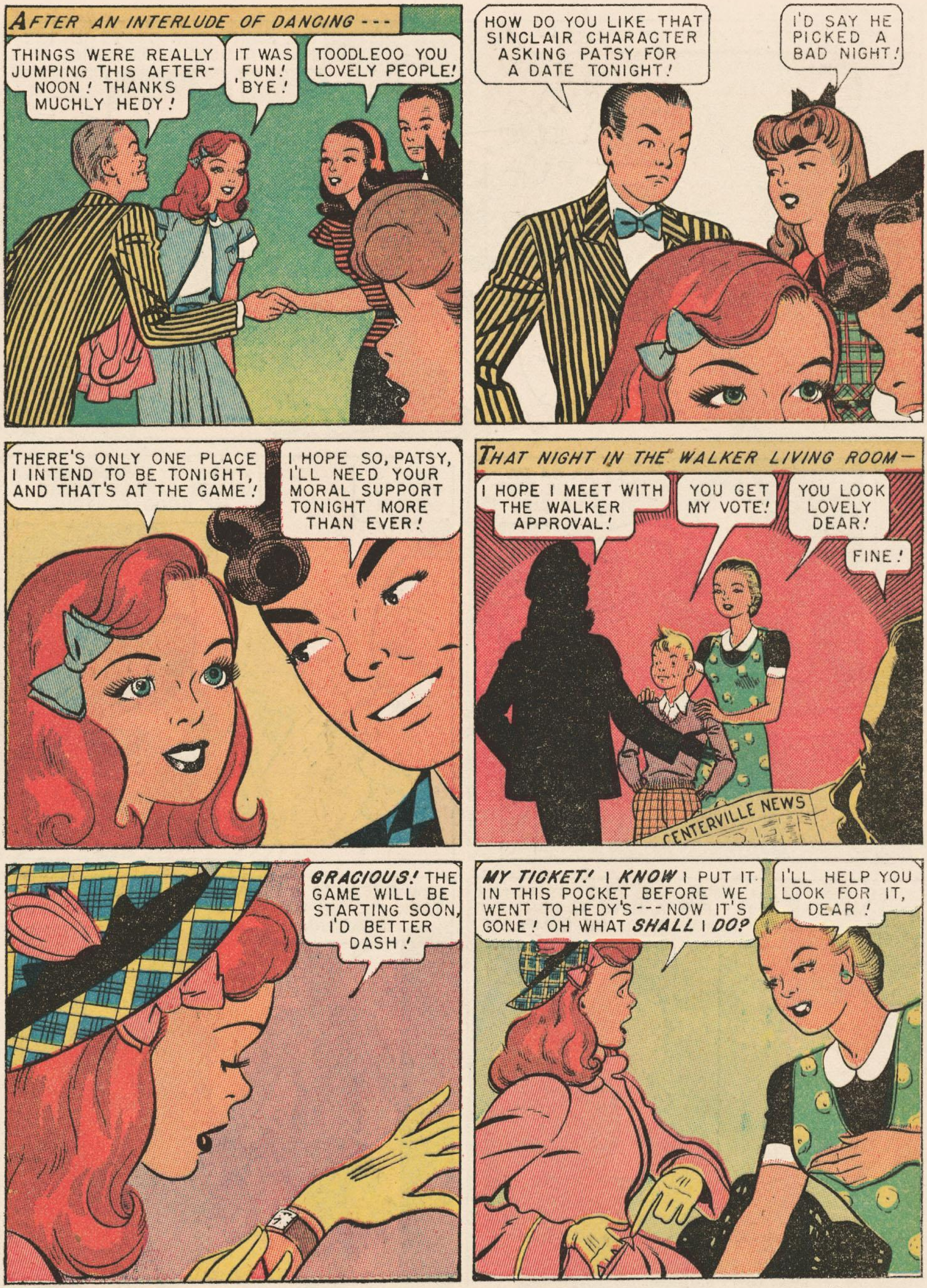
PATSY WALKER

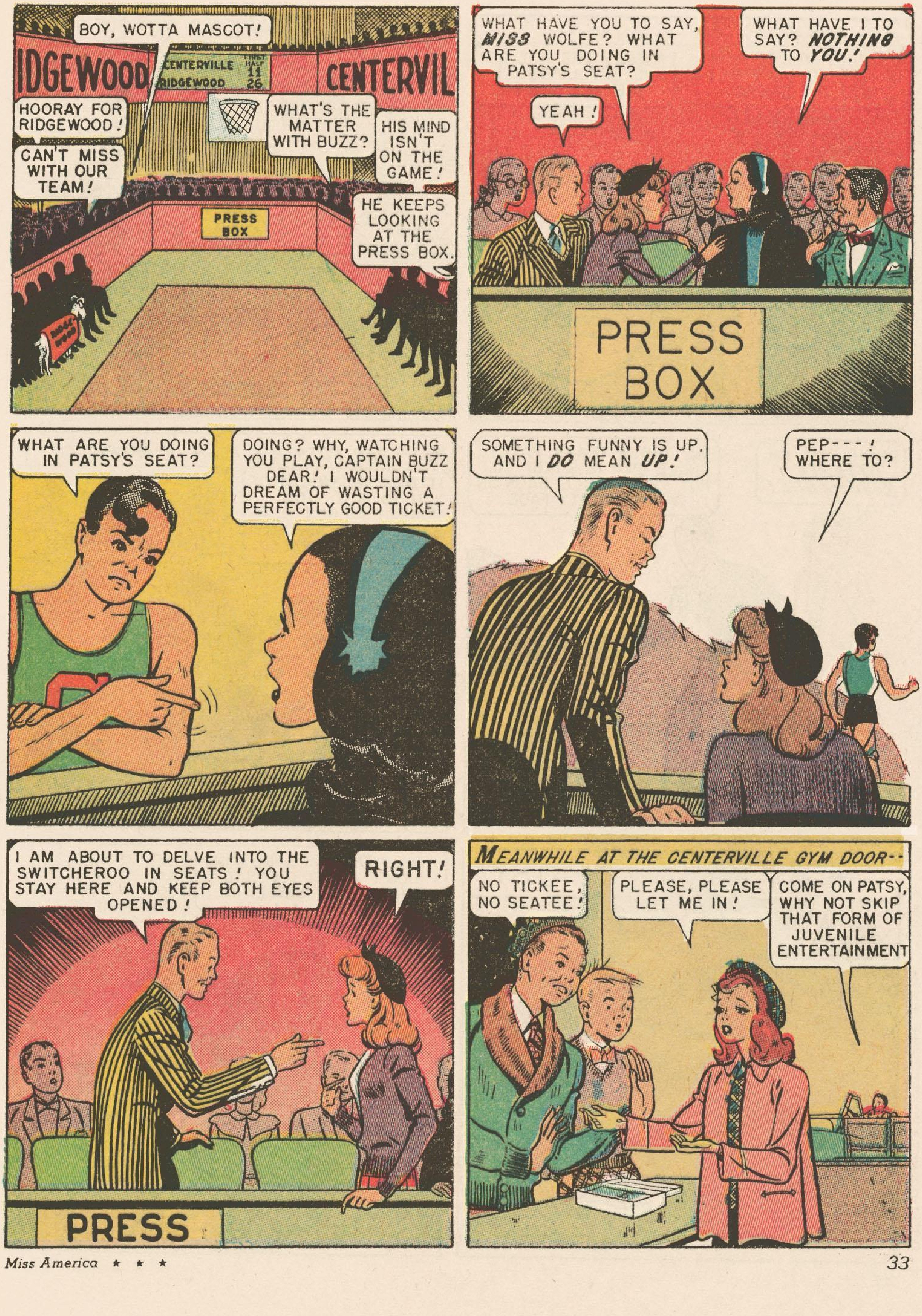

SUCH BUSTLE ! SUCH EXCITEMENT !! THINGS ARE UP TO A FEVERISH PITCH AT CENTERVILLE HIGH... JUST BEFORE THE SEASON'S MOST CRUCIAL GAME .
EXTRA! EXTRA!
EXTRA
BASKETBALL THE RAGE !! COAC
CENTERVILLE HIGH TUSSLES WITH RIDGEWOOD PREP ; — — CRUCIAL GAME OF SEASON
CAPTAIN BUZZ BAX TO LEAD CENTERVILLE
THIS IS ONE TIME I WON'T MIND SITTING ON THE SIDE LINES WITHOUT BUZZ ! I'M SO-O-O THRILLED ABOUT HIM !
HOPE BUZZ CAN GET YOU A SEAT NEAR PEP AND ME. WE'RE SITTING IN THE PRESS BOX, I THINK.
THAT WOULD BE SUPER ! BUT I'LL BE SATISFIED WITH A SEAT ANYWHERE! PROVIDED IT'S AT THIS GAME !

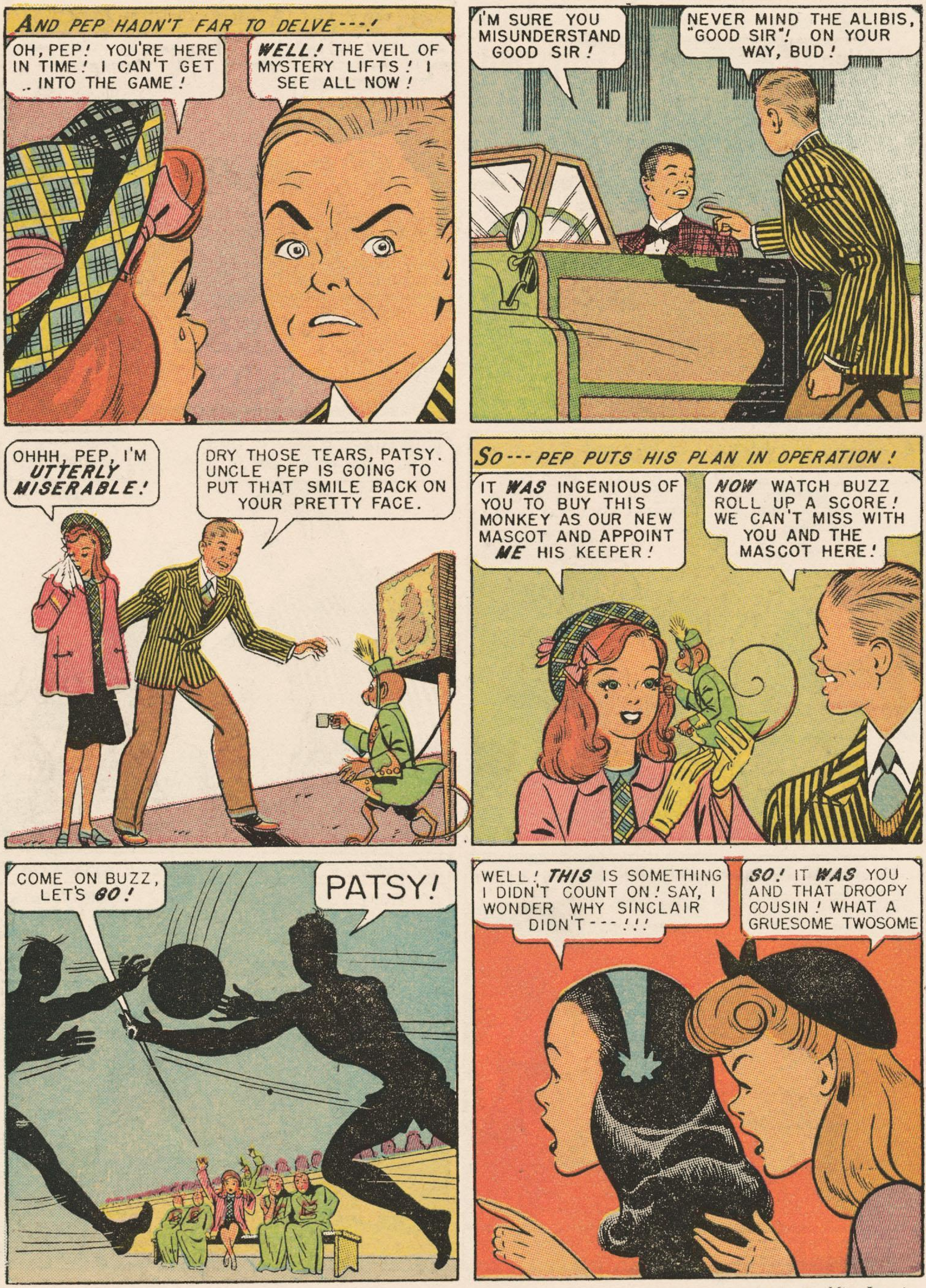

HI-YA, FASCINATIN' FEMALES!
OH, PEP! HELLO!
HI! WHERE'S BUZZ?
HE'S OUT BUZZING AROUND, TRYING TO GET YOU A SEAT NEAR US!
JUST WHAT WE WERE HOPING!
HOW WONDERFUL!
YIPES! A NEW RECORDING BY "THE SIZZLERS"!
ARE THEY TERRIFF!
M-M-M, M-M-M!
GET AN EARFUL OF THAT! BROTHER! IT KNOCKS ME OUT, SLAYS ME, TEARS ME INTO LITTLE PIECES!
I'LL JUST HAVE TO PICK UP THE PIECES. I WANT TO GO TO THAT GAME WITH YOU!
CONGRATULATE ME, FRIENDS! I DID IT!
BUZZ!
A SEAT NEAR US!
RESS SEAT NO. 36
WELL! WELL! WELL! LOOKS LIKE I GOT BACK TO TOWN JUST IN TIME! BUZZY-BOY IS WAVING A TICKET FOR THE GAME, AND I INTEND TO HAVE IT!
I ADORE YOUR SPIRIT, COUSIN DEAR!

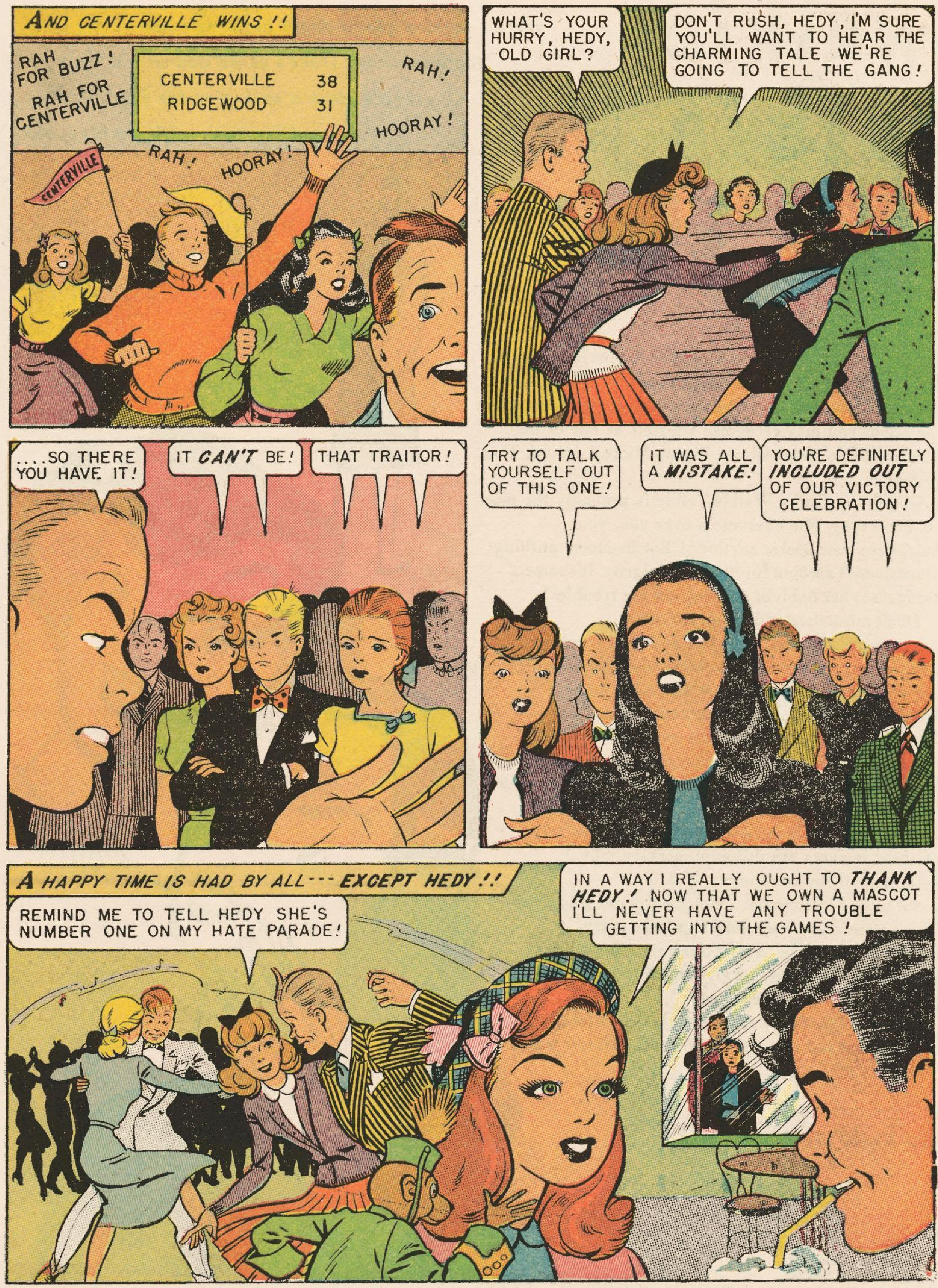

DON'T LOOK NOW, BUT WE'RE ABOUT TO BE SURROUNDED!
OH-OH!
DARLINGS! DARLINGS, I'M UTTERLY ***DEE***-LIGHTED TO FIND YOU ALL HERE!
HELLO HEDY!
HI!
AND THIS IS COUSIN SINCLAIR!
CHARMED, CHARMING ONES!
MY LAST NICKEL, BUT SINCE IT'S FOR "THE SIZZLERS", HERE GOES!
SAVE YOUR MONEY, PEP! I HAVE THEIR NEW ALBUM, AND IT ***REALLY SIZZLES!***
WELL!! WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? ***LET'S GO!***
DO COME, ALL OF YOU! WE'LL MAKE IT A SIMPLY ***ENCHANTING PARTY!***
I DON'T TRUST HER WHEN SHE'S SO SWEET!


A FEW MINUTES LATER AT HEDY'S ---
I'LL HANG YOUR COATS IN THE HALL CLOSET. COME, SINCLAIR!
LA DA DA DA DE DUM DE DUM
WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUSIN?
MY, MY, MY! SOMEONE'S UTTER CARELESSNESS IS MY GOOD FORTUNE!
PRESS SEAT NO. 36
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN!
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TO ASK PATSY FOR A DATE TONIGHT AND MY PLANS WILL BE COMPLETE.
NOW THERE'S A LITTLE TASK I'LL BE HAPPY TO PERFORM!
I KNEW I COULD DEPEND ON YOU!


AFTER AN INTERLUDE OF DANCING---
THINGS WERE REALLY JUMPING THIS AFTERNOON! THANKS MUCHLY HEDY!
IT WAS FUN! 'BYE!
TOODLEOO YOU LOVELY PEOPLE!
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT SINCLAIR CHARACTER ASKING PATSY FOR A DATE TONIGHT!
I'D SAY HE PICKED A BAD NIGHT!
THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE I INTEND TO BE TONIGHT, AND THAT'S AT THE GAME!
I HOPE SO, PATSY, I'LL NEED YOUR MORAL SUPPORT TONIGHT MORE THAN EVER!
THAT NIGHT IN THE WALKER LIVING ROOM—
I HOPE I MEET WITH THE WALKER APPROVAL!
YOU GET MY VOTE!
YOU LOOK LOVELY DEAR!
FINE!
CENTERVILLE NEWS
GRACIOUS! THE GAME WILL BE STARTING SOON, I'D BETTER DASH!
MY TICKET! I KNOW I PUT IT IN THIS POCKET BEFORE WE WENT TO HEDY'S---NOW IT'S GONE! OH WHAT SHALL I DO?
I'LL HELP YOU LOOK FOR IT, DEAR!


IDGEWOOD
CENTERVILLE 11 FIRST HALF
RIDGEWOOD 26
CENTERVIL
BOY, WOTTA MASCOT!
HOORAY FOR RIDGEWOOD!
CAN'T MISS WITH OUR TEAM!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BUZZ?
HIS MIND ISN'T ON THE GAME!
HE KEEPS LOOKING AT THE PRESS BOX.
PRESS BOX
WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY, MISS WOLFE? WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN PATSY'S SEAT?
YEAH!
WHAT HAVE I TO SAY? NOTHING TO YOU!
PRESS BOX
WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN PATSY'S SEAT?
DOING? WHY, WATCHING YOU PLAY, CAPTAIN BUZZ DEAR! I WOULDN'T DREAM OF WASTING A PERFECTLY GOOD TICKET!
SOMETHING FUNNY IS UP. AND I DO MEAN UP!
PEP---! WHERE TO?
I AM ABOUT TO DELVE INTO THE SWITCHEROO IN SEATS! YOU STAY HERE AND KEEP BOTH EYES OPENED!
RIGHT!
PRESS
MEANWHILE AT THE CENTERVILLE GYM DOOR--
NO TICKEE, NO SEATEE!
PLEASE, PLEASE LET ME IN!
COME ON PATSY, WHY NOT SKIP THAT FORM OF JUVENILE ENTERTAINMENT


AND PEP HADN'T FAR TO DELVE---!
OH, PEP! YOU'RE HERE IN TIME! I CAN'T GET .. INTO THE GAME!
WELL! THE VEIL OF MYSTERY LIFTS! I SEE ALL NOW!
I'M SURE YOU MISUNDERSTAND GOOD SIR!
NEVER MIND THE ALIBIS, "GOOD SIR"! ON YOUR WAY, BUD!
OHHH, PEP, I'M UTTERLY MISERABLE!
DRY THOSE TEARS, PATSY. UNCLE PEP IS GOING TO PUT THAT SMILE BACK ON YOUR PRETTY FACE.
SO---PEP PUTS HIS PLAN IN OPERATION!
IT WAS INGENIOUS OF YOU TO BUY THIS MONKEY AS OUR NEW MASCOT AND APPOINT ME HIS KEEPER!
NOW WATCH BUZZ ROLL UP A SCORE! WE CAN'T MISS WITH YOU AND THE MASCOT HERE!
COME ON BUZZ, LET'S GO!
PATSY!
WELL! THIS IS SOMETHING I DIDN'T COUNT ON! SAY, I WONDER WHY SINCLAIR DIDN'T---!!!
SO! IT WAS YOU AND THAT DROOPY COUSIN! WHAT A GRUESOME TWOSOME


AND CENTERVILLE WINS !!
RAH FOR BUZZ !
RAH FOR CENTERVILLE
CENTERVILLE 38
RIDGEWOOD 31
RAH !
HOORAY !
RAH !
HOORAY !
CENTERVILLE
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, HEDY, OLD GIRL?
DON'T RUSH, HEDY, I'M SURE YOU'LL WANT TO HEAR THE CHARMING TALE WE'RE GOING TO TELL THE GANG !
....SO THERE YOU HAVE IT!
IT CAN'T BE!
THAT TRAITOR!
TRY TO TALK YOURSELF OUT OF THIS ONE!
IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE!
YOU'RE DEFINITELY INCLUDED OUT OF OUR VICTORY CELEBRATION !
A HAPPY TIME IS HAD BY ALL--- EXCEPT HEDY !!
REMIND ME TO TELL HEDY SHE'S NUMBER ONE ON MY HATE PARADE!
IN A WAY I REALLY OUGHT TO THANK HEDY! NOW THAT WE OWN A MASCOT I'LL NEVER HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING INTO THE GAMES !

walkie-talkie MENACE...

there's nothing gentle about kathleen's pen as she pans the weaker sex (that's us we add with a "haw!") ... let's start a campaign for finer, better-bred femmes ... it's an idea, eh!

IF you're the type of cutie who rates A-Plus in popularity with the crowd—no need to read on This article's not about you. But if you're not the most popular duck in the pond, you may recognize yourself as one of the Walkie-Talkie girls—Ginny, Terry, Mickey, Hattie, Tess, or Jean . . .

Ginny, the Gushy Walkie-Talkie is probably the most common type. She effervesces over you, your hair, your new socks, anything! But insincere gushing alone doesn't account for her unpopularity. It's something else: her habit of pouring out her troubles!

Don't misunderstand me—true friends are genuinely interested in you and your troubles. But the way, Ginny sees it, everybody's her friend and consequently everybody ought to share her troubles. What she doesn't understand is that everybody's got troubles of his own and—in many instances—more vexing ones than Ginny's.

Terry, and she's really a card; the little number who can't wait to pass on to her chums remarks that she's heard people make about them—particularly if these remarks are uncomplimentary. She'll gallop up to Shy Sue and say, "I don't want to be a killjoy, but I thought you ought to know that Bob said you were some flop at the party." If Sue bursts out in tears at this point, Terry insists contritely, "Gee, Sue, I only wanted to help you—I thought you'd be glad to know."

There are probably worse people than Mickey around, but her acquaintances wouldn't know where

by kathleen j. norris

IT'S HERE AT LAST!
JUNIOR MISS
HONK! HONK!
Life Romances
COMICS STORIES FEATURES TEEN-TYPES SCREEN STARS ARTS
HEY CHICKS!
CAST YOUR PEEPERS ON THE NEWEST, BIGGEST, SOLIDEST, KEENEST CONGLOMERATION OF LEADIN' READIN' YOU'VE EVER SEEN!
DON'T MISS JUNIOR MISS
JINNY
COMICS
STORIES
ARTICLES
FEATURES
CARTOONS
TEEN TYPES
JILL'S DIARY
DOTTY N' DICK
STARRING CINDY THE TEEN-AGE TORNADO!
AND, DON'T DARE MISS . . . SPOTLIGHTING THE STARS THIS MONTH: JAMES MASON!
IF YOU LIKE "MISS AMERICA," YOU'LL GO FOR "JUNIOR MISS!"

to look. You've got one in your crowd. She's the girl with an opinion and she's going to express it if it kills her, or, more likely, you. If you wear a new dress to school you can be sure Mickey'll notice it—vocally. "It's really an awfully cute dress," she'll say, sidling up as if she were inspecting horse flesh. "But I still say you'd look better in a princess style, since you ARE rather short. The color's not bad. I noticed quite a few dresses just that color on the Avenue. Hope it doesn't get too common. You have to think of things like that when you buy a dress, you know."

Hattie, the catty type makes similar remarks — but to your back. She's a back-biter . . . delights in saying petty things such as "Ellen's hat looks like a bowl of rotten fruit!" There's a reason for Hattie's nasty cracks: She's jealous and tries to hide it by being catty. To be sure,her friends may chuckle a little at her remarks but inwardly they shudder: they wonder what Hattie says about them when they're not around to defend themselves.

Tessie's special trick is making with the wide eyes and offering sympathy and understanding as she invites a boy to pour his little heart out to everybody's friend, Tessie. If the lad's gullible and susceptible to baby stares, the first thing he knows Tessie is sharing his secrets. The next thing he knows, everybody's sharing them.

Amazing, isn't it, that people will listen to a Walkie-Talkie? Of course they wouldn't have one for a friend. But, being only human, they'll listen to a Walkie-Talkie when she's got a scoop.

And Jean's the Walkie-Talkie with a million of 'em. She's the type your grandmother would have called a gossip. Jean's mean! Her favorite pastime is latching on to a rumor and adding some spicy details until it's really a production and seeing to it that it becomes community property. She'll hear a rumor that a chum's father was fired from his job. She'll go to work on it. She's no dope. She knows it will make better listening if she invents a good reason for his being fired. She recalls, after mulling it over a while, that some men lose their jobs on account of drinking. Eureka! Now her tale's complete! Her chum's father was fired for drinking—and he making critical housing supplies!

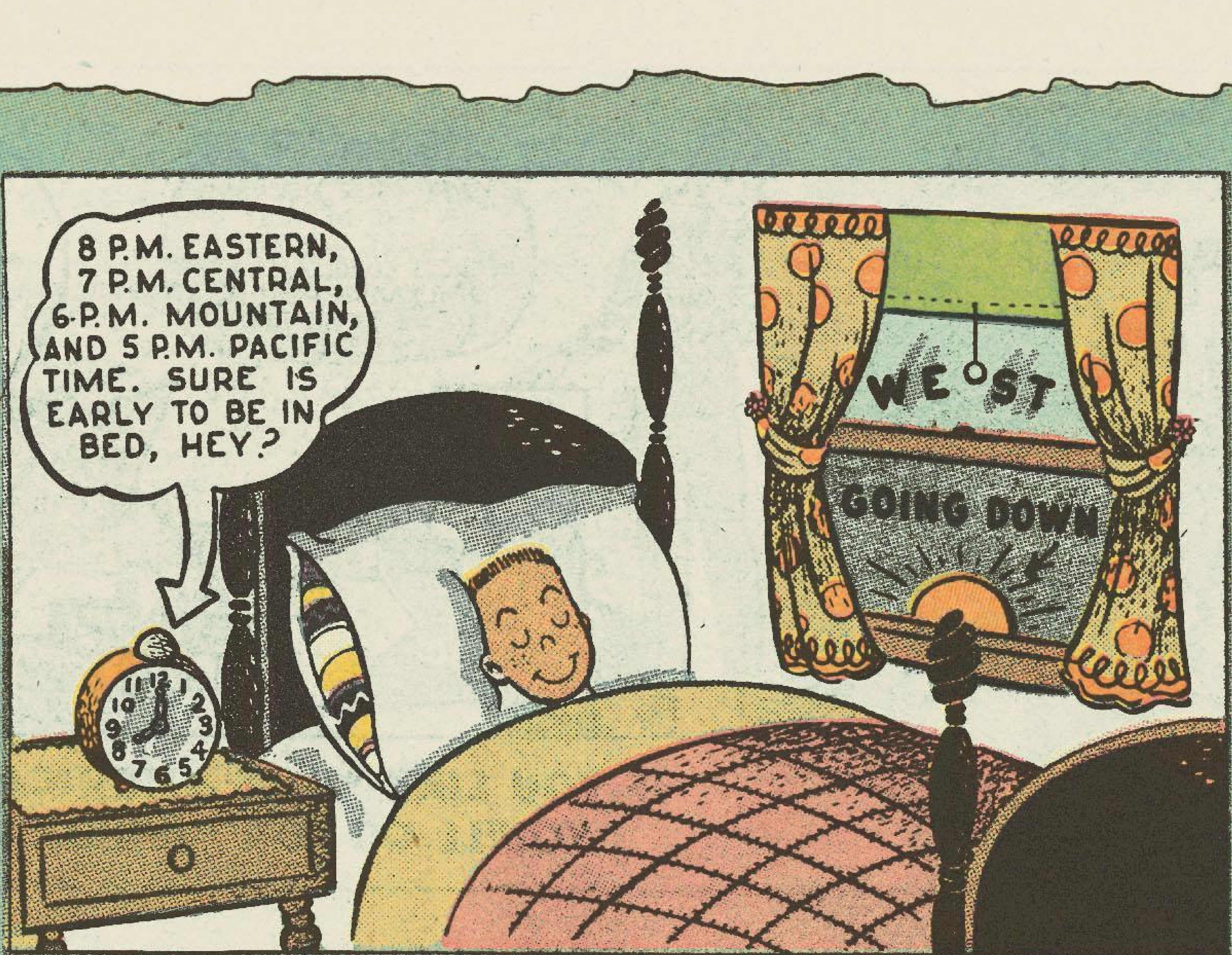
And on and on and on go the Walkie-Talkies. That's not the way it is with you, is it?

You know it's smart to talk about THINGS rather than people. Naturally, there are occasions when it's in order to express your opinion of someone. On such occasions, you make your remarks brief, to the point and kind, mentioning, of course, only the best qualities of the person under discussion. That's why you're not a Walkie-Talkie!

ANNOUNCING . . .

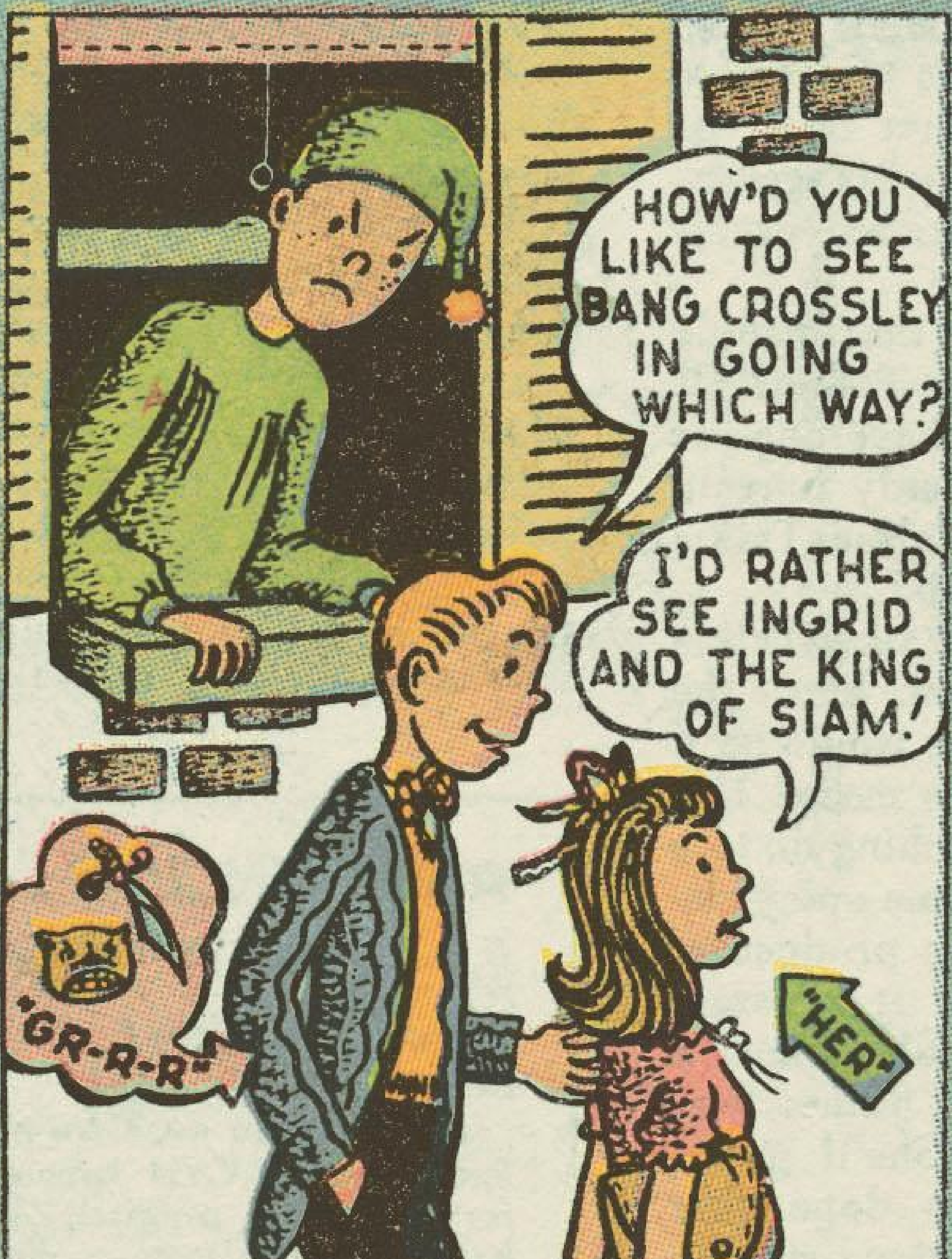
A super-smart contest for you!
It's fun!
Simple to compete!
Easy to win . . .
the $500. in cash awards.

Sponsored by CVH Laboratories for cleverest, prettiest, wittiest hand painted items—a cinch to make with CVH Plastic Relievo Color Kit. See the March issue of MISS AMERICA for all the thrilling details!

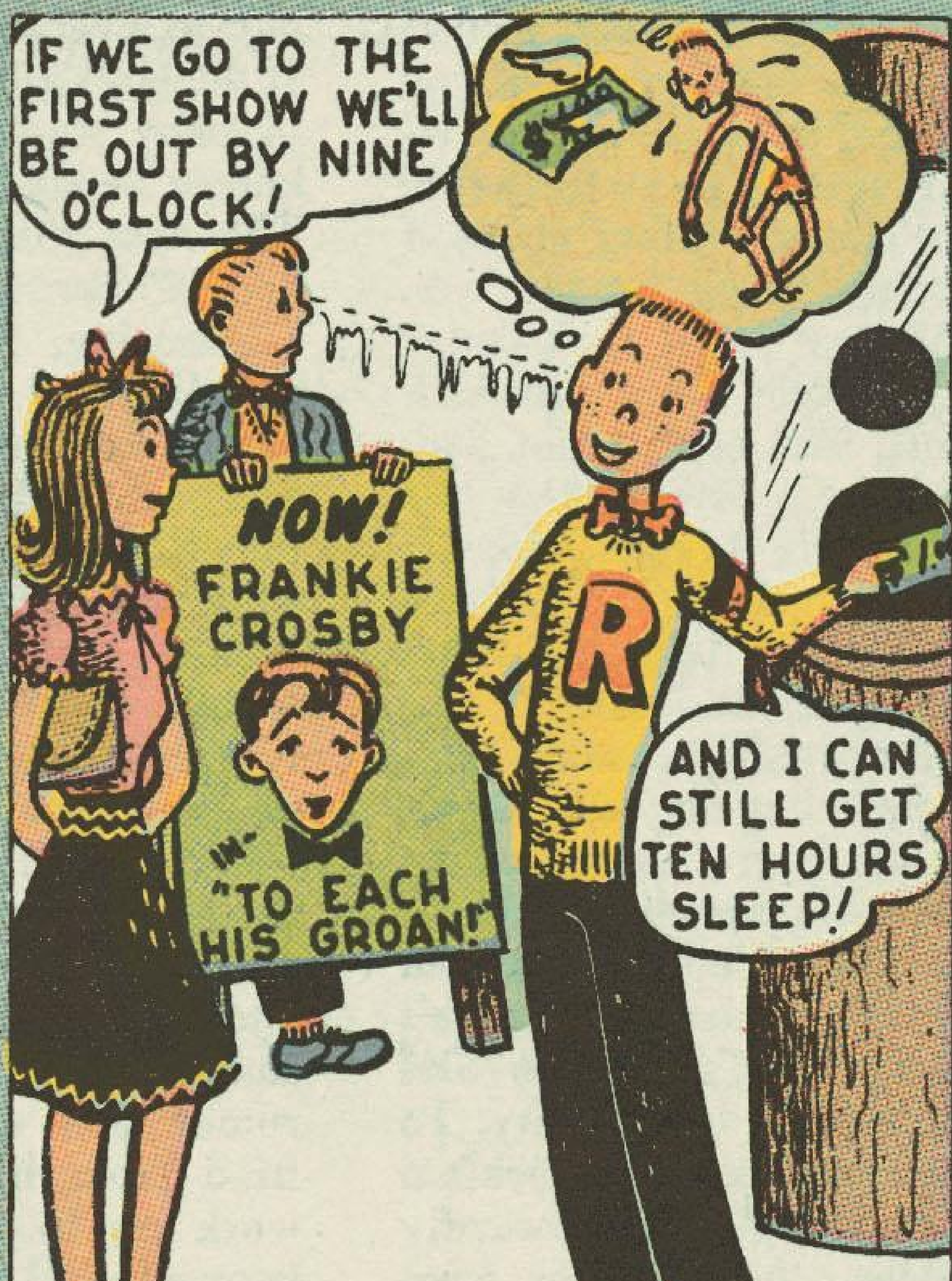

8 P.M. EASTERN, 7 P.M. CENTRAL, 6 P.M. MOUNTAIN, AND 5 P.M. PACIFIC TIME. SURE IS EARLY TO BE IN BED, HEY?
WEST
GOING DOWN

Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy—but why?

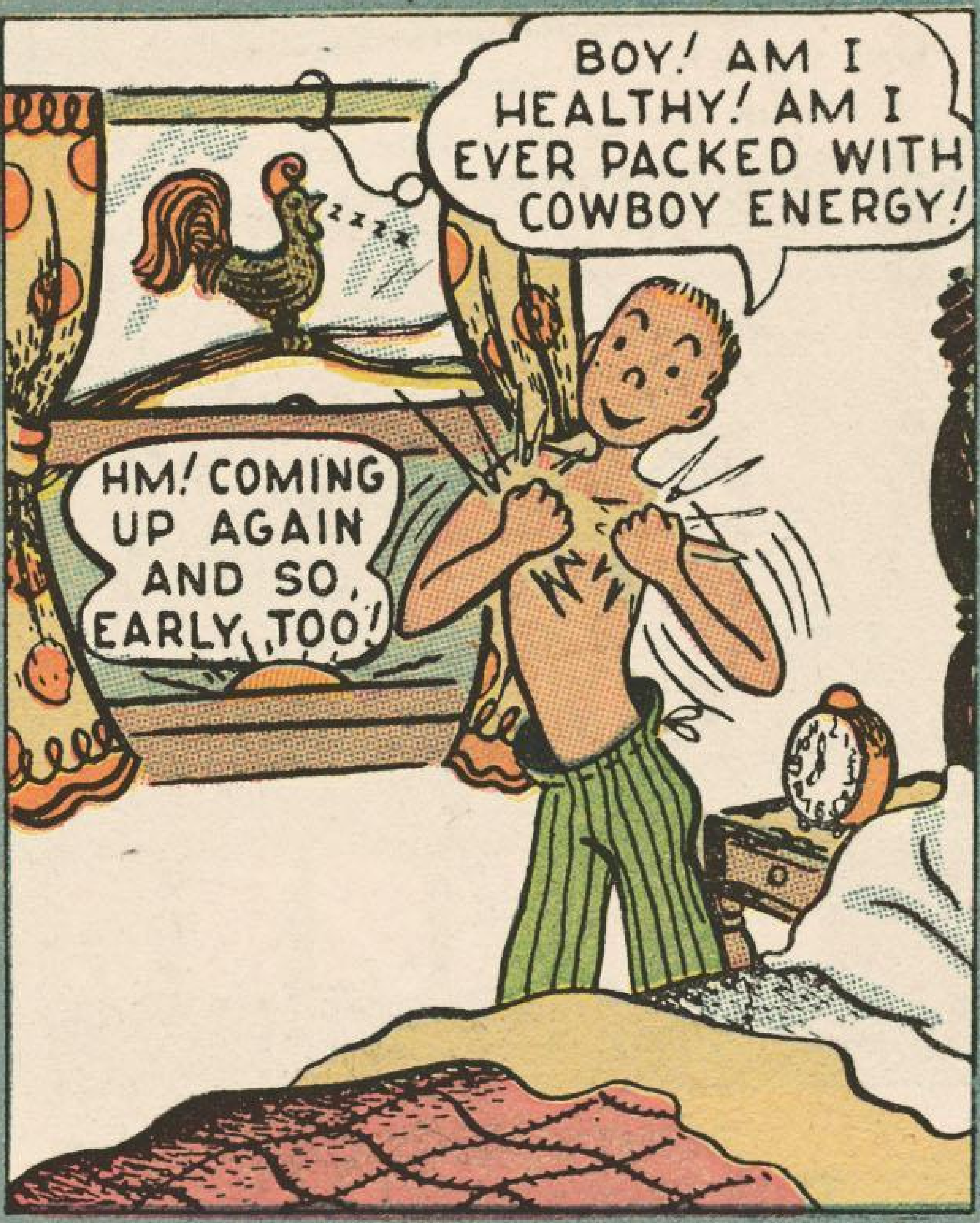
RUSTY...


HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SEE BANG CROSSLEY IN GOING WHICH WAY?
I'D RATHER SEE INGRID AND THE KING OF SIAM!
"GR-R-R"
"HER"

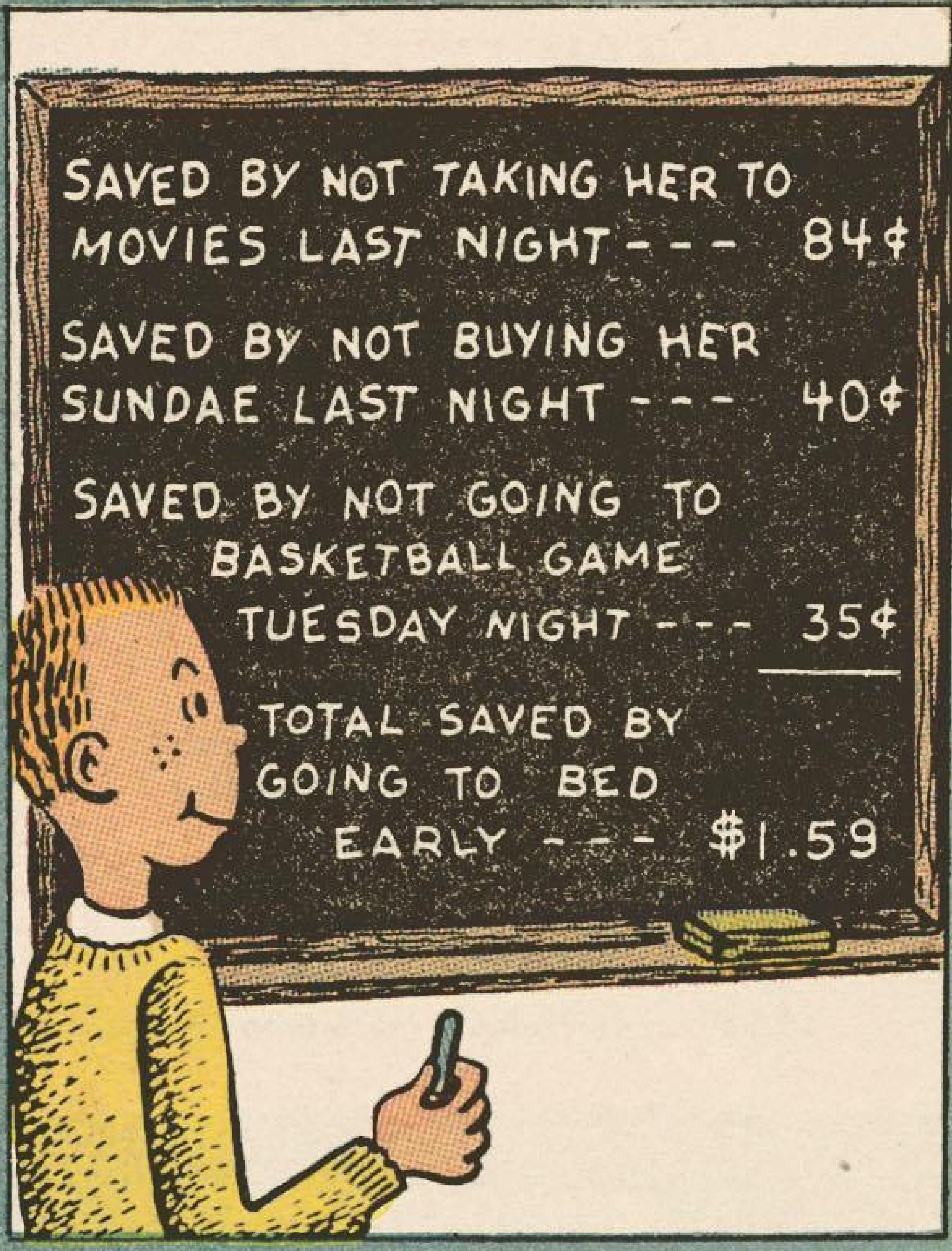
Build up your muscles, save money galore!
Could any man ever want anything more???


IF WE GO TO THE FIRST SHOW WE'LL BE OUT BY NINE O'CLOCK!
NOW! FRANKIE CROSBY IN "TO EACH HIS GROAN!"
R
AND I CAN STILL GET TEN HOURS SLEEP!

Though your dollars fly off on the wings of a dove
What's that compared to this thing they call love?

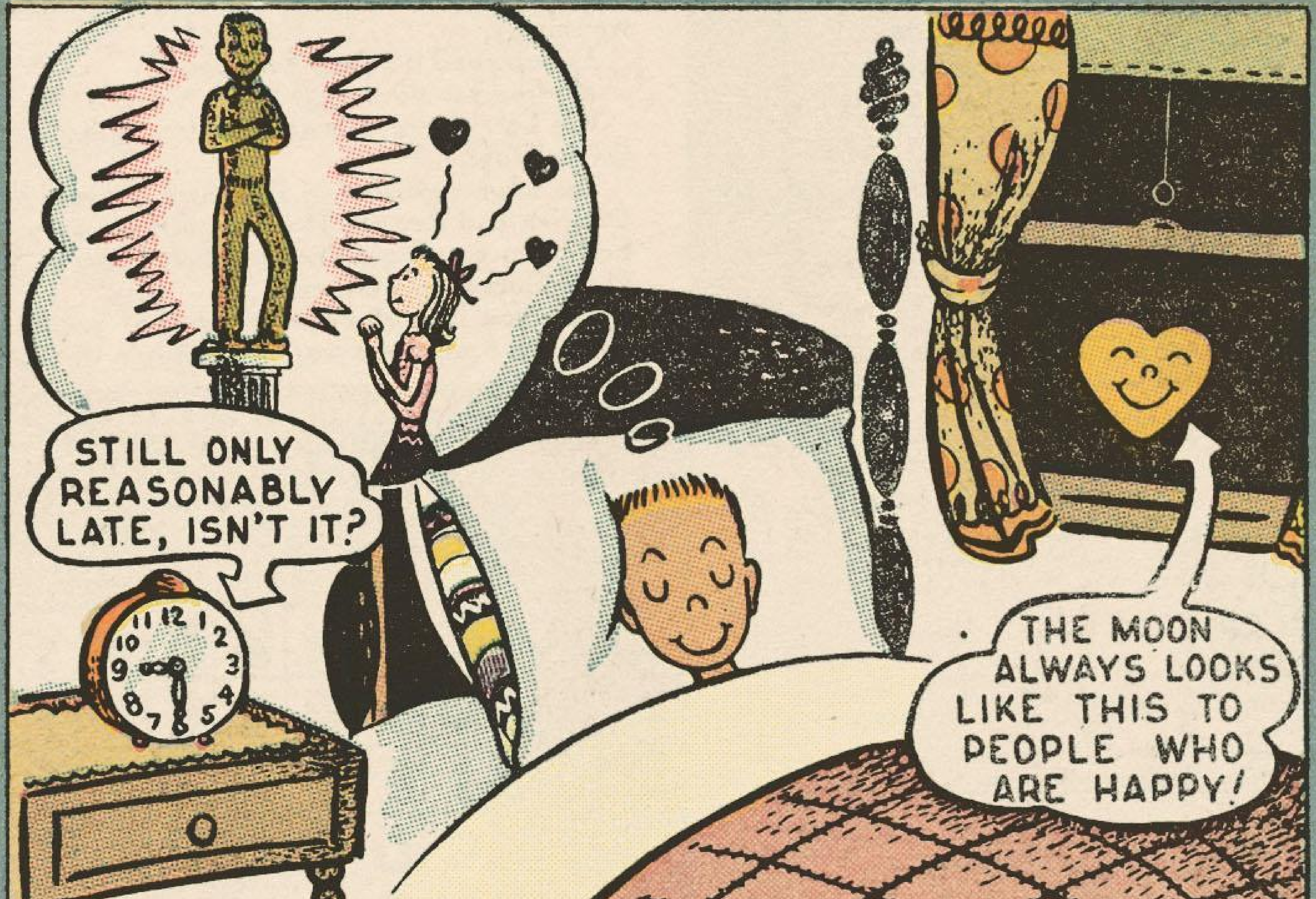

BOY! AM I HEALTHY! AM I EVER PACKED WITH COWBOY ENERGY!
HM! COMING UP AGAIN AND SO, EARLY, TOO!
ZZZ

The poor pallid wretches who stay up so late
Would glow with health—if they'd turn in at eight!


SAVED BY NOT TAKING HER TO MOVIES LAST NIGHT --- 84¢
SAVED BY NOT BUYING HER SUNDAE LAST NIGHT --- 40¢
SAVED BY NOT GOING TO BASKETBALL GAME TUESDAY NIGHT --- 35¢
TOTAL SAVED BY GOING TO BED EARLY --- $1.59

And wealth comes to those who early to bed,
For a penny saved makes that much ahead.

...RUSTY


STILL ONLY REASONABLY LATE, ISN'T IT?
THE MOON ALWAYS LOOKS LIKE THIS TO PEOPLE WHO ARE HAPPY!
DMS.

Early to bed and early to rise, but if a man's supremely wise,
He'll mix his sleep and work and play to make the most of every day.

PUZZLING SITUATIONS . . .

THE WORD-IN-WORD GAME

Example: What NATION is most clairvoyant? Answer: DIVINATION.

Score 10 for each right. 90-100, you're wonderfully wordy; 75-90, you're in the know; 65-75, you're middlin' well; below 65, try some crossword puzzles.

1. When do you SUP in imagination?
2. What BONE is most musical?
3. What CAN flies and swims?
4. What NATION is most sluggish?
5. What STICKS are most flexible?
6. What CITY is the wisest?
7. What NEWS is most bothersome?
8. What MAN is the luckiest?
9. What MISS is most flighty?
10. What IMP means more than he says?

MENAGERIE MIX-UP . . .

THESE famous characters are looking for the animals associated with them in literature. See if you can help them . . . Score 10 for each correctly matched. 100, you're a literary genius; 80-95, you're close to it; 65-80, not bad; below 65, better try games of athletic skill.

1. Alice	Sheep
2. Ancient Mariner	Cat
3. Long John Silver	Whale
4. Dick Whittington	Rabbit
5. Rip Van Winkle	Goat
6. Bo-Peep	Rats
7. Captain Aham	Albatross
8. Heidi	Apes
9. Pied Piper of Hamlin	Dog
10. Tarzan	Parrot

YOUR BODY

A Guessing Game
You Always Have The Answers With You

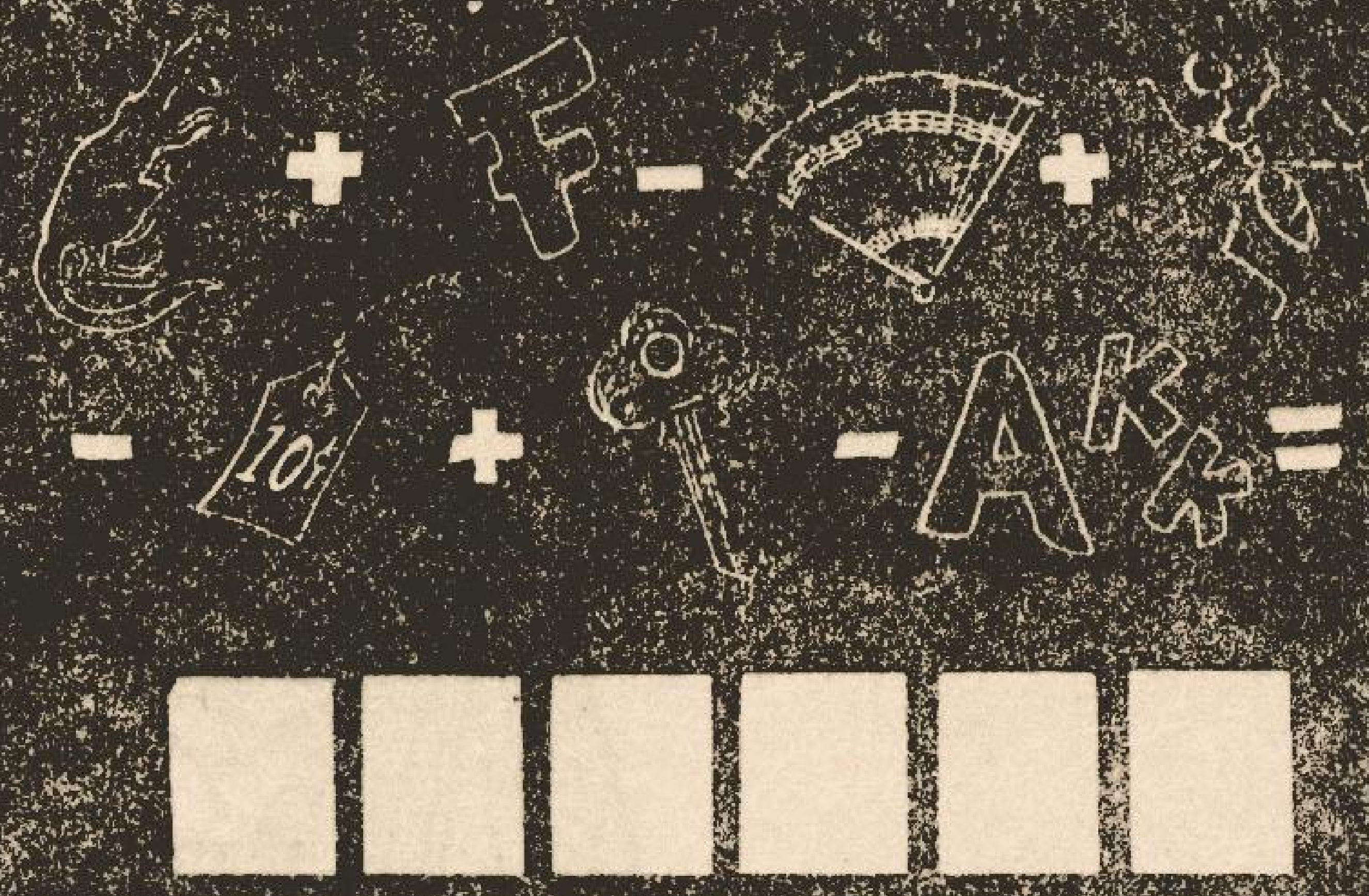
Score 10 for each correct one. 90-100, you're a walking anatomy course; 75-90, you know most of the answers; 60-75, fair; below 60, not-so-hot.

1. What musical instruments do you always carry? ....
2. Locate two shrines of worship? ....
3. Essentials for the carpenter? ....
4. Something that everyone wants to get? ....
5. Your active weather cocks? ....
6. Name your two baby animals? ....
7. What essential for a long journey is yours? ....
8. What do you have that slaves dreaded? ....
9. What do you have that makes you impudent? ....
10. What do you have that people throw away? ....

Out wit it! . . . A stickler or two, to give you food for thought in this quiz corner . . .

WHAT MOVIE ACTOR?

Add and subtract the letters, as indicated by the picture and signs, to get the last name of a movie actor.



WHO'S WHO ON THIS BASKET-BALL TEAM?

The Minerva School Basket-Ball Team had lost its final game of the season, and the five regular members of the team were discussing post-mortems.

The Captain critized Gloria and the Center for staying up late the night before the game, but the Right Guard took their part, saying the girls were entitled to some fun even if they did play on the team.

Mildred asked the Left Forward for her lipstick, but the Right Forward offered instead the one she had borrowed from Regina. The Captain looked on frowningly.

Jo borrowed the Captain's pencil.

Mildred sat down next to the Center.

The Left Forward invited Gloria to her home for the holidays.

The team consisted of Josephine, Gloria, Mildred, Beatrice and Regina. The five positions on a basketball team are: Right Forward, Left Forward, Center, Right Guard, Left Guard.

Can you logically determine what position each girl played and who was the Captain of the team?

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

19 fruits are concealed in this square. To spell them, start at a certain letter and move to the next adjoining letter in any direction. We spelled "Fig" to give you a start—note the arrows. If you can't spell more than 8, you're a sour grape; spell 14 and you're a sweet date; 19 or more, a peach.

G	B	N	H	R	N	Y	F
O	R	A	C	E	R	I	G
I	E	P	N	B	A	E	N
C	O	G	E	P	S	T	A
N	T	I	M	L	P	E	D
A	L	N	U	Q	L	T	S
R	C	E	O	U	O	N	I
R	U	M	E	P	C	A	R

All answers on page 66

Miss America Speaks...

Know any interesting anecdotes? Novel notions? Super suggestions? Tell us about them . . . and receive $1. for each one published here . . .

WHY BE SHY?

"I used to be very, very shy—not only with boys, but with girls, too. Making new friends always bothered me; I never knew what to say. When I got to high school I decided to join the school glee club. It worked wonders. I had to mingle with other students and was soon forced to overcome my shyness. Now I have more friends, then I ever dreamed of having — and I think that joining a school club can help all you other timid Miss Americas, loads!"

Marjorie Gavitt
263 Bridge St.
Groton, Conn.

BOIL AND BUBBLE . . .

"Have you ever tried making your own bubble bath? It's easy. First take some mild powdered soap or lanolin powder and mix with a small amount of your favorite toilet water—then you can bubble over in the tub!"

Margie Marx
117 West Minnehoka Pkwy.
Minneapolis, Minn.

SPOT REMOVERS . . .

"To remove ink stains from cotton goods, try using a raw potato as soon as the spot is discovered. Rub the potato into the stain, then sponge the material with water."

Kathryn Lyons
817 S. St. Andrews Place
Los Angeles 5, Calif.

"If you get grease or colored crayons on clothing, before sending them to the cleaners, spread butter over stains and rub in with a bath towel—when your clothes come back, they're good as new!"

Betty Christian
391 Central Park West
New York 25, N. Y.

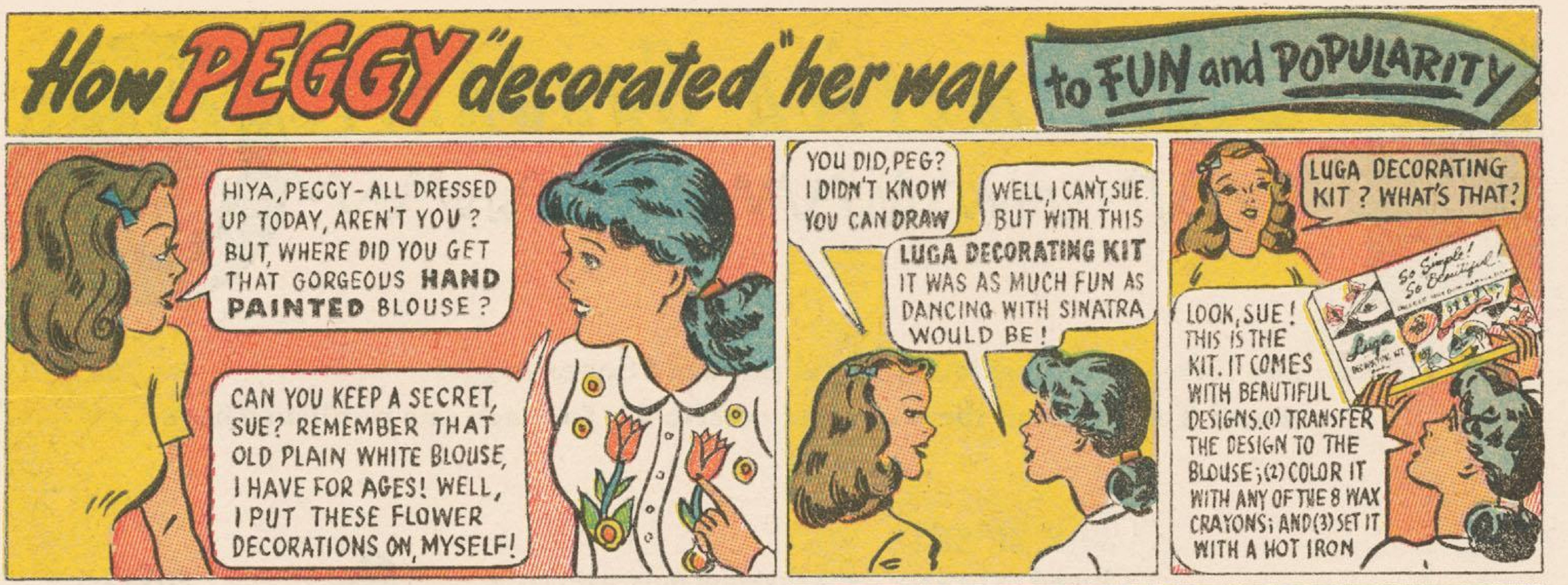
"Try alcohol to clean white kid gloves—it dries quickly and doesn't leave any unpleasant odor."

Molly McNeil
1707 Glendale
Detroit 6, Mich.

"To remove tar from cloth, rub it well with turpentine; small grease spots with a little talc, and then press with a clean, dry cloth; iron rust from your pretty blouse with sour milk."

Ann Marie Dowd
404 Caton Avenue
Brooklyn 18, N. Y.

(*Continued on page* 55)


How PEGGY "decorated" her way to FUN and POPULARITY
HIYA, PEGGY- ALL DRESSED UP TODAY, AREN'T YOU? BUT, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT GORGEOUS HAND PAINTED BLOUSE?
CAN YOU KEEP A SECRET, SUE? REMEMBER THAT OLD PLAIN WHITE BLOUSE, I HAVE FOR AGES! WELL, I PUT THESE FLOWER DECORATIONS ON, MYSELF!
YOU DID, PEG? I DIDN'T KNOW YOU CAN DRAW
WELL, I CAN'T, SUE. BUT WITH THIS LUGA DECORATING KIT IT WAS AS MUCH FUN AS DANCING WITH SINATRA WOULD BE!
LUGA DECORATING KIT? WHAT'S THAT?
LOOK, SUE! THIS IS THE KIT. IT COMES WITH BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS. (1) TRANSFER THE DESIGN TO THE BLOUSE; (2) COLOR IT WITH ANY OF THE 8 WAX CRAYONS; AND (3) SET IT WITH A HOT IRON

IT'S THAT SIMPLE. AND YOU CAN DECORATE or MONOGRAM YOUR OWN HANKIES, SCARFS, APRONS, AND OTHER APPAREL -AND LOOK,
YOU CAN DECORATE PARTY PLATES, FAVORS ON WALLS - BOXES, TRAYS, CORK, CHAIRS, TABLES- ALMOST ANYTHING THAT HAS A SURFACE!
AND SUE, SIMPLY EVERYBODY IS AMAZED AT THE BEAUTIFUL THINGS I'VE DONE! I'VE MADE MY ROOM SPARKLE - I HAVE DRESSED UP ALL MY CLOTHES & ACCESSORIES- AND I'VE HAD AN AWFUL LOT OF FUN, TOO!

YOU, TOO *can DRESS UP Your Room, Your Clothes, a Gift—almost anything,—and WIN COMPLIMENTS AND ADMIRATION. Mail the handy coupon. We'll send you the LUGA DECORATING KIT, with assortment of designs, 8 Wax Colors, applicator, instructions, etc. Designs are washable, won't fade. If you send $1.98 with order, we'll pay postage (or C.O.D. plus postage). If not delighted, we'll return your money.*

HOBBY BOOK MART, Dept. HR
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I want to "decorate" my way to fun and popularity. Send me the LUGA DECORATING KIT. It is understood that if I am not delighted, I can return it and get my money back.

☐ I am enclosing $1.98; send postage prepaid.
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NAME
ADDRESS
CITY & ZONE # STATE

FOR GIRLS ONLY

From Page 26

declare himself so that your doubts can be set at rest. But, you see, my dear, your boy friend is also going through growing pains. He may make light of his regard for you with his boy friends because he wants to show them that he isn't tied to any girl's apron strings. It is very embarrassing for a young boy to reveal his intimate feelings to his "gang." On the favorable side of the ledger is the fact that he has been going with you a year. He surely wouldn't do that if he didn't like you. Whatever you do, DON'T CHASE HIM! Be friends with this boy. Make him feel smart and pretty terrific. Betcha next year at this time, *he'll* be the one, who'll be wondering about you!

Laraine.

Dear Laraine: I am a girl of 16. I am not what anyone would call pretty. I come from a large family of moderate means. I think I'm lucky to have such a wonderful family, and home, plus good health. However, there is one thing that troubles me. Recently, we moved from the small town where I had known everyone all my life. I had many friends, loads of dates. Now I have neither. I've lived here for a whole year, but I still have no one I can call a friend. Have I changed so much, I wonder? I am really so lonely.

Lois.

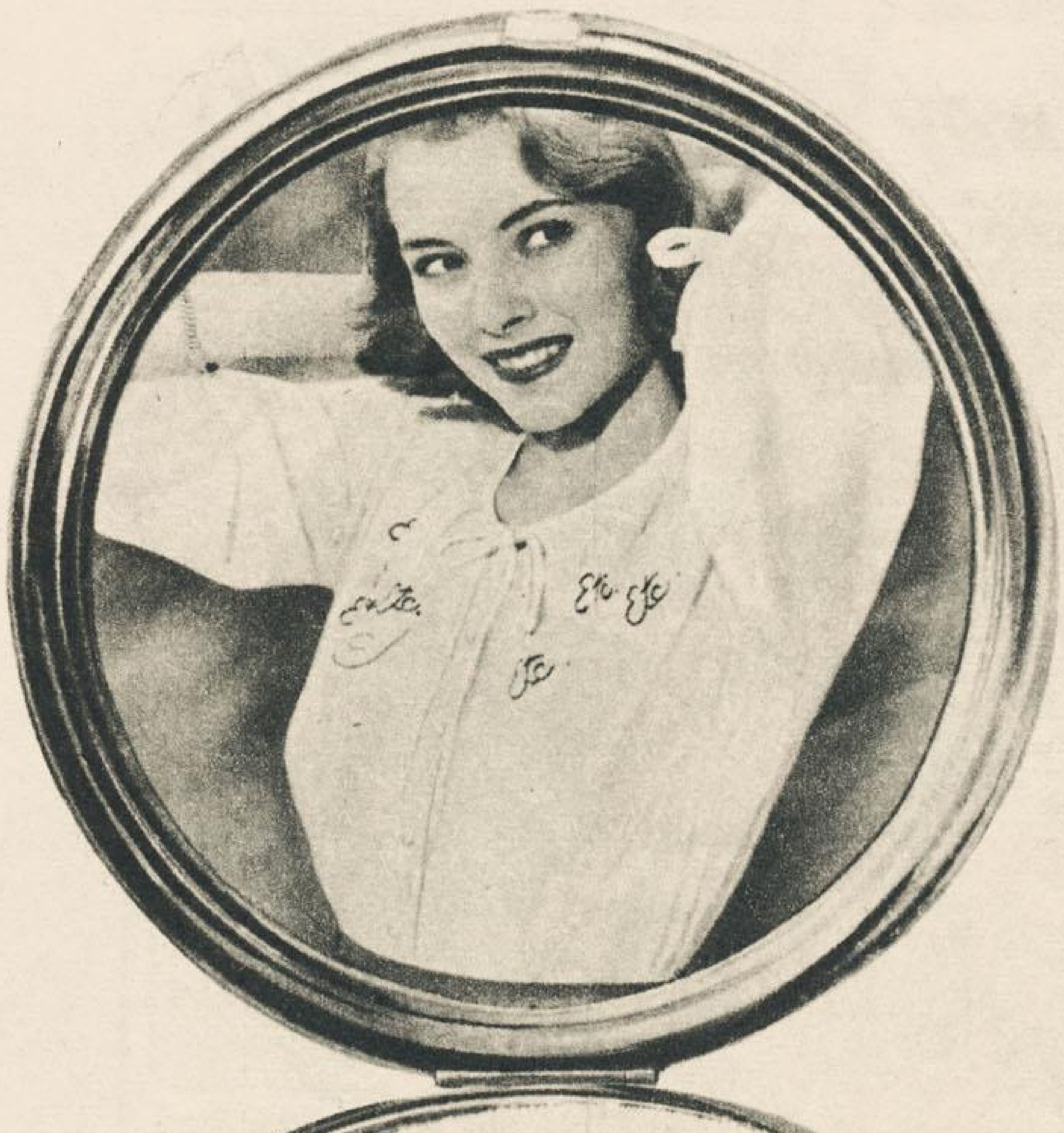
Dear Lois: One of the hardest things to do in life is to make adjustments, and that is what you must do in order to make new friends. At your age, girls always feel that they are the ones who are "different." They are quite surprised to learn that other girls feel the same way. Look around you, Lois. Regard your classmates, carefully Isn't there a girl, here or there, who seems shy, unsure of herself, withdrawn? Don't try, when you move to a new town or go to a new school, to make friends with the most popular girls. They generally have their own set of staunch stand-bys. They are also more apt to be self-centered, less interested in you. Instead, seek out someone who *needs* a friend. If you forget yourself and get interested in the other person, you'll soon find your loneliness a thing of the past. Try it and let me know what happens, will you? Laraine.

Well, that's all for this time except that I would like to tell you how to become the most popular girl in school! It's very easy to find fault with others, but gossip has a way of backfiring. If your friends are cattily engaged in tearing someone to bits, at least keep your peace. It's also smart to remember that your words are repeated, and sooner or later they get back to the person involved. This person, in turn, says something mean about you. First thing you know, YOU'RE the one the kids are all talking about! The way to stop the vicious circle, is not to begin it.

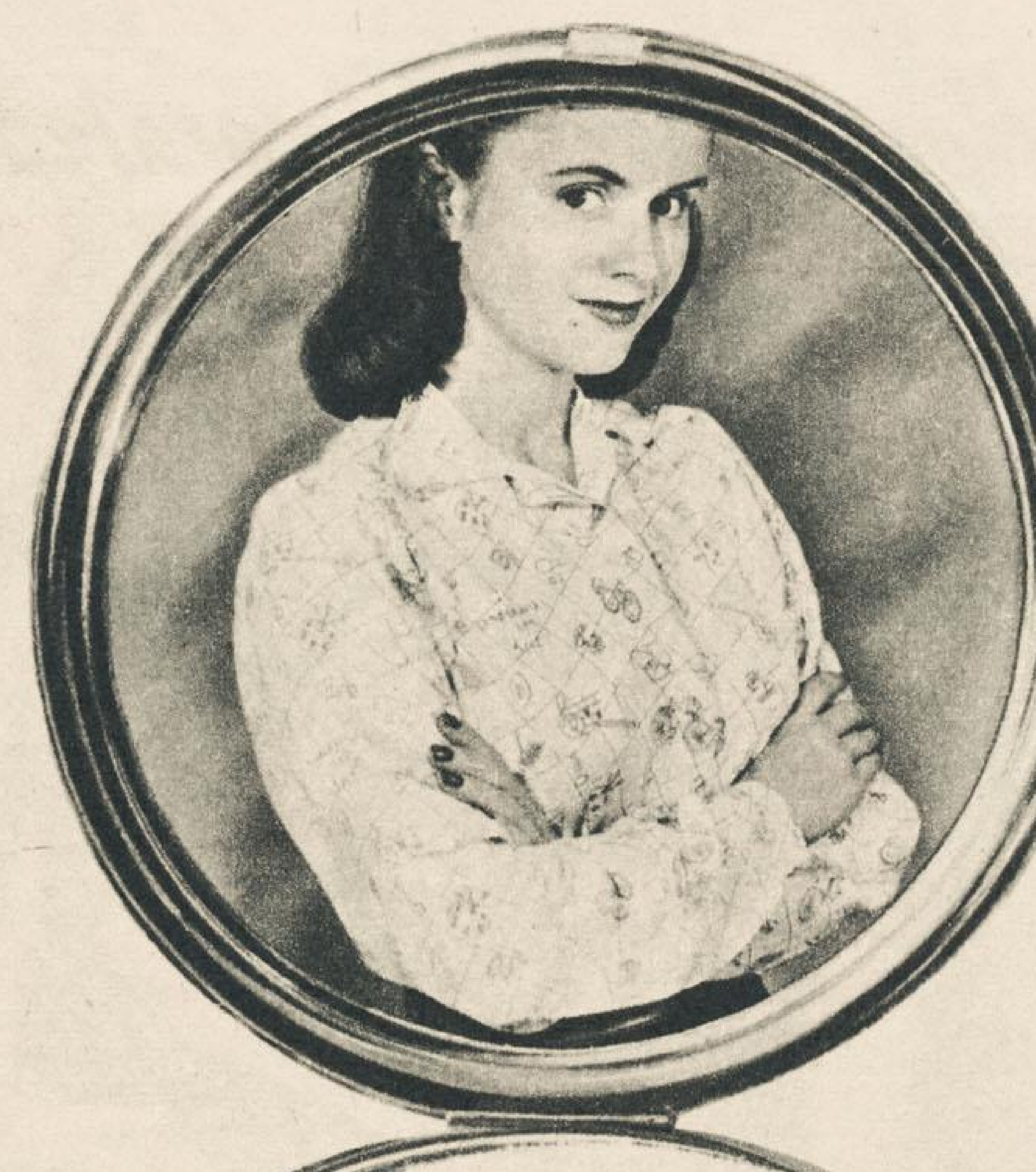
And how about playing that old favorite game of "teakettle" one of these frosty nights. You remember how it goes. You think of a word to take the place of a verb in a sentence, and then you ask questions to determine what the word is. For instance, if the sentence were, "Could you dance while reading?" you would say instead, "Could you teakettle while reading?" If the other person knows what you were talking about, he would reply, "Not unless you stood up, and then probably not very well." It's loads of fun—why don't you try it?

Fondly,
Laraine.

U! I SEE YOU! I SEE YOU! I SE



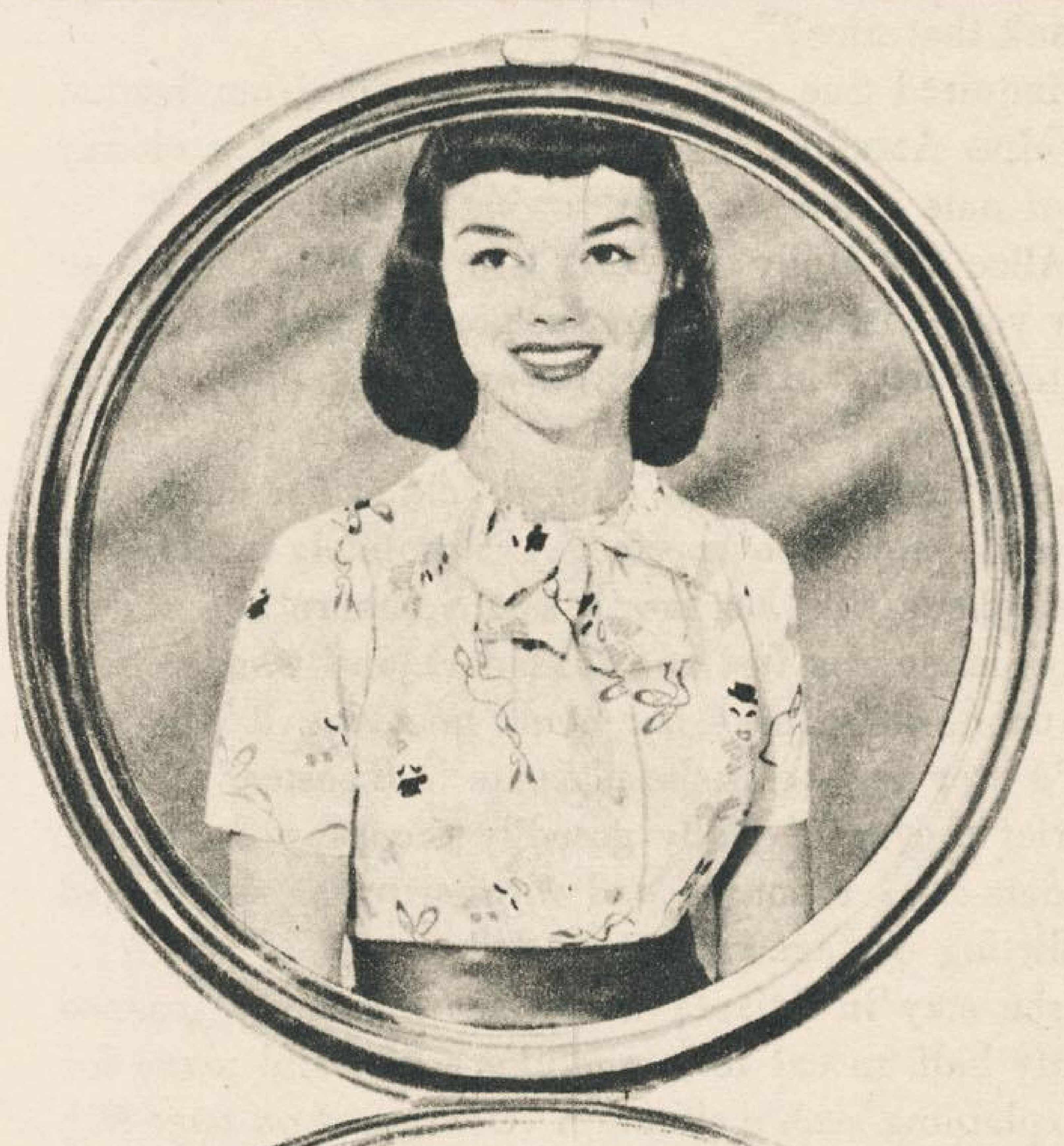
The blouse scrawl to end all blouse scrawls—"etc. etc. etc.". In rayon fugi, push-up sleeves. By Dell Town. About $4. 10-16 teen. Ed. Schuster, Milwaukee.



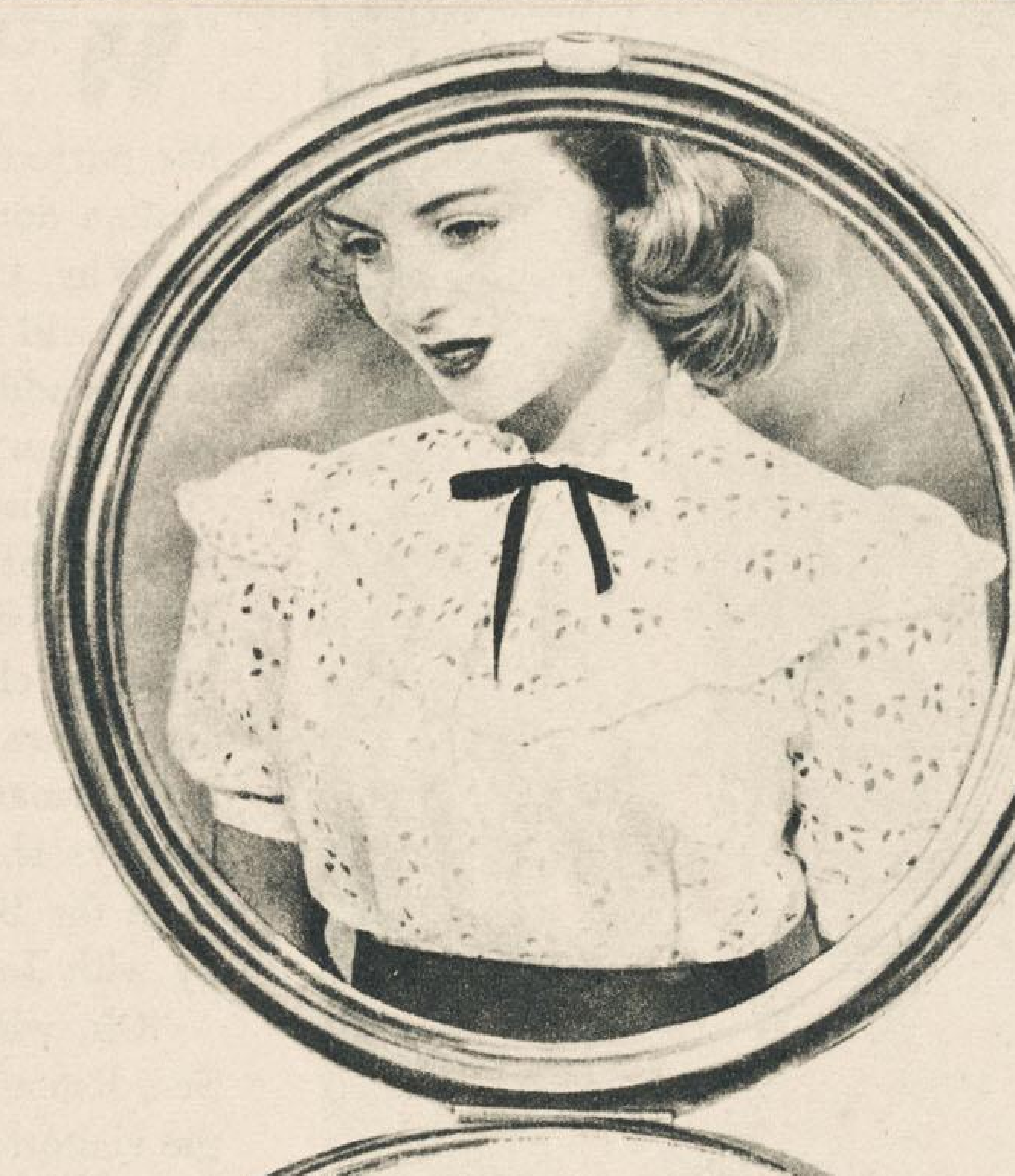
Scribblin's and pictures galore on this tic-tac-toe Townbrook rayon. Sally Mason makes it in blue, aqua, wild grape on white. 9-15. About $6. Jane Engel, New York.

In a giddy and girlish blouse . . . heightening mood, taste, wardrobe-stolids . . . Nice-and-neat, too!

I SEE YOU! I SEE YOU! I SEE



"Clowning glory" . . . Judy Kent's Charmette print showing off clown's funny face and hands 9-17. About $3. Constable, N. Y.; Famous-Barr, St. Louis.

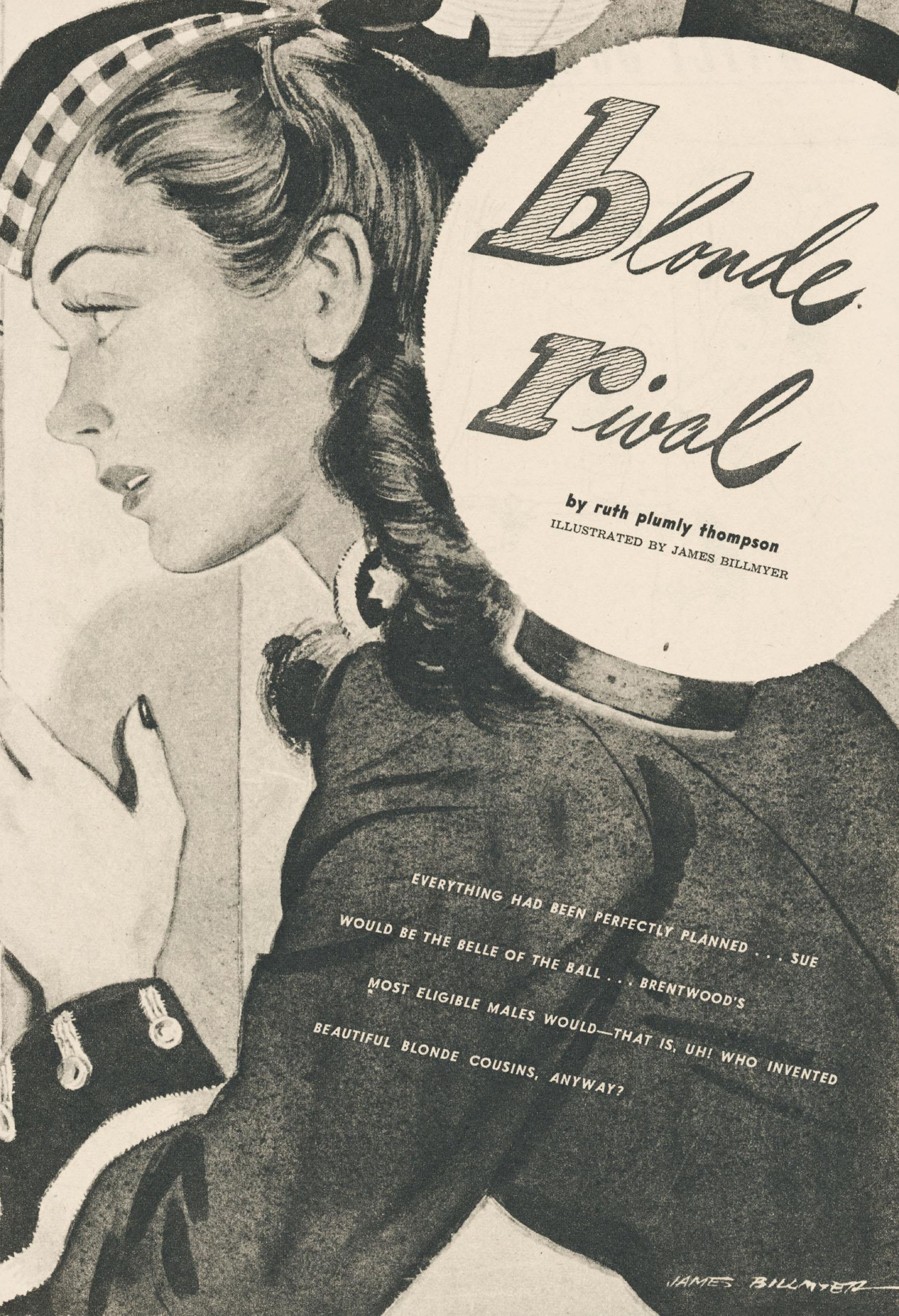


A touch of the Gay '90's in this frosty white eyelet batiste, demurely yoked with slim bow tie. By Pat Petite. 9-15. About $7.50. Bamberger's, Newark.

blonde rival

by ruth plumly thompson

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BILLMYER



EVERYTHING HAD BEEN PERFECTLY PLANNED . . . SUE WOULD BE THE BELLE OF THE BALL . . . BRENTWOOD'S MOST ELIGIBLE MALES WOULD—THAT IS, UH! WHO INVENTED BEAUTIFUL BLONDE COUSINS, ANYWAY?

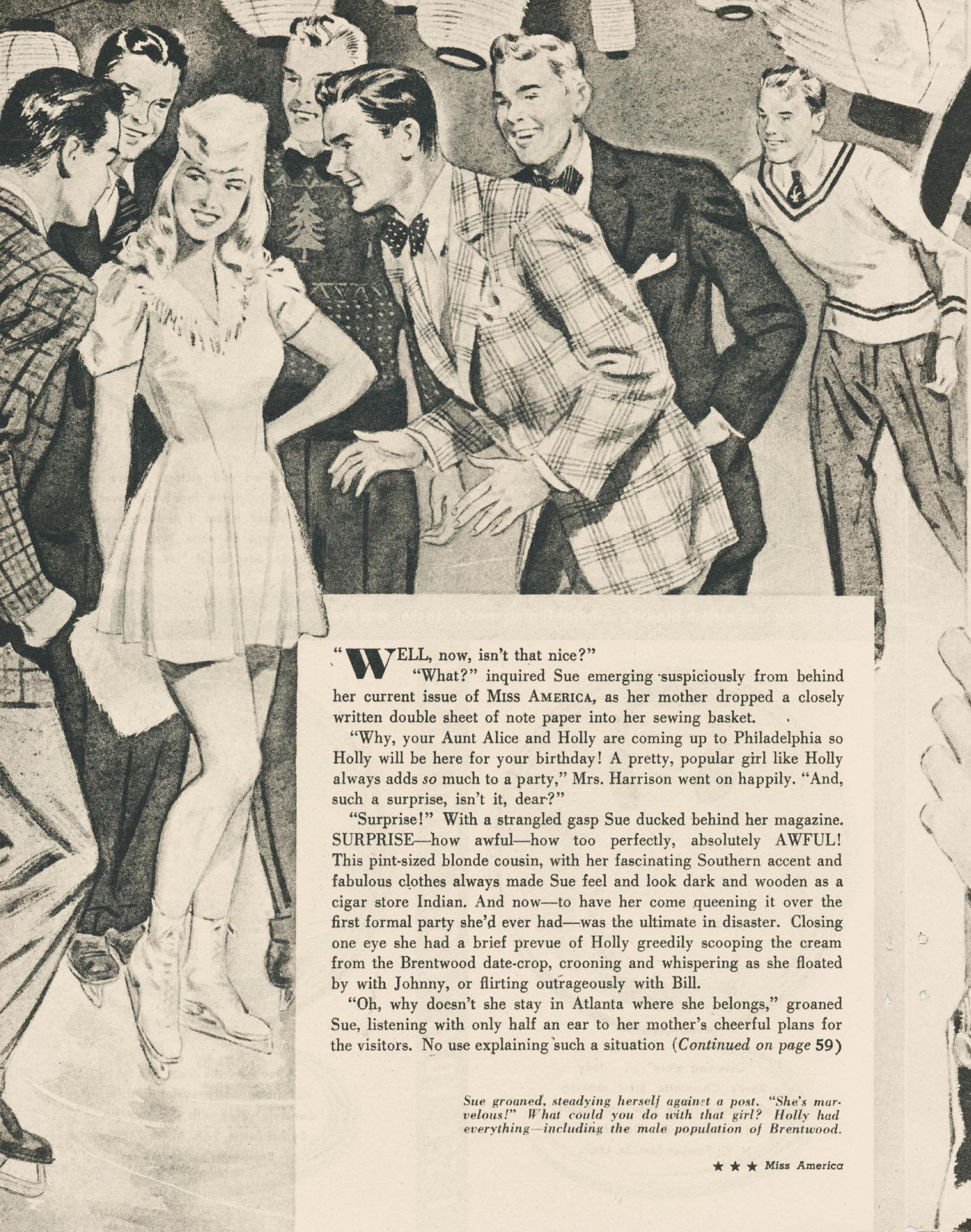
"WELL, now, isn't that nice?"

"What?" inquired Sue emerging suspiciously from behind her current issue of MISS AMERICA, as her mother dropped a closely written double sheet of note paper into her sewing basket.

"Why, your Aunt Alice and Holly are coming up to Philadelphia so Holly will be here for your birthday! A pretty, popular girl like Holly always adds *so* much to a party," Mrs. Harrison went on happily. "And, such a surprise, isn't it, dear?"

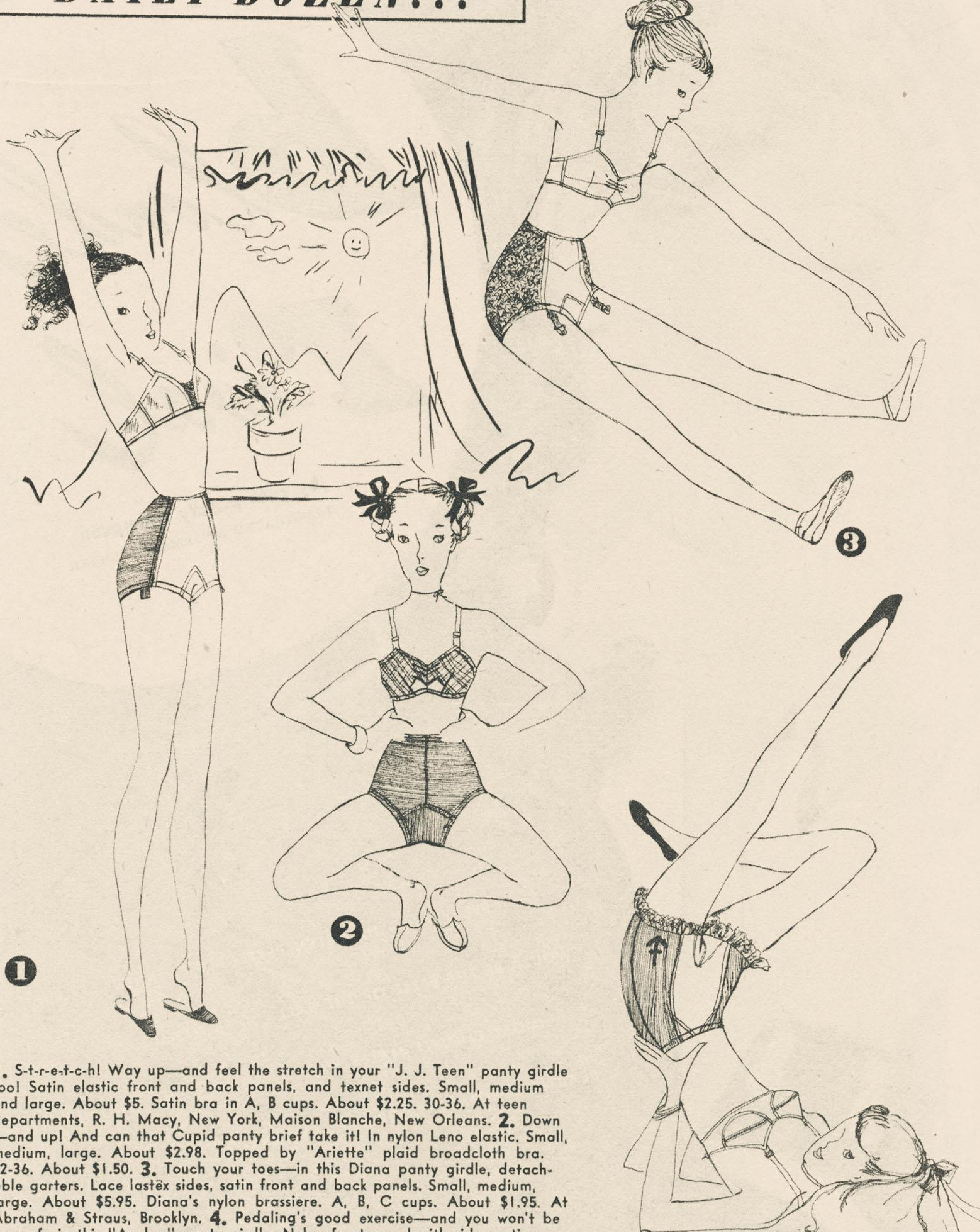
"Surprise!" With a strangled gasp Sue ducked behind her magazine. SURPRISE—how awful—how too perfectly, absolutely AWFUL! This pint-sized blonde cousin, with her fascinating Southern accent and fabulous clothes always made Sue feel and look dark and wooden as a cigar store Indian. And now—to have her come queening it over the first formal party she'd ever had—was the ultimate in disaster. Closing one eye she had a brief prevue of Holly greedily scooping the cream from the Brentwood date-crop, crooning and whispering as she floated by with Johnny, or flirting outrageously with Bill.

"Oh, why doesn't she stay in Atlanta where she belongs," groaned Sue, listening with only half an ear to her mother's cheerful plans for the visitors. No use explaining such a situation (*Continued on page* 59)



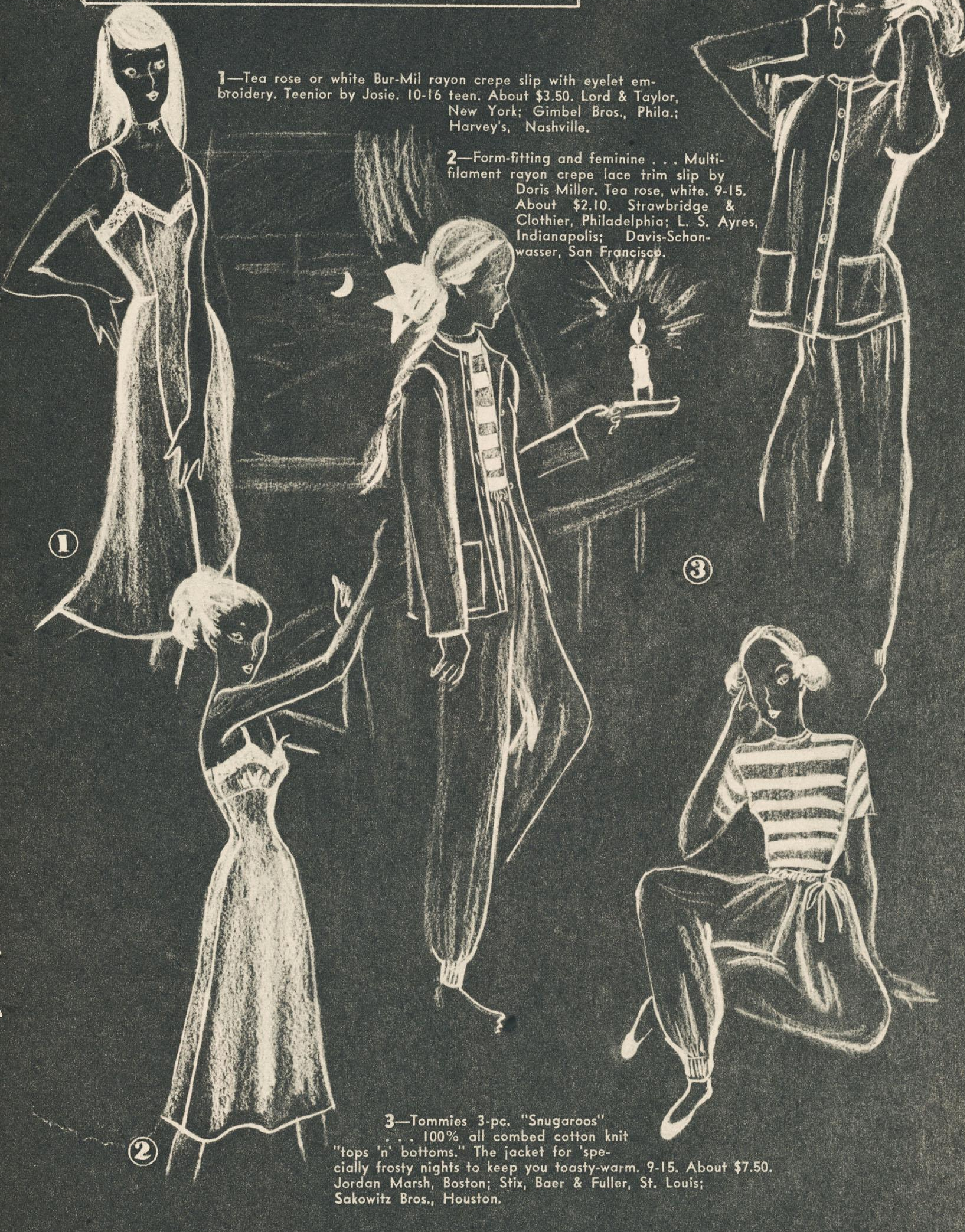
Sue groaned, steadying herself against a post. "She's marvelous!" What could you do with that girl? Holly had everything—including the male population of Brentwood.

DAILY DOZEN...



1. S-t-r-e-t-c-h! Way up—and feel the stretch in your "J. J. Teen" panty girdle too! Satin elastic front and back panels, and texnet sides. Small, medium and large. About $5. Satin bra in A, B cups. About $2.25. 30-36. At teen departments, R. H. Macy, New York, Maison Blanche, New Orleans. **2.** Down—and up! And can that Cupid panty brief take it! In nylon Leno elastic. Small, medium, large. About $2.98. Topped by "Ariette" plaid broadcloth bra. 32-36. About $1.50. **3.** Touch your toes—in this Diana panty girdle, detachable garters. Lace lastex sides, satin front and back panels. Small, medium, large. About $5.95. Diana's nylon brassiere. A, B, C cups. About $1.95. At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn. **4.** Pedaling's good exercise—and you won't be uncomfy in this "Anchor" panty girdle. Nylon front panel with side sections of Leno elastic. 24-28. About $5. By Miss Seventeen, Jr. Bra is "Adagio" broadcloth by Maiden Form. About $1.

NIGHTLY DOZIN'...



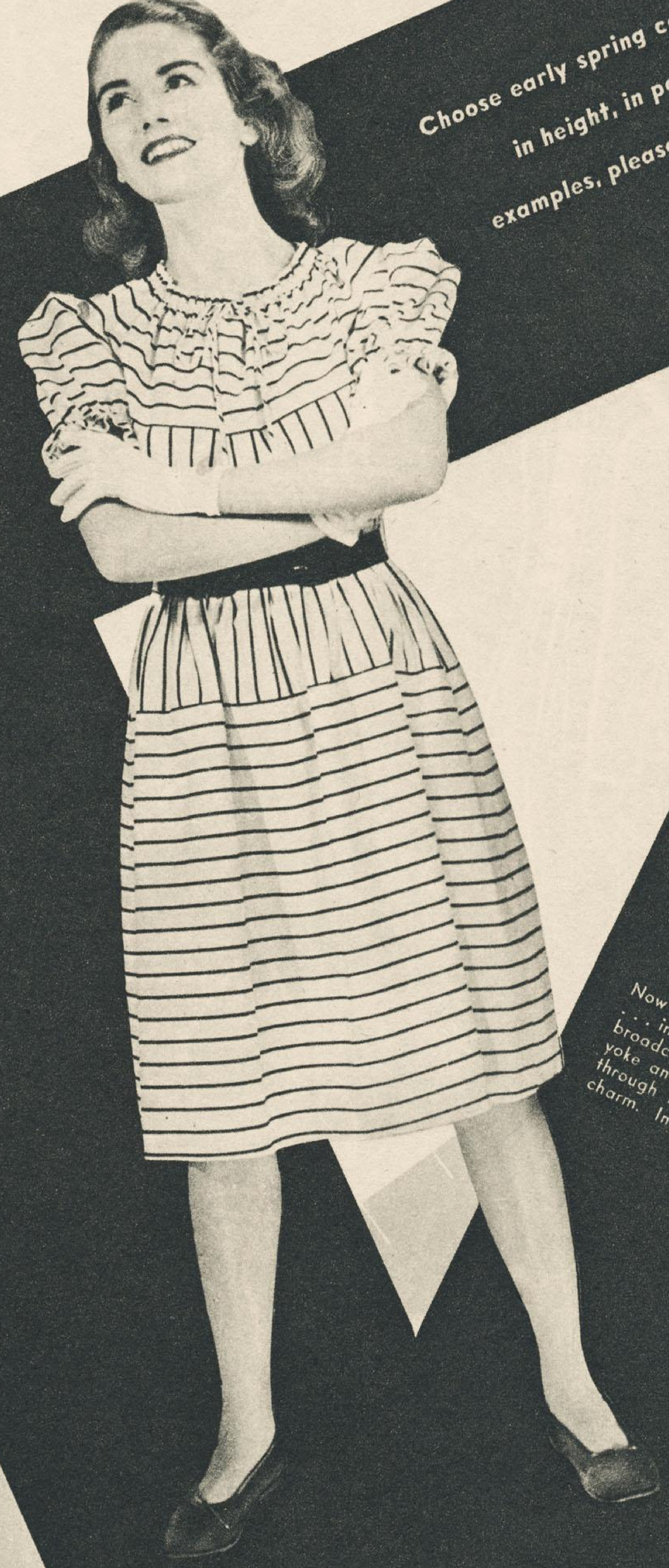
1—Tea rose or white Bur-Mil rayon crepe slip with eyelet embroidery. Teenior by Josie. 10-16 teen. About $3.50. Lord & Taylor, New York; Gimbel Bros., Phila.; Harvey's, Nashville.

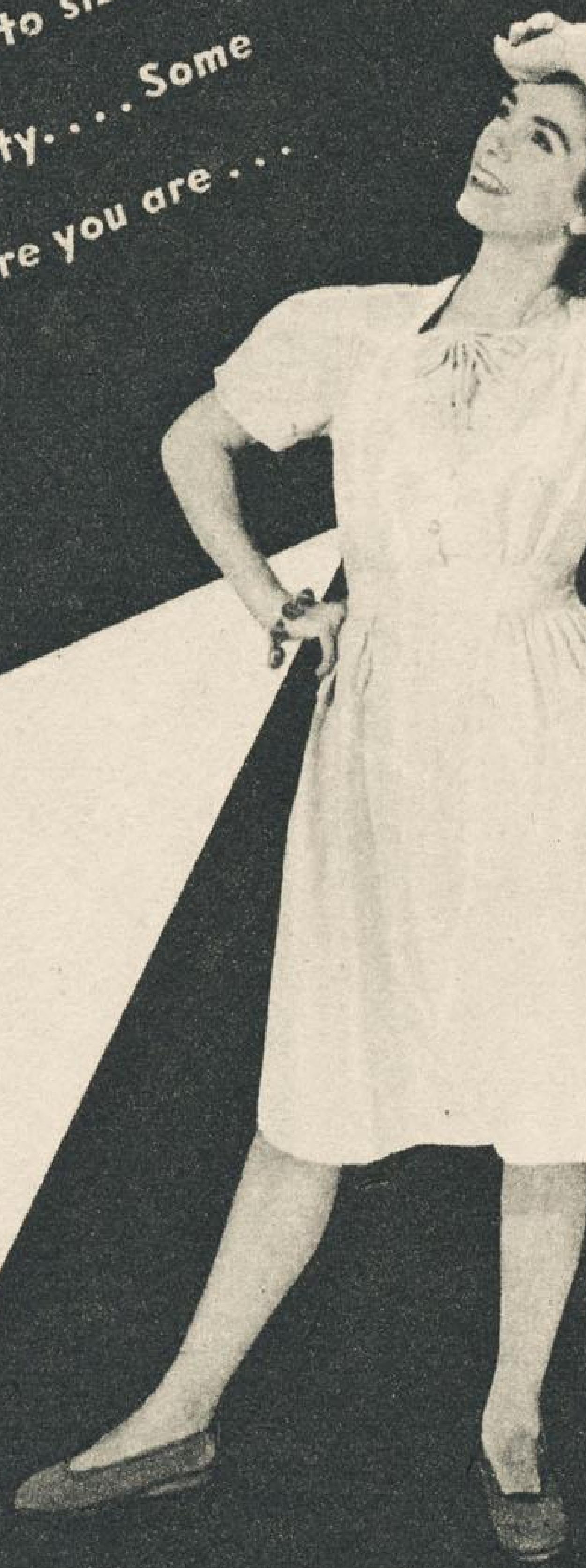
2—Form-fitting and feminine . . . Multifilament rayon crepe lace trim slip by Doris Miller. Tea rose, white. 9-15. About $2.10. Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia; L. S. Ayres, Indianapolis; Davis-Schonwasser, San Francisco.

3—Tommies 3-pc. "Snugaroos" . . . 100% all combed cotton knit "tops 'n' bottoms." The jacket for 'specially frosty nights to keep you toasty-warm. 9-15. About $7.50. Jordan Marsh, Boston; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Sakowitz Bros., Houston.

small type . . .

Choose early spring cottons to size you up—in height, in popularity. . . . Some examples, please? Here you are . . .





You don't have to be tall, a-tall, a-tall . . . to look darling in this Petiteen frock, with that gay sweep! Dainty eyelet trim on Bates broadcloth, in blue, aqua, maize, pink. 10-14A. About $9. Bracelet by Coro.

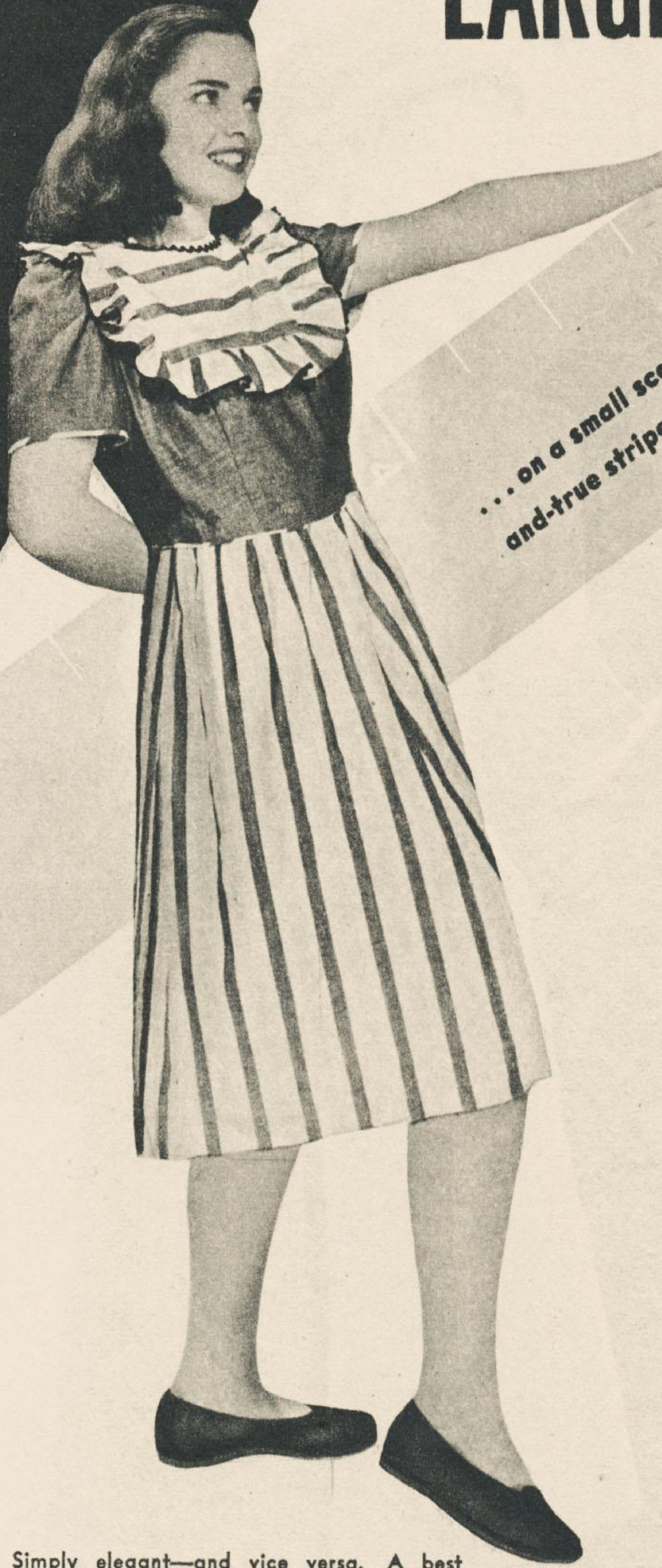
Now you can be taller than she is . . . in a Petiteen pretty pastel. Bates broadcloth with stripes whirling round yoke and skirt for length; drawstring through neck and sleeves for young charm. In sizes 10-14A. About $9.

**Dresses at James McCreery, N.Y.; May Co., Los Angeles; Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D. C.; and Ernst Kern, Detroit.*

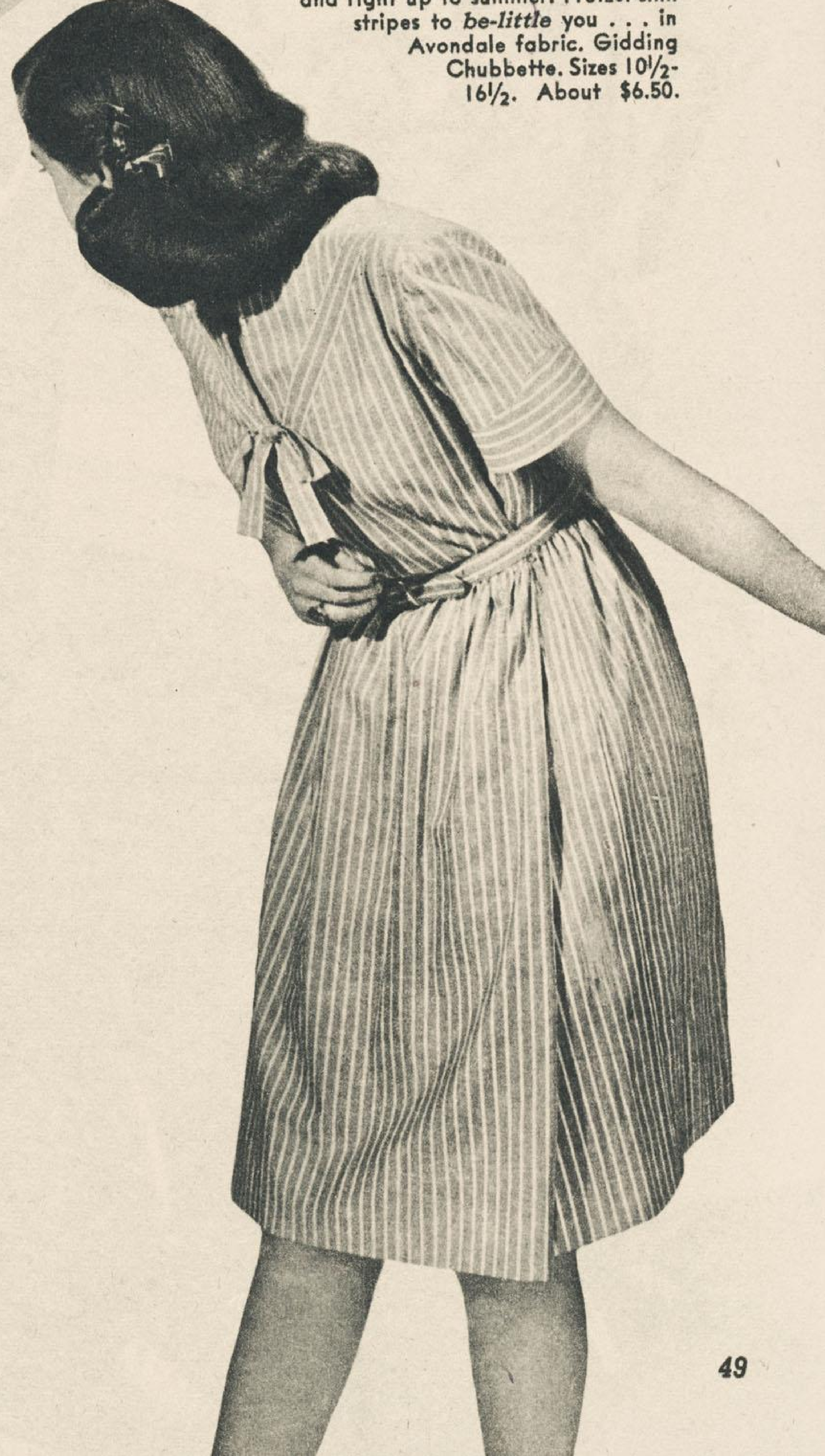
TREND STUDIOS

LARGE TYPE . . .

. . . on a small scale. There's figure flattery for chubbies—in tried-and-true stripes; foremost fashion in cottons with a casual air . . . See, here!

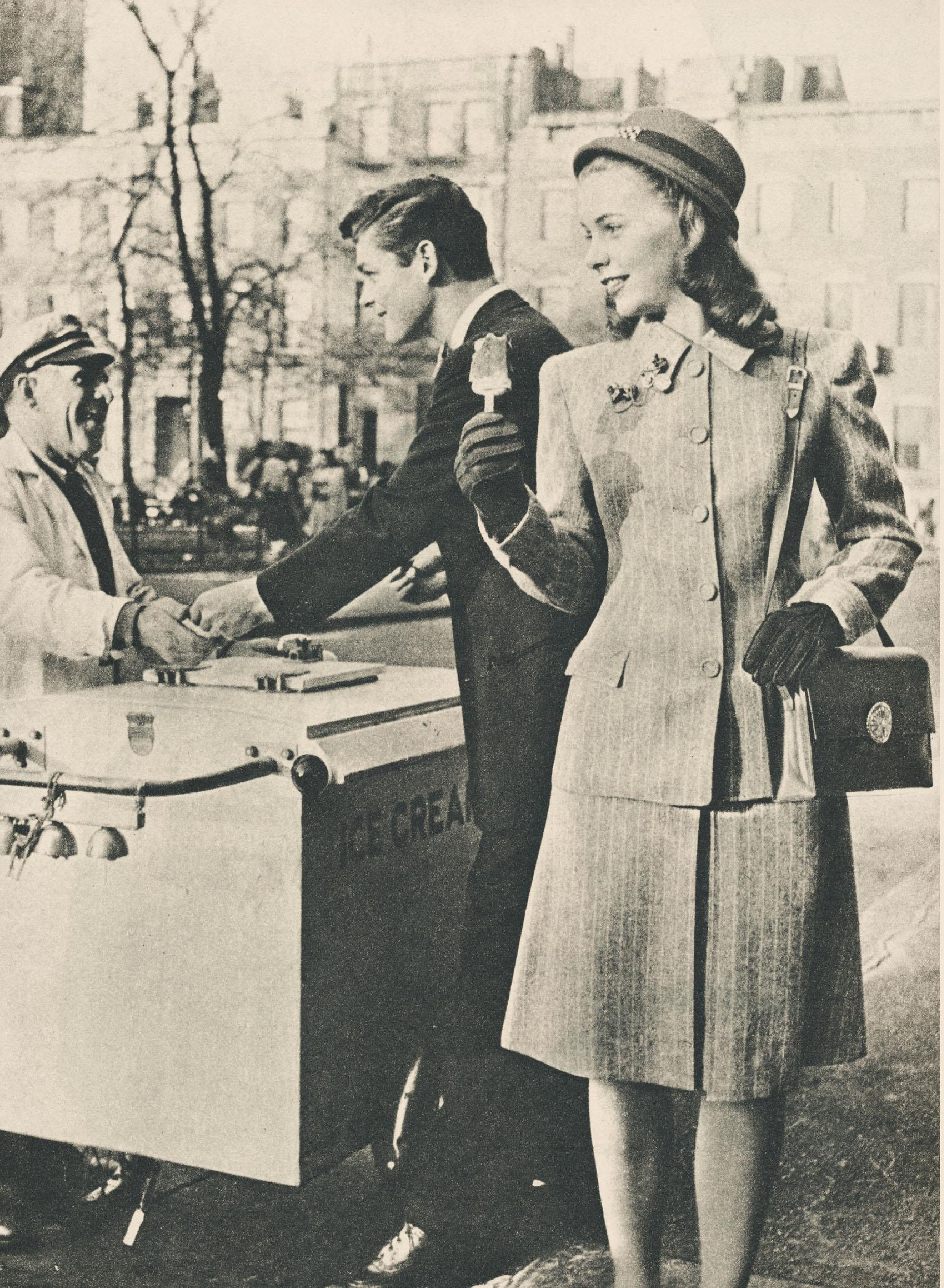


Taking a bow—and a place high among wardrobe winners. Cotton with neat-as-a-pin crispness can be worn through spring, and right up to summer. Pretzel-slim stripes to *be-little* you . . . in Avondale fabric. Gidding Chubbette. Sizes 10½-16½. About $6.50.



Simply elegant—and vice versa. A best bib-and-tucker to frame your face, with prinky ruffles. Carnival color stripes streaming down the skirt cuts width easily. Avondale cotton, in wide range of color schemes. A Chubbette dress made by Gidding. Sizes 10½-16½. About $6.50.

**A. Constable, N. Y.; Thalhimer's, Richmond; Filene's, Boston; Ed Schuster, Milwaukee; Foley Bros., Houston.*



CHARM CHATTER

From page 19

up so that they see red. And so does HE. Moral: never, never squeeze pimples. Also, go easy on the powder. Boys go for girls with that outdoorsey, well-scrubbed All-America look.

As for the mouth, there're only two things to remember: one, that boys just plain loathe those dark bloody lipsticks and, two, that just about everybody loathes those slip-shod mouth make-up jobs that don't follow the natural lines of your ruby reds. What colors are good for you? Well true reds and soft pinks are always safe bets. Only be sure you apply them lightly, following the curve of your lips right down to the very corners. You won't forget, of course, to bite on a tissue with your lips after you've applied the stick—you never can tell what may happen during the course of an evening!

That cute little button nose of yours won't be much trouble. However, whether you know it or not, during the course of a day it picks up a surprising amount of dust. So if you're smart, you'll clean your nostrils with tissue. It'll only take a jiffy, and it might save you any amount of embarrassment later on.

Nobody has to remind you to clean your teeth, naturally, but perhaps you could use a little urging when it comes to mouth washes. No one is at her social best when there's a possibility of offensive breath.

And now, Janie, how are your hands? Clean? Of course, they're clean, but that's not enough. Those hands of yours—or didn't you know?—are going to be pretty much in the limelight so you'd better get started early. The first step, of course, is to give them a good scrubbing with a little nail brush. Next, file down a bit with an emory board. After that, put your hands back into the soapy suds and push the cuticle back with your orangewood stick: If there are any ragged edges, smooth them down before you apply the polish. The color of the polish is a matter of taste. The dark polishes, however, are in the same class with dark lipsticks!

There, now. You can take another look at yourself in the mirror. Hmmm! You're not Hedy Lamarr, but you're not Gravel Gertie, either. The next thing on the program is dressing, which will be no problem. You've probably known what you were going to wear ever since you accepted the date. Naturally, it'll be something that suits the occasion—sport clothes for a sporty affair, a dressy dress for a party, and whatever "the gang" wears to the movies.

If you're really a smart little operator you're already hep to the fact that being a successful date is more than looking pretty for your dream man. If he's a dream man worth having, he'll want his queen to be more than a paper dollie, meaning he'll want her to be able to hold up her end of a conversation. And the better she holds it up, the better he'll like her. And what does a boy talk about? Whatever is on his mind, more often than not—his career, sports, mutual friends, and a dozen assorted subjects.

For your own contribution to the evening's verbal tennis, you might make it a point to have at least three topics of conversation tucked in the back of your brain ready to be pulled out during one of those periodic lulls that occur in almost everybody's evening. If possible, find out what your "date's" hobby is. If it's records, for instance, ask him if he happens to own any of the old Benny Goodman recordings that featured Harry James on the trumpet. If this doesn't make nice sparks, try it from another angle—his favorite crooner, for instance.

You don't have to stick to questions in order to fill in these gaps. You might begin by remarking, for example, that you've just read about an ex-marine who returned to high school and found it a little too rich for his blood. Your friend will pick it up from there.

If that doesn't do it, you can always fall back on comics. Your heroes are doubtless in plenty of trouble and discussing their perils is always good for a few laughs.

One suggestion: talk about almost anything except other girls. Never, never be catty: it makes men squirm. On the other hand, never brag about your wonderful girl friends. If you do, he's apt to get the idea either that you prefer their company or that you're trying to get him interested in one of them, possibly because you don't care for him yourself.

It goes without saying that you won't babble about yourself—not unless you don't want the dream man to call any more, in which case it'd be simpler to tell him.

Goodness! It's 8:10, he'll be here any minute, and you've just thought of something. Good girl! Touch the top of the perfume bottle to the back of each ear.

Now you can plop down on the big sofa in the living room and practice looking nonchalant until you hear the bell.

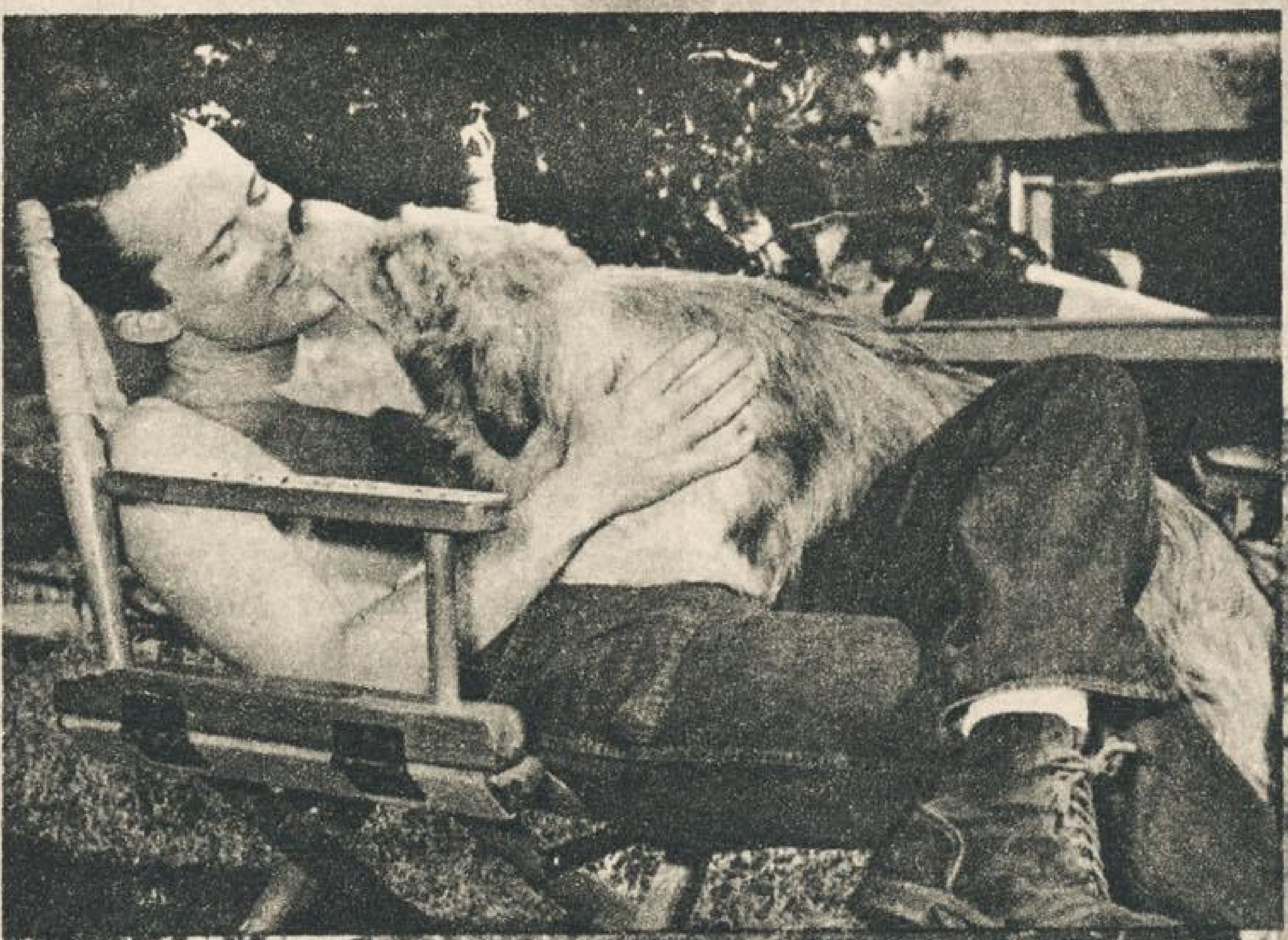
There it is! Look nonchalant, if you like, but smile when you open the door.

And have a good time, Miss America. You deserve it.

First Spring Suitor . . .

O, wind If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

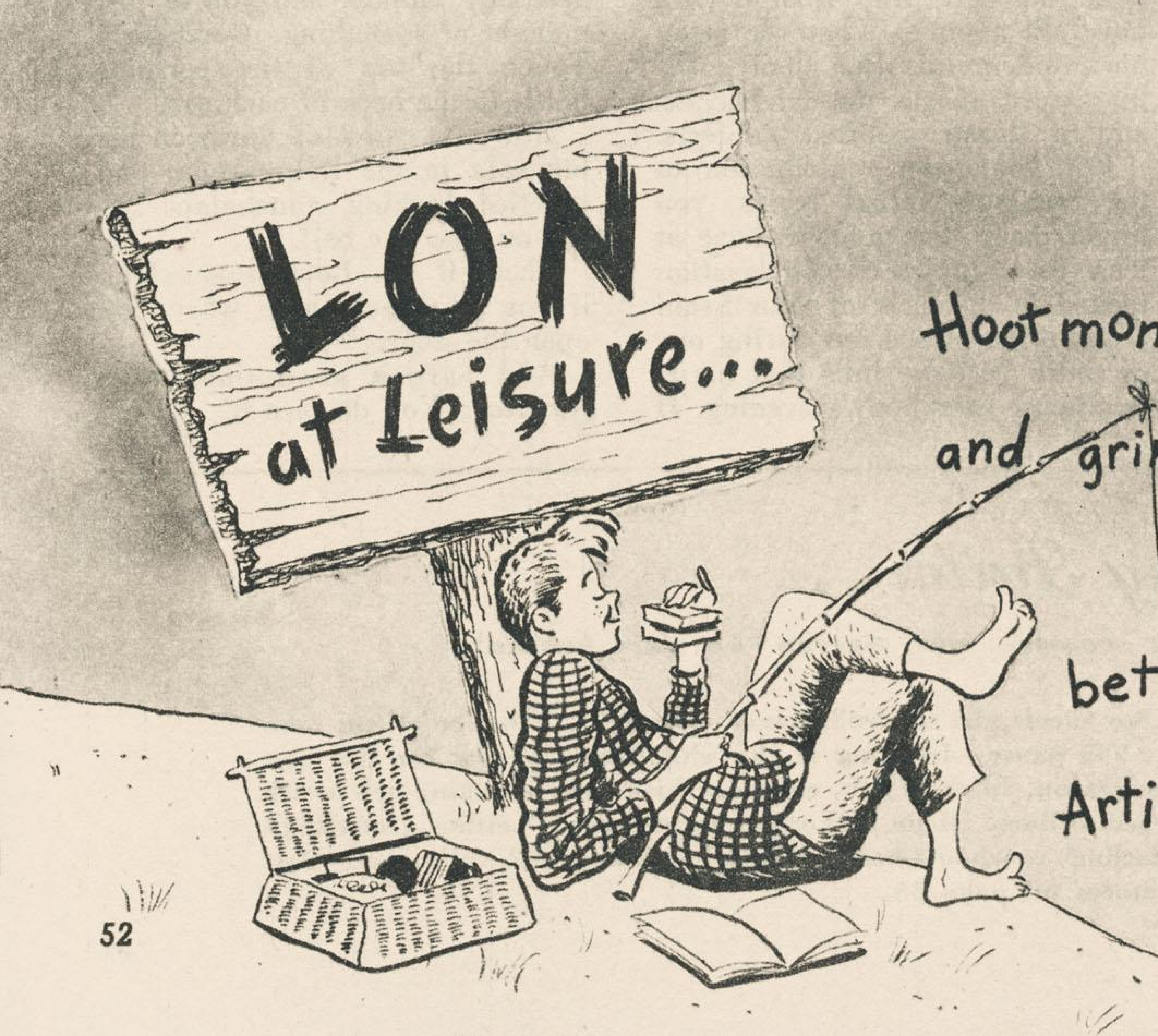
← Spring comes . . . boy meets girl to stroll, hands clasped . . . the ice cream man cometh—with white wagon, tinkling . . . You pause—blinking at the white sun, wearing for the first time, your spring suit—inspired by the season, in the fresh, clean-cut look; the spanking-new chalk stripes on soft grey wool; the simple, graceful lines. Made by Lortogs in teen sizes; setting a new high in low cost at $18.40! Werthley's darling coach-and-horse chatelaine, about $2, plus tax; Belt Modes bag, about $5. Vic-Teen hat. Stores on page 55.



Man bites dog! Looks like the original "shaggy dog story"—as Lon rubs noses with this king-size canine—lucky dog!!

Here, chick, chick—Fowl play a-foot, when Lon proves that he literally has the slick chicks eating right out of his hand—

A catch in time . . . means fish for dinner. With rod and reel, Lon takes to the great outdoors, goes after some, t-h-aaa-t big!



LON at Leisure...

Hoot mon–it's LON! your winsome and grinsome teen rave, in a "take it easy" mood between scenes of United Artists' "NO TRESPASSING"

Lon fiddles around . . . while pretty Allene Roberts (in "N. T." too) snaps proof of the fact that practice makes perfect.

Tea for two—leading lady here being Julie London, also in Lon's latest film, shares tea and a pleasant interlude with him.

Enter—Rory Calhoun (we will now pause for two minutes sigh-lence!) to join Lon and Julie in their game of mumbley-peg.

"So I sez to him . . .". Julie and Lon listen with amusement to Rory's yarn, before going back to the story of teenage love.

DEAR BETTY ANN

From page 27

tacks left in the street, until a couple of minutes later, when a big car drove by and bang! bang! two of its tires blew out.

A man got out and looked at his tires. Tim has a partnership of a sort in our corner service station. The man gives him five cents for every flat Tim directs in, so he was on the job, but fast!

“See you have a flat, mister?”

“Two,” said the man, “and on a hot day like this.”

“Too bad,” said Tim. Then brightening, “Wanta know where to get them fixed, mister?”

“Sure thing,” said the man.

Tim told him about the service station and offered to get the boy to come back and fix the tires.

The man said, “You're a nice kid, save your energy. Come on with me to that drug store on the corner and I'll telephone the service station. You and I had better have a chocolate malt.”

Natch, Betts, Tim was in complete agreement.

They walked back to the proper pedestrian zone to cross the street, and there was what remained of Tim's box of 500 tacks.

“I just bought those tacks for my mother, and I spilled them, and . . .” Tim said.

. . .“and I was just lucky enough to drive over a couple of hundred of those same tacks!”

The man looked real disgusted for a moment, and Tim said, “I guess you don't want to take me for that soda now, do you mister?”

But he suddenly recovered his sense of humor, “Sure do, son. I have four boys of my own. If it's not one thing with them, it's another. I'm used to it. C'mon.”

Well Betts, all this preliminary is to build you right up to the big climax. For Tim was gulping his soda with this man, when a girl sitting at the fountain started screaming. When she recovered sufficiently she gasped, “Oh, Mr. Crosby, you're too wonderful! I'm *so glad* to meet you. Do give me your autograph?”

For once Tim used his head, and realizing Bev's pash for meeting movie stars and figuring he'd get at least a quarter out of the deal, Tim rushed to the phone and called Bev. Bev called me!

Betts, we started running to the drug store, scared silly that Bing'd be gone before we got there. We made it in nothing flat.

Tim said, “I want to introduce you to my sister Bev and her lady friend, Vicky.” We couldn't say a word, we were so breathless from running!

“Better join us for a soda,” Bing said. “Everyone else is.” Sure enough, there were already fifteen people crowding the soda fountain, and Bing paying for every one.

Straight way, the minute I got my breath I asked Bing if he remembered the day I had seen him driving along when I was on a bus, and he had sung to me. He said, “Sure.” (I'm not so sure, but he was wonderful to say so.)

When he asked if we'd have anything else, Tim embarrassed us to pieces by saying, “Sure, I'm hungry. I'd like a sandwich.” So we all had sandwiches.

Bing's car was ready, and he left his sandwich. Betts, as the others followed him out, I grabbed it half-eaten, for a souvenir.

Imagine the mouth print of the most famous voice in the world!

Isn't that thrilling? Moms says that I can't keep the sandwich forever, that the ants will come in, and it'll dry up to crumbs. But think of Bing's mouth biting into it and his teeth marks still there! Shouldn't it be preserved in a museum or something?

Monday I'm putting it in a glass box to take to school to show the girls. Just think what a box of tacks can do—Bing Crosby in person!!!

Your devoted friend,
Vicky.

DEAR DIARY:

“WENT dancing last night with Ted. M-mmm! (Pause for two minutes sigh-lence) Wore my new black tissue faille—the one I saw in MISS AMERICA—and was he ever impressed! Lucky, I remembered those good grooming tips in last issue on how to be a good date. It must have helped 'cause Ted's dating me again, next week. Hooray for MA! . . .”

Yes, MISS AMERICA Magazine will keep your phone busy. She'll tell you what to wear, when to wear it . . . provide you with fascinating fiction, foremost fashions . . . charm chatter . . . reports of your favorite screen stars on the set—and off . . . send direct “party lines” to you, furnishing recipes, entertainment suggestions, decorating data—helpful hostess hints galore . . . Besides, provocative puzzles features, articles, things to do . . . So clip the coupon below to be sure you don't miss one single issue of MISS AMERICA—*the* teen magazine!

I am enclosing $1.00 for 1 year / $1.50 for 2 years (cross out one) for a subscription to Miss America Magazine.

NAME.......................... **AGE**.......

ADDRESS..

CITY.......................... **STATE**.........

MISS AMERICA MAGAZINE
Subscription Dept.
350 Fifth Ave., Dept. F, New York 1, N. Y.

MISS AMERICA SPEAKS

From Page 41

BANK ON IT . . .

"It's easy to transform a salt box into a pig-bank. Paint the box white and spot it with black. The tin spout is the mouth. Glue a spool in place of a nose; eyes and ears are pieces of felt, legs wooden match sticks, and a curly tail is a pipe cleaner. Cut a slit in the back for feeding—you'll be amazed at the appetite of this pig!"

Rose Pietikainen
Hespero, Alberta
Canada

HOW SWEET!

"If you are like 'Fudgeface Pam' in the recent MA story, and are pining away for some toothsome dish, try this solution: a while ago I began a sugar "bank." Everytime that I go without sugar on cereal, I put a spoonful in my bank. You'd be surprised at the way it mounts up."

Carol LeVarn
Richmond, Vermont

Now when you have some of that sugar saved, here's a dandy way to use it: "Combine 3 squares of bitter chocolate with a can of condensed milk in a double boiler; stir till thick. Sweeten to taste; chill; form balls and roll in chopped nuts, powdered sugar or cocoa. Makes about 2 dozen."

Anna Catalano
668 6th Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

POET'S CORNER

"Oh! the giggletty girl—
Gee whiz!
From her toe to her curl
What a bother she is!
For whatever you do, and whatever
you say,
She just laughs away through the
whole of the day,
And sometimes her noisy, unwearing zeal,
Will make a man feel
So all fired
Excessively tired,
That far into space he'd be willing
to hurl,
The giggletty, giggletty, giggletty
girl!"

Joan Cobb
Cave City, Arkansas

"Jane's New Year resolution
Was to lose a pound or two—
Through exercise or diet? NO!
And so she *gained* a few!"

Joan Crayton
19414 Irvington
Detroit 3, Mich.

BoJo BY CORO
Tricky little bracelet, so charming, so chummy with everything you wear.
gold finished metal about $1.00 plus federal tax at your favorite store.
Coro TEENS
design patented
Coro, Inc., New York • Chicago • Los Angeles • San Francisco • Miami • Toronto • London

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Asheville, N. C.	Ivey's, Inc.
Ashland, Kentucky	C. H. Parsons Co., Inc.
Bakersfield, Calif.	Malcolm Brock Company
Battle Creek, Mich.	Jacobsen Bros.
Bay City, Michigan	H. G. Wendland
Berkeley, Calif.	J. F. Henk & Sons
Billings, Montana	Hart-Albin Company
Birmingham, Ala.	Perisian, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.	Smith-Murray Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
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Detroit, Mich.	The J. L. Hudson Co.
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HOLLYWOOD'S YOUNGER SET

From page 6

To Eddie Bracken's terrif party, celebrating his return to the air with dinner and dancing. We saw Peter Lawford, seated with his sometimes-date, Lana Turner. He and Rory Calhoun took turns dancing with Lana.

The news on Peter, except that his smile is as engaging and dimples displaying as ever, is that he's making his debut as a singer in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "It Happened In Brooklyn." He teams with Frank Sinatra for a boogie-woogie number, and piano solos "Whose Baby Are You?" He also joins Kathryn Grayson and Jimmy Durante in the big production number, "It's a Wonderful Day for a Ball Game." (How talented can we be?)

We were especially glad to see Ann Blyth out again, and Virginia Welles, and Jeanne Crain dream-dancing with very handsome Paul Brooks, her husband. Ann Rutherford with her hair in a long bob, and Peggy Ryan in a hat that—well!! And the Donald O'Connors—he's just renewed his contract with Universal-International, and his Gwen will act, too.

* * *

Ann Todd and Phyllis Calvert, both leading ladies in James Mason's pictures, have arrived in our town. They are beseiged with interview requests for first hand info on James. Is he so mean? Is he so hard? According to them, James is very shy. So shy that if any of you were to corner him or clip a brown lock from his forehead, or even beseige him for an autograph, or call him "Jimmy" instead of James, he'd likely run right back home to England. He'll make pictures here, but don't expect any swoon-stuff. For Jimmy—pardon, James, isn't the type. Even in London he avoids all parties and lives very quietly with his novelist wife, Pam, in a hideaway house in a hideaway village, far removed from London's glitter set.

* * *

The other eve we invited Yvonne De Carlo and Bob Stack and Jane Powell to a little dinner party. From what we hear Bob is keeping their respective telephones and engagement books plenty busy.

* * *

Good news: Spike Jones and his City Slickers have been signed for RKO Radio's "Varieties of 1947," which means that M. M., your reporter, hopes to visit that set every day, for they're her favorite entertainers.

* * *

Danced with Hurd Hatfield, Kurt Kreuger, and Ross Hunter at Jimmy and Dodo Pendleton's party. What more can be said for the success of any party!!!!

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Miss America comes to life! Consuela O'Connor, wearing the outfit she modeled on the September cover of MA, being interviewed by Adele Hunt, on her weekly program over station WPAT, in New Jersey.

MUSCLE MAN

From page 15

office," said Mr. Stewart.

"Roger," said Sherry, gripping the frigid wheel gallantly, then laughing to hide the chattering of her teeth. "Isn't this the most stimulating weather?"

"Very," said Tennis Baird. "But, say, don't you wear gloves?"

"Gloves? What do you think I am, an orchid?"

"Yes," said Mr. Stewart.

Sherry laughed hollowly. "Isn't he too quaint?" Then, relieved, "Here we are, Daddy!"

Mr. Stewart stepped to the curb. "Women," he said, "and, more specifically, *daughters*—whew!"

Sherry drove off hastily. "Isn't Daddy a lamb? So old-fashioned, always trying to coddle me. Just because I look, well, slightly fragile—appearances can be awfully deceiving, you know."

All the way home, Sherry thought how this meeting would probably change her whole life.

Mrs. Stewart had roomed at college with Helen Lombard Baird, runner-up at Wimbledon, and she never tired of recounting anecdotes of the famous indefatigable Bairds. Tennis Baird's father had been a top All-American football star in his day, his aunt Bettina, a well-known amateur golfer, his grandfather the first man to scale some peak or other in Switzerland.

Sherry couldn't remember having heard what Tennis' forte was. But it wasn't every day such a man walked into your life. He was definitely worth all she now pledged herself to suffer.

How juvenile she had been when news had first come of Tennis Baird's prospective visit en route to college! As hostess, she would be expected to drag out in all sorts of nasty weather, to give her strenuous guest a good time. It would be one long ghastly whirl of red corpuscles, a field day of flexing muscles.

She, who, come winter's rigors, preferred the rosy hearth, a good book and a bowl of popcorn, would doubtless end up with a breakdown—and all for a beastly male gorilla, when what she went for was the subtle, poetic type.

But Tennis Baird was no gorilla! With him by her side, Sherry was sure she could learn to appreciate the great white out-of-doors.

During lunch, snow swarmed past the windows.

"Isn't it beautiful?" sighed Sherry dreamily.

"Uh—yes," replied Tennis politely.

"I know you can hardly wait to —do things," she said brightly as they rose from the table.

"Well—"

Apparently she still hadn't convinced him of her vitality. "I just love to go for walks, don't you? There isn't any better all-round exercise, is there?"

"I—guess not," said Tennis. "But I thought maybe you'd prefer staying indoors this afternoon. We could play records—"

"Indoors—not on your life!" said Sherry valiantly.

She warmed toward him even more. How considerate he was to suggest it—willing to stay inside when he longed to be out in his blustering man's world!

A blast of cold air slapped them as they opened the front door.

"Wonderfully nippy," cooed Sherry, flinging back her head ecstatically. "I just lo-ove the wind in my face, don't you?"

"In yours, yes," said Tennis.

Sherry's heart fluttered uncertainly. Was that a romantic speech or—or not?

They walked to the post office and back, a distance of over three miles. Halfway home, a car honked. Lila Johnson leaned out, blue eyes widening as she caught Sherry's escort.

"Sherry—darling, want a lift?"

"Hi, Lila," panted Sherry. "Thanks, but we're out for exercise. Oh—uh—this is Tennis Baird."

"I'm thrilled to know you, Dennis," drawled Lila.

"Tennis, not Dennis," corrected Sherry. "His mother named him—"

"For her first love," said Tennis briefly.

"I hope Sherry will break down and bring you skating. They're clearing the rink now."

"Wonderful!" cried Sherry. Ignoring Lila's astonishment, she hurried on. "I can hardly wait. We're just dropping back for skates and—we'll be seeing you!"

There were few people on the rink, probably because it was simply gruesome weather, Sherry thought. Several of the hardier

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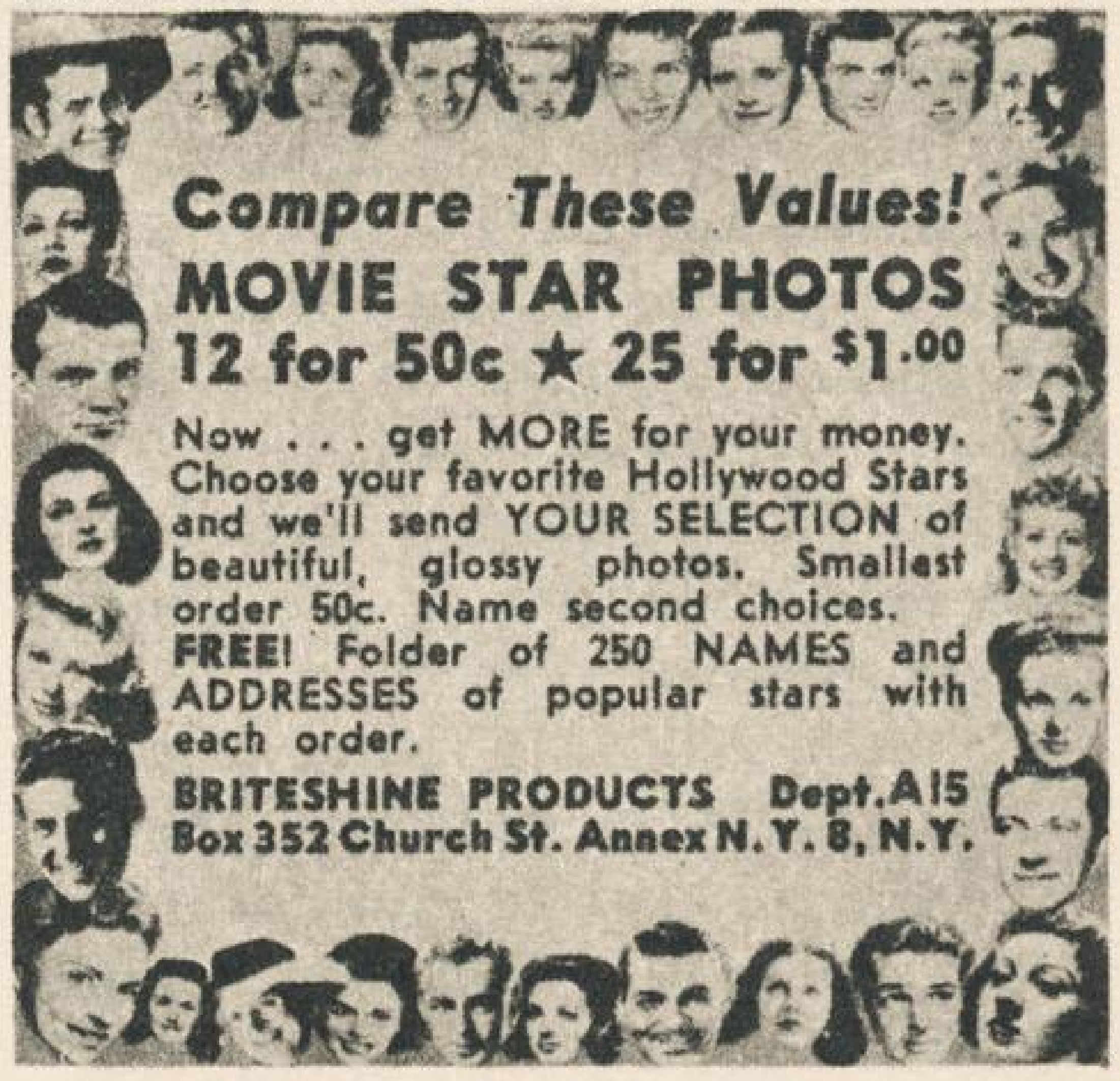

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members of the gang, including Lila, skated over when Sherry and her house-guest appeared.

"Why, Sherry honey," purred Lila, "I never really thought you'd come. You never—"

Sherry cut her short by hastily bringing Tennis into the conversation. Then Lila skated off, began to do figure eights and fancy-looking spins, red skirt flaring.

"Whew!" said Tennis wistfully. "Look at that!" Did he wish he were skating with Lila?

Sherry stood up unsteadily. She and Tennis started out, slowly, not too well. Tennis's face looked strained. It's my fault, thought Sherry miserably. I'm such a terrible skater. Oh, why did I let Lila taunt me into coming?

Their skates tangled, they almost fell, clung together wildly, which would, under other circumstances, have been pleasant, thought Sherry chokily.

"My fault," muttered Tennis.

"Of course it wasn't!"

Suddenly Lila detached herself from a group, came toward them.

Oh, dear, thought Sherry, here it comes! Once he's skated with her, he'll never come back to me.

How it happened she didn't know—only there was a frantic scraping of blades on ice, a pawing for balance, a long sliding fall. Something heavy—someone's head in her lap—Tennis's!

He jerked it out violently.

She managed to get to her feet. "G-go ahead," she choked. "G-go ahead and skate with Lila!" Unsteadily, she skated off, heard Lila offering to help Tennis up.

She staggered up the snowy bank to a lone bench by a dark pine, away from the rest. Tears fell, icing her cheeks.

A figure dropped suddenly to the bench beside her. "Gosh, I'm sorry, Sherry. Will you ever forgive me?"

"Forgive you!" wailed Sherry. "You forgive me. You had a perfect right to be mad at me—"

"I'm not mad at you! Jeepers, I'm mad at myself for not being athletic as you want me."

Sherry lifted her head, shook tears from her lashes.

"S-say it again!" she whispered.

He said defiantly. "I guess I'm a family black sheep. Never won a sports event in my life."

The fragments of that split atom rose heavenward, then settled upon the transformed earth.

"Didn't you?" gasped Sherry squeakily. "Honest?"

"No, I can't pretend any more, no matter what you think of me. Besides," he added, as if this were the ultimate, "I've got flat feet. What I really like—" the words rushed out recklessly—"is music and books and shows—"

"Me, too, Tenny!" Sherry stuck out her feet. "Take these horrible contraptions off me, quick, and let's go home. We'll pop corn, play records and—" she sighed blissfully—"just take it easy!"

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BLOND RIVAL

From page 44

to Muz. Muz was so super-good, she'd never been jealous in her whole life, probably. Holly, herself, Sue had to admit, was not a bad kid—it was just—just—" As the rising lump in her throat threatened to strangle her, Sue leaped to her feet and burst into the kitchen.

"Wassa matta, Honey, you gotten a cinder in yore eye?" Looking up from the pan of potatoes Lacey, the Harrisons' competent cook, regarded the convulsed face with close attention.

"Wors'n that!" Sue gasped, leaning tragically against the sink. "Holly's coming to my birthday party, Lace, and you know how that'll be!"

"Well, fo' heaven's sakes—and don' I just!" Dropping both hands in her lap, Lacey grimly shifted her false teeth from left to right. "That pretty little Miss Pussy'll dance you right into a co'ner and then lick all the icing offen yore cake. Don' you have no dancin' potty, Miss Susy—don' you do it!"

"But what other kind of party is there?" wailed Sue. "Besides, Mother and Dad have been saving all year to give me this one big splash at the country club, and Mother'll be disappointed if I back out now."

"'Tain't *her* birfday!" stated Lacey, picking up her knife and grimly ripping the hide from an Idaho potato. "Trouble is yore Ma see eve'ything all bright and smooth like, like it *ain't*," finished Lacey, glaring. Holding another potato aloft, she squinted at it with fierce, not to say, savage concentration. "Seems to me I plain and purely remember that Holly gal settin' still and kind of dumb like on de po'ch while you alls was playin' tennis and that badyminton game las' summer. So the kind of potty you is got to have is a potty doin' something that Holly gal cain't do so good! *That's* it, Honey!" Lacey's voice rose and fairly crackled with the force of her discovery and conviction.

"You is got to have a spoh'tin' potty, 'cause spoh'ts is where you shine her down." For a full moment Sue stared at Lacey in incredulous admiration. Then swooping across the kitchen, she engulfed her in an enormous and smothering embrace.

"Lacey, you are priceless, positively *priceless!*" she exploded. "And such a *big* comfort to me. Mother, Moth-*thur!*" Sue flung through the swinging door and flounced down beside her mother. "Know what?" she panted breathlessly, "Know what—I've changed my mind about the dance. What I really want is a skating party. For winter, it's much more fun!" (If you know how to skate, she thought wickedly to herself, and what a Southern gal would know about skating wouldn't be much).

"I'll wear that wonderful Highland outfit Uncle Jase brought me from Scotland, so you won't have to buy me a dress. Isn't it lucky we belong to the skating club?"

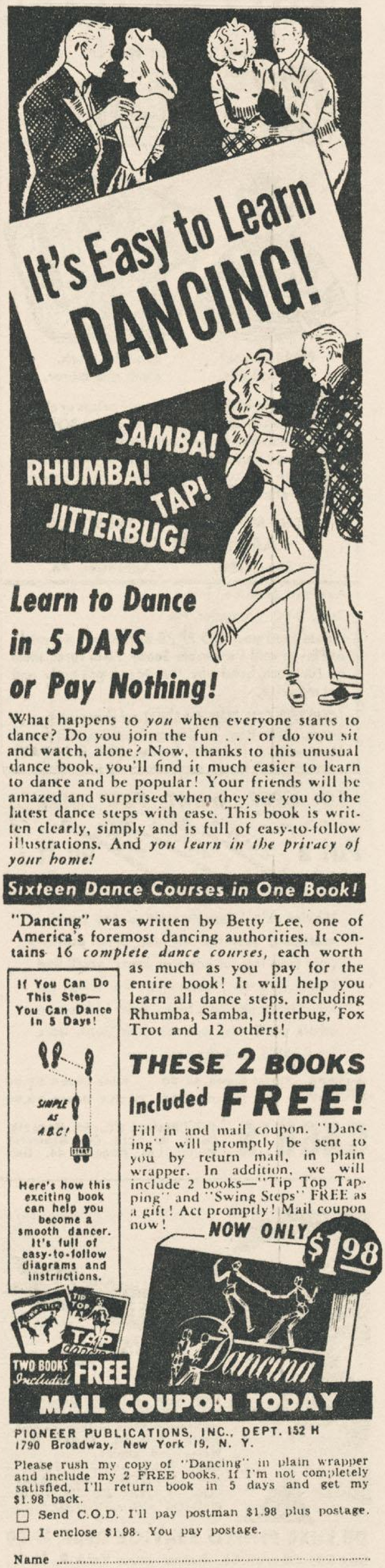
"Of course, dear, but I thought your heart was set on a dance?" Mrs. Harrison put down her sewing and looked fixedly at her one, only, and most puzzling child.

"Skating's dancing," countered Sue. "We can have that wonderful accordion man to play, and refreshments wheeling 'round in little carts. Oh, can't you just see it, Mother—lanterns—flowers and all the color and excitement!"

"It *does* sound interesting," conceded her mother guardedly—"If you're quite sure you'll enjoy it, Dad and I will be glad to arrange things. 'Tisn't every day a girl is sixteen, now, is it?"

Planting a hard kiss on her mother's smooth cheek, Sue jumped to her feet. "'Bye now, I must gas along and tell Judy and the gang, Mom."

As the time drew nearer, plans for the party went on apace, and what a pace! Absolutely nothing else was talked about during school lunch hours and each one of Susy's gang had come up with some super suggestion or hilarious idea. Lacey, on her part, took a tremendous interest in the refreshments, guaranteeing her famous spiced doughnuts, ginger cookies, and candied apples. Dale and Dicky Ford, who were among the most devoted and reliable of Susy's crowd, agreed to bring in enough greens to decorate the entire first floor and bal-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cony of the club for the party.

The Brentwood Club, though not large, was exceedingly complete and cozy, and after a final look 'round on the afternoon before the important night, Sue had to admit it had never looked more gay or entrancing. Holly, who had arrived the evening before, declined an invitation to help with last-minute touches, preferring a book she had brought along in her suitcase, seeming unimpressed and unenthusiastic.

"Thought you were going to have a dance," she observed, slanting her blue eyes rather petulantly up at Sue as they headed for bed on the night of her arrival.

"What's the matter, don't you like to skate?" teased Sue giving her small cousin a somewhat guilty little squeeze.

"Oh, skating's all right," sniffed Holly, "only I like dancin' better."

"I'll *bet!*" chuckled Sue, winking wickedly at Lacey who was lingering purposefully in the hall.

The next day Sue was so busy she did not have time to ponder on Holly's skating prowess or wonder about her skating costume.

"I just brought along my little old last year's suit," Holly told them at dinner. "You reckon that'll be all right?"

"Perfectly, dear—perfectly!" Mrs. Harrison smiled fondly at her favorite niece. "Holly always looks gorgeous, doesn't she, Sue?"

"Mmm-mm!" agreed Sue thinking complacently of her really gala and authentic Highland costume. The jaunty Scotch cap and plaid skirt definitely became her dark—well, she wouldn't exactly say beauty—but anyway, her type.

"Hurry up, gals!" called her father. "It's seven-thirty now, and there's still the lanterns to light and odds and ends to see to."

"We'll be ready in a snatch." Which they almost were. Bundled in warm coats, their skates dangling from their arms, they giggled all the way to the club. It was not till they checked their coats that Sue caught up with her cousin's skating outfit, and what she saw, sent her heart plunging heavily. Poured into a short, tight-fitting white velvet princess dress lined in blue satin with an ermine cap perched saucily on top her curls and an ermine muff held dramatically aloft, the little blonde was the most beautiful spectacle Sue ever had the misfortune to see.

"Like it?" she drawled, and turning slowly drifted like a snow flake out onto the center ice, where, lazily and with no effort she went into a skating routine that included everything from double jumps to a ballet finish toe spin.

"Great galoshes! It's Sonja Henie!" burst out Bill, nearly falling over the balcony rail.

"The *Snow Queen!*" boomed Johnny, gliding out to her. In a moment Holly was surrounded completely.

"Well good gardenias!" groaned Sue, steadying herself against a post. "She's marvelous! Why, she's a better skater than any of us. What can you do with a girl like that? She has everything—*everything,*" she concluded bitterly. "Even the name 'Holly Berry' rings little bells in a body's ear. Serves me good and right," she thought miserably, as dad, ever attentive and perceptive and seeing her all alone, came skating over to take her arm for the grand march. Her own feet seemed clumsy and weighted with lead, and the suit she had taken such pride in, felt like a coarse lumpy bag. The evening was definitely a ruin and everything completely foul!

Not that Sue lacked for partners. Far from it. The Brentwood boys were well-mannered and knew their way around. Each came over to congratulate her; to expand upon Jo's wonderful way with an accordion—the grand decorations and wonderfulness of it all. When Dale and Dicky Ford skated out with her lighted birthday cake, the rousing rendering of "Happy Birthday to Sue" was all that a girl could ask. But it was around her little velvet-clad cousin the skaters all clustered like bees.

"Boy—is this fun." Johnny, coming back, it seemed to Sue, most reluctantly after a whirl with Holly, spun her dizzily round and round. "A real Georgia peach, that one!" he grinned, waving in Holly's general direction.

"Yes—isn't she?" It took every bit of Sue's courage and control to keep her voice casual. "She's the best skater and prettiest girl here—don't you think?"

"Wazzat?" Johnny stopped short and stared down at her. "Are you kidding?"

"Certainly not. You said the same thing yourself," and in spite of Sue's efforts a tremor broke the sentence roughly in two.

"*Nonsense!*" Johnny's hand slid down and tightened on her wrist. "I said she was a Georgia peach—and she is—but we don't all go for peaches, m'lass. A peach looks lots better than it tastes and sort of mushes up on a fella when he gets it in his hand. Now *me*," Johnny paused to hit himself a tremendous thump in the chest—"I like *apples*. And I like my gals big, sweet, and rosy—like an apple, too." Shamelessly, he leaned down and put a light kiss on her cheek.

"Now—*you*—" Johnny looked down with his own particular crooked smile, "you're not only a treat to take out—but a riot to stay home with. And—gal—in that little Scotch cap and skirt you *do* things to me—and such things—! Hey, Susy—think we could put over that Highland Fling we flang at last year's skating party? I'll wager Accordion Jo could give with the tune. One word in his ear and we're off. Let's treat Cousin Holly to a run for her money—what say?"

"Oh, Johnny—*let's!*" A surge of joy and confidence lifted Sue right up on her toes so that she could scarcely wait for the spirited Highland music to begin—and when it did, she and Johnny flashed centerward in the most breathtaking, brilliant, dashing bit of skating the evening had yet seen. Cheers and handclaps came thick and fast, and it seemed after that, that everyone had to have a turn with Sue. Indeed, from that moment on, Holly never quite regained her place in the spotlight. It was her tall, dark, and graceful cousin who now had the party in the palm of her hand.

"How'd it turn out, honey?" Opening her door as Sue tiptoed up to her third story room, Lacey anxiously stuck out her woolly head. "*Great!*" whispered Sue, bestowing a heartfelt pat on the back of her most loyal and faithful pal. "Not just the way we *planned*, Lace—but simply *great*."

Holly had certainly outlooked and outskated her, but it was still okay. Stretching up her arms Sue peered warmly at the familiar reflection in her mirror. And anyway a gal just had to be herself and let the others do ditto. Yep, each gal had to run her own race and if she didn't win the big event, she could still win some of them. And better still, each gal was a winner with some special person and with a special person like Johnny putting you first—why bother with a little competition?

FLASHES FROM **MAC**

Hear ye! Hear ye! Contests, and still more contests for you! MISS AMERICA has arranged competitions in *five* different arts for you! . . . The hand-painting contest, sponsored by CVH Laboratories will be given in detail in your March issue of MA (see box on page 37) . . . A grand opportunity to win awards totalling $500! . . . Don't miss it! . . . American Thread Company is also offering cash prizes and fun at the same time—with their keen, teen knitting and crocheting competition. Watch the March issue for rules and regulations . . . We've been cooking up a cooking contest for you; one for all you amateur ace photographers, and—but, that would be telling! Wait and see! . . . In your next issue, too, we'll have news of the wonderful Teen Hand Arts Competition, recently held in New York City. Prizes were awarded for the ruffling contest, for the sewing contest, and many more. We'll tell you all about the teen activities which were in progress during the exhibit. Scan your monthly bulletin releases for more info, along these lines. . . .

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when you wish upon a Star...

Looks like Christmas happening again for Claire Taub, as singing MC Johnny Conte tells the folks on the air about her wonderful gifts. Later, she met guest stars Autry and Ellington, see below.

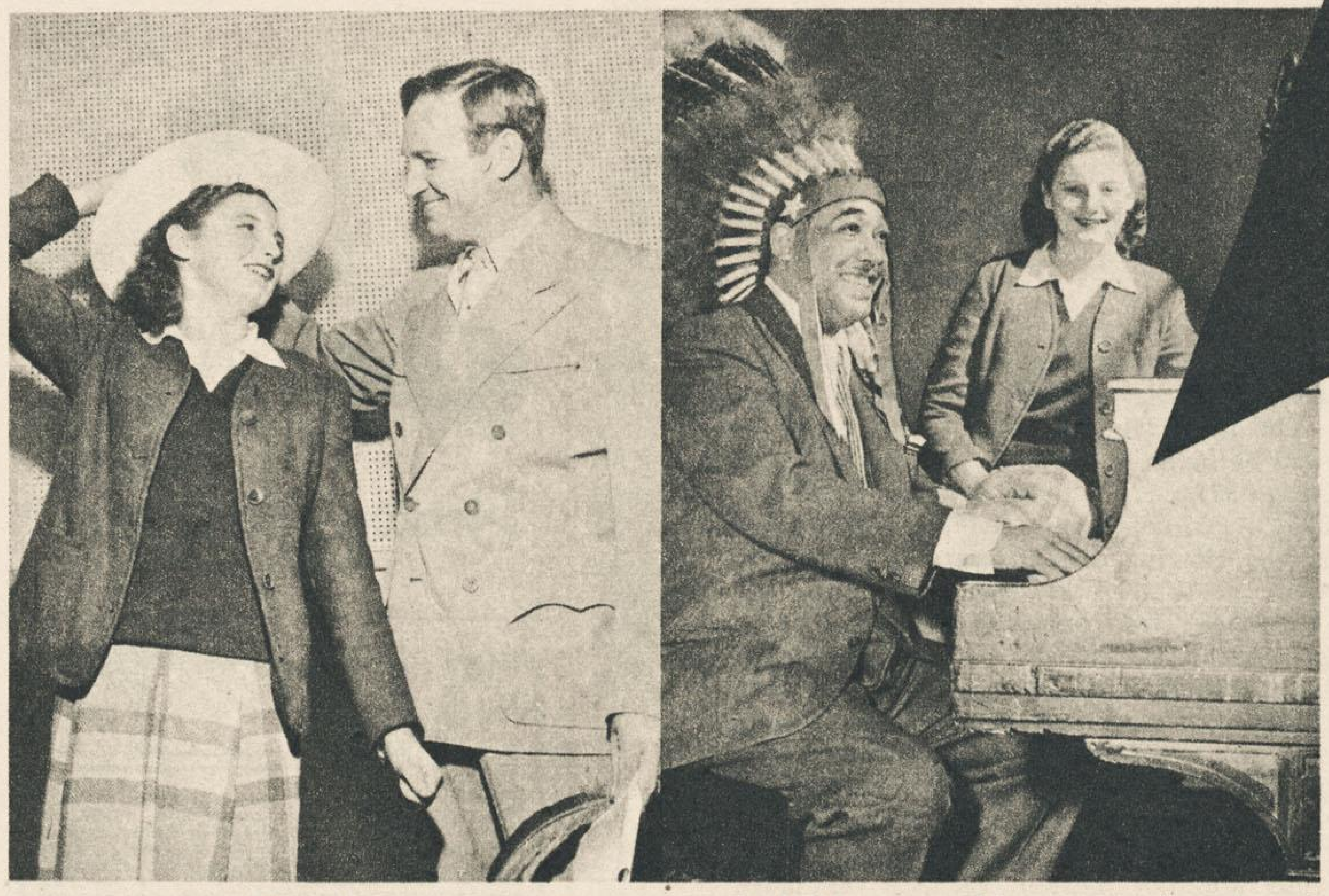
H-mmm. A decision is forthcoming as Claire takes over the editorial duties of MISS AMERICA Magazine, learns it's a rather hectic business. But she did have loads of fun in the Empire State office.

PLENTY can happen! And it did—to 14-year-old Claire Taub of New York City. Saturday morning Claire visited the Teentimer radio program. Quicker than you can pull a number out of a hat (which is exactly what happened), she was chosen as the lucky winner, and presented with a magic wishing star wand. Then—then!!

She closed her eyes and wished hard before the magic wishing well. The curtain flew back — and there were: a Teentimer dress, a table model radio, 12 pairs of nylons, a gold wrist watch, a mouton lamb coat, an album of Teentimer records, starring John Conte, a year's subscription to MISS AMERICA Magazine, and—a steak! Then began a breath-taking, merry-go-round town—to meet some of the brightest stars in New York, to become editor of MISS AMERICA for a day—all sorts of dazzling wonderful events!

Ah, for the life of a celebrity!

But, of course, it has its nicer moments—like interviewing teen rave Roddy McDowall. Rod took Claire bowling—later gallantly stated "sweets for the sweet." What a story for the kids back home!



"Howdy, podner," Gene Autry, America's Number One Cowboy, literally takes off his ten-gallon sombrero to Claire. While Big Chief Duke Ellington beats out rhythms on the ivories.

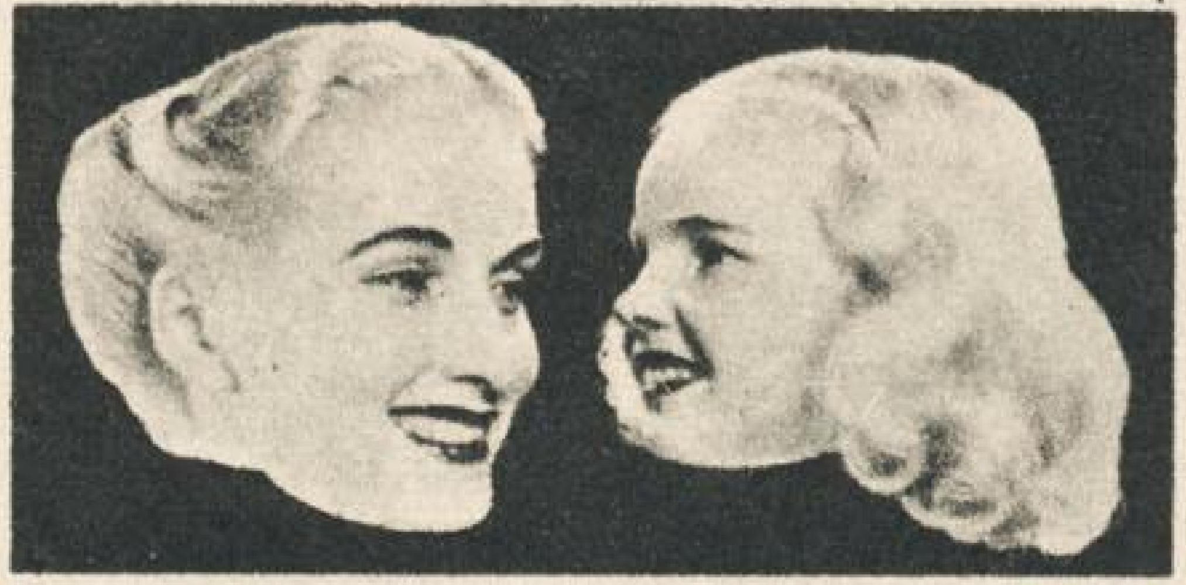
(right) Lunch—and lookit with whom! Famed restaurateur Toots Shor (left) spins a yarn for his guest, while John Conte listens amusedly.

→

Backstage with Ray Bolger and Gordon MacRae, stars of "Three to Make Ready," Claire watches Ray makeup. She was given two tickets for the show—so she could come back with her best beau.

** Photos by Camera Associates*

Blonde Mothers and Children
Shampoo Hair Shades Lighter!



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WHEN IT COMES TO KISSING

From page 23

ioned," "Midvictorian," "sissy," and "mama's girl," are just a few of the epithets they toss around with abandon. No girl likes to feel juvenile or "small town," and many have been swayed against their better judgment.

But don't be taken in by such tactics—they're neither new nor clever—just a masculine method of winning out.

And don't try to defend your views, because you can be certain the smart fellows will have an answer for anything you say. More effective is just sitting smug and superior. Your beau will run out of arguments.

Or if you feel absolutely called upon to make some comment, try, "Well, Johnny, it isn't that I object to kissing—in the abstract, that is. It's just that I don't feel that way about you."

Even the cosmopolitan men of the world have never thought up an adequate answer to that little *bon mot.* And you can bet that the better part of Johnny's spare time will be spent trying to evolve a means of changing your opinion.

Even if you meet one of those shoulders-a-mile-wide guys with an irresistible grin, and really, honest-to-goodness want to kiss him, you'll still have to handle the matter with caution.

When the inevitable discussion of kissing arises, let him know that you regard kisses, your own at least, as something pretty special.

And remember, the more widely kisses are spaced by conversational pauses, the less likely you are to encounter an unpleasant situation.

Talk about him—that's a favorite with men and the surest way of keeping him distracted.

It's a matter of finesse—this kissing business—and the girl who handles it deftly is the girl who will keep her popularity intact!

ACCIDENTAL HERO

From page 21

"Connie, I didn't mean that." He lowered his voice, whispered hoarsely. "What I mean is, you've got to think of some way to keep me from being expelled!"

"Bill!" I gasped. "Expelled!"

He shushed me frantically. "Connie, not so loud! Are we—" he looked around, drew me over to the sofa—"are we—alone?"

I waved my hand at the gaping living room. "Obviously."

Bill gulped, fumbled in his pocket, brought out a sheet of neatly-columned paper.

I stared at it dully a moment, then something flashed in my brain. On the paper, in Miss Brink's painstaking handwriting, were the questions for the English literature test—the test that would decide Bill's fate and that of our football team.

"Bill!" I gasped.

Now, ever since I can remember, Bill Barlow has been getting into scrapes and I have been getting him out of them. A perfectly normal American boy in every other respect, he has a simply uncanny genius for getting into trouble, apparently through no fault of his own, and—well, just wait till you hear.

Bill was miserably earnest, "I didn't snaffle it, Connie, honest."

Honest, yes, that was Bill. You had only to look at his dark spaniel eyes, at his frank outstanding ears, at his reliable Li'l Abner chin to know that—yet here he was beautifully supplied with the questions for the English Lit test. Well?

"A bunch of us stopped into Stiffy's after the Scout meeting," said Bill, "and on the way home I cut across the school grounds—"

"Don't tell me." I closed my eyes. "Let me guess. This paper blew out the classroom window and straight into your hands."

"I guess so, I didn't see it blow. I found it by a lilac bush near the bell tower."

I opened my eyes wearily, patted his hand. "Bill," I said, in my most motherly manner, acquired through the long hard years of our peculiar relationship, "I believe you, but—" I sighed.

"I know," said Bill despairingly, "nobody else would."

You had to have known Bill intimately from playpen to high school to even half-believe the fantastic things that happened to him.

"Concentrate, Connie!" he groaned. "You always know what to do."

"Make it past tense," I said.

"Connie," he pleaded, "you can't let me down now of all times."

I sincerely hoped I couldn't. I thought of poor, innocent, bumbling Bill whom, in the far comfortable future I just might be feeble-minded enough to want to marry and would naturally prefer with name untarnished. I thought of our gallant football team, in need of Bill's broad shoulders and plunging interference. I thought of our High wanting the state championship.

I fluffed my hair, lowered my lashes and thought and thought—

After a while, I heard Bill's voice coming as from a great distance. "Connie! Speak to me! Jeepers, have you gone to sleep?"

I opened my eyes with dignity. "Certainly not."

"Well?" he said hopefully.

"Bill," I said hesitantly, "have you—ah—looked at—ah—"

"Of course not!"

"Well, I only thought—this whole thing just sort of seems like the hand of fate, or something—I mean, you do need to pass—"

"Connie!" roared Bill, and snatched the paper from me, reproof glowing fiercely in his eyes.

"Oh, well," I said wistfully, "it was just a whim."

"Connie, that would be downright dishonest."

"Mm."

"That paper is the property of Miss Brink and—"

"Okay, Bill," I said, "then there's only one upright thing to do—return it."

"Ulp," said Bill.

"I don't mean through the—uh—regular channels."

Bill revived somewhat. "No?"

"Absolutely not."

That would have been awkward, what with all the thievery that had been going on around school lately—things missing from lockers, classrooms broken into. I didn't mention it to Bill, who was scared enough already, but they might—just might be goopy enough to try to connect him with those mysterious thefts.

"The thing to do," I said, "is to return that paper before Miss Brink misses it."

"Ah," said Bill, "that's my girl." He beamed at me forgivingly, then the beam was replaced by a worried frown. "But how?"

The trouble with Bill is that while his heart, soul, and character are sound—well, sounder than as things are now, the dollar—he lacks imagination. Enter Connie. What he would do without me, neither of us will never know.

Very carefully, I explained. "When Oley, the janitor, opens the building after supper to go see to the furnace as usual, I'll get him to let me in to go to my locker."

"That's a super idea," said Bill heartily. "Then all you have to do is sneak the paper under the door of Miss Brink's room—she'll think the wind blew it there—"

"Whoa up," I said. "That's not quite the picture. What really happens is, when I distract Oley you sneak in behind us and return the paper yourself. That way," I said wickedly, "you'll know it's been done."

"Connie, I didn't mean—"

"Sometimes," I said dreamily, "I just can't trust myself. I've always wanted to get a preview of an exam paper—"

"Okay," said Bill, "have your fun. I'll return the paper."

I slanted my eyes at him thoughtfully. "And, just in case someone might see you go in or out, it would be safer if you were disguised as a girl."

"Now, look here, Connie—"

"If we're going to do this at all," I said firmly, "we're going to do it professionally. Everything must be airtight. Or can you think of a better plan?"

Just as twilight was smoking through the streets of Merryville, Bill and I kept our perilous tryst, in the grove back of school.

When I saw Bill, I choked. He was squeezed into one of his sister's plaid skirts, bobby socks and loafers, a sloppy joe belonging to me. A colorful peasant scarf was knotted demurely under his chin.

"Bill—" I burbled.

He glared at me. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing at all, Bill—only I've never seen a cuter bobby soxer!"

"Shaddup," said Bill.

Oley is an elderly Swede with a line of talk from here to there. All he wanted was an audience which, that night, I cheerfully supplied. Leaving the door conveniently ajar, he escorted me gallantly to my locker, waited while I searched for my mythical book.

I was still exploring the far corners of my locker when, from the hall below, came noises.

I straightened nervously, stifling a desire to scream.

That goon, that absolute lout, I thought as I dodged things—here he's gone and knocked over the statue of Venus de Milo or fallen over a monitor's desk. That's Bill all over.

Not even my own shrill chatter and the clatter of falling locker debris could keep Oley from hearkening to the gruesome fracas down yonder, the thumpings, bumpings, grunts, and crashings. He stiffened, snapped his lips shut in mid-sentence, then was off at a long rabbitty lope.

I descended at a dejected pace, mulling over in my mind what I would say to Bill when I got him alone. I expected to find him floundering amid pieces of statue or table. I was wrong.

In the left corridor, near Miss Brink's room, Bill was sitting placidly on the chest of a disreputable looking character, whose grimy arms he had pinioned above his head, lecturing him, as from a pulpit, on the evils of dishonesty. The character was staring dazedly at Bill, whose head-scarf was awry, whose bony knees were peeping from beneath the plaid

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skirt, whose lip was puffing rapidly.

Oley goggled. "What do you think that you are doing?"

Bill looked up and grinned. He jerked his chin toward a row of lockers, obviously broken into.

Oley blew his sandy moustache out irately. "So! A thief, is it?"

"Probably the one responsible for all the skullduggery lately."

Bill was right. Further investigation revealed that the main office safe had been cracked and the operetta receipts removed.

"He was on his way out with that suitcase there when I surprised him," Bill observed.

The loot was found in the suitcase. Bill's terrified prisoner admitted everything, staring at his captor with horrified fascination.

It was all so exciting that it wasn't until Oley had called the police that I remembered what people might think finding Bill posing as Miss Muffet. And it wasn't until the police arrived accompanied by a newspaper reporter and photographer that the inevitable question came.

"How did you happen to be at the scene of the crime, young lady?" asked a reporter.

Bill looked at me. I looked back at him. He looked at the reporter. Everybody looked at Bill.

"Go ahead, girlie, tell us how you captured the prowler. Boy, what a story! Bobby-soxer kayoes prowler! I can see the headlines now, with your picture—"

Bill could, too. He came to, turned a fashionable winter red, yanked his head scarf off wrong, almost strangling himself.

"Blast it all!" he roared. "I'm no girl. I'm—"

"He's Bill Barlow, the boy detective!" I put in quickly. Galloping to Bill on the pretense of untying his head scarf for him, I murmured fiercely, "Let me handle this, will you?"

Flash bulbs popped. The reporter bombarded questions.

"Look, it's this way," I said. "Bill's very modest and doesn't like to talk about himself much, but he's really a very clever amateur sleuth, and naturally was interested in getting to the bottom of all these school thefts lately."

As far as it went, that was vaguely the truth, and fortunately it was perfectly clear to the reporter—much clearer than it was to Bill. Bill had trailed the prowler, followed him into the building in clever disguise. Believing him to be a girl, the prowler had been taken off guard, and Bill had jumped him.

I didn't have any time to talk to Bill alone again until the next noon, Saturday. The papers were out, and he was famous.

"Wonderful, Bill!" I said.

"Uh-huh." He thrust hands deep into trouser pockets, gazed at a point about a foot from my left ear. "Also, Miss Brink called—to congratulate me, and offered to coach me herself on English lit, so I'll be sure of passing Monday."

I sighed happily. The championship was as good as ours.

Then I remembered—"Bill, you—you got that exam paper back okay, didn't you?"

Slowly, his eyes met mine.

"I hate to tell you, Connie, but I—I forgot it in my trousers' pocket. See?" His hand came forth clutching the paper. "What'll I do now? Connie—*concentrate!*"

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

From page 40

WORD-IN-WORD

When you suppose; trombone; pelican; stagnation; elastics; sagacity; nuisance; talisman; missile; implication.

MENAGERIE MIX-UP

rabbit; albatross; parrot; cat; dog; sheep; whale; goat; rats; apes.

BASKETBALL TEAM

Josephine, Left Forward; Gloria, Right Forward; Mildred, Right Guard; Beatrice, Left Guard, Captain; Regina, Center.

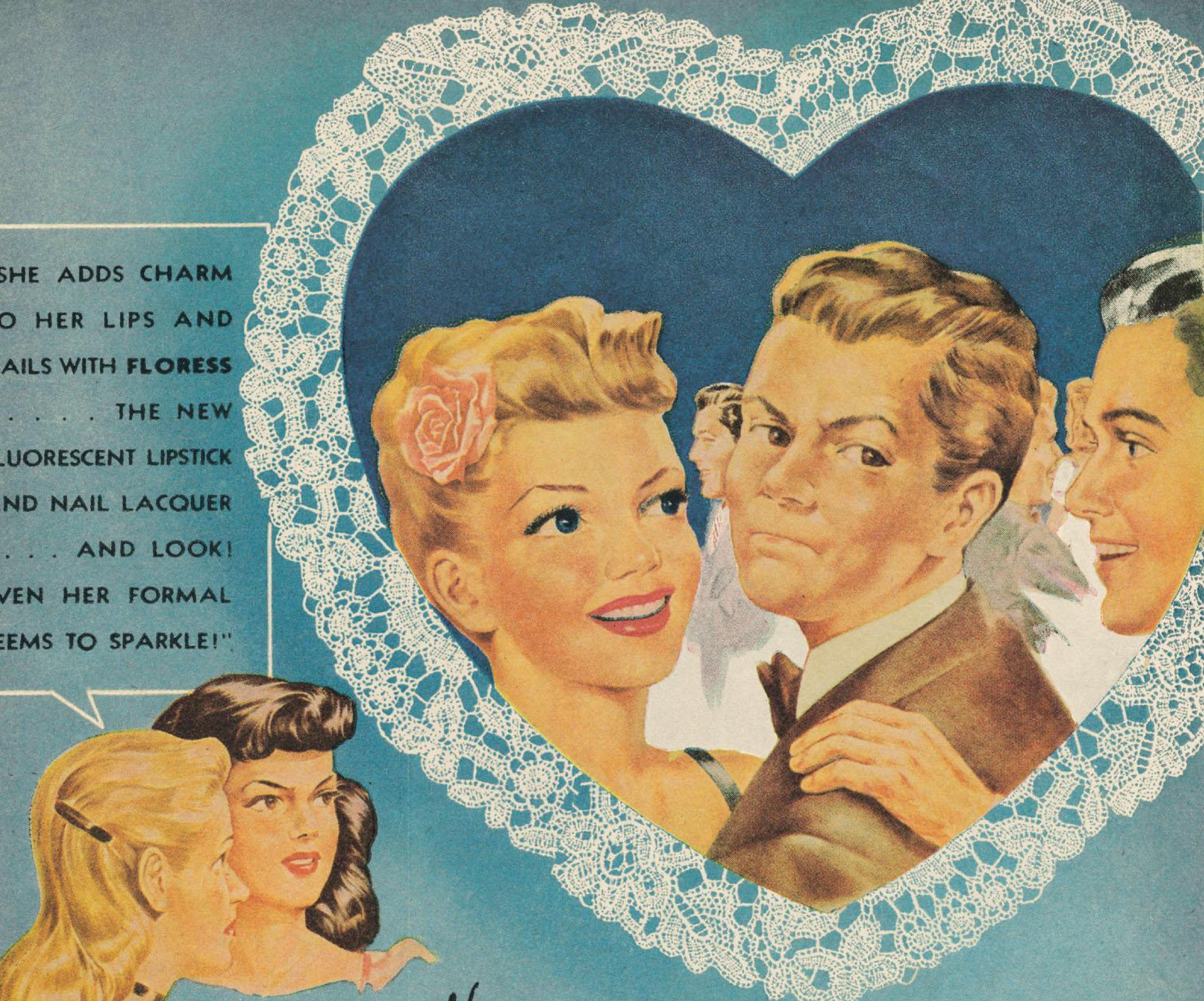
The movie actor is ROONEY.

FOOD-FOR-THOUGHT.

Fig; orange; banana; tangerine; quince; apricot; plum; pear; cherry; peach; canteloupe; currant; raisin; date; lemon; raspberry; grape; apple; lime.

YOUR BODY

Drums; temples; nails; a head; veins; calves; trunk; lashes; cheek; waist.



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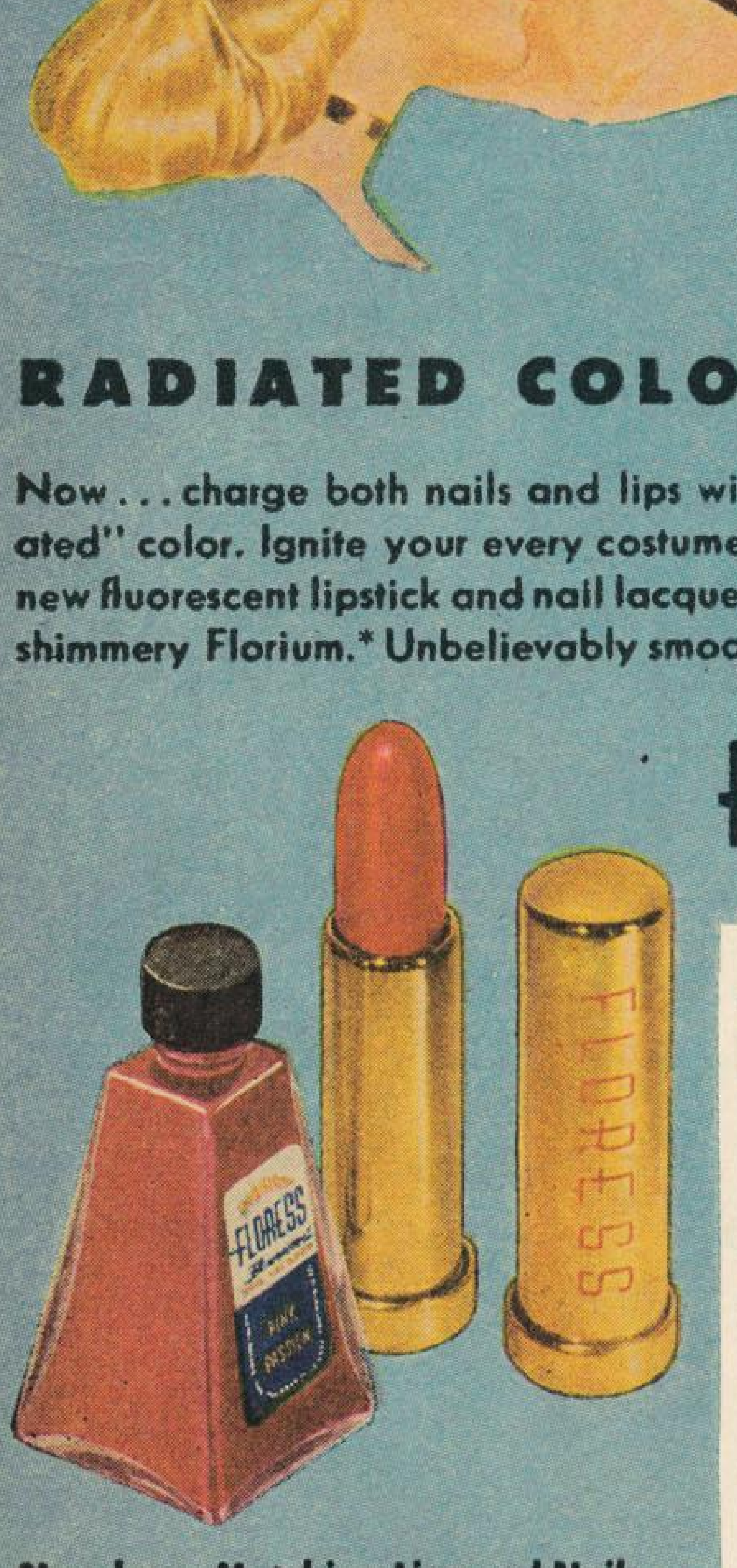

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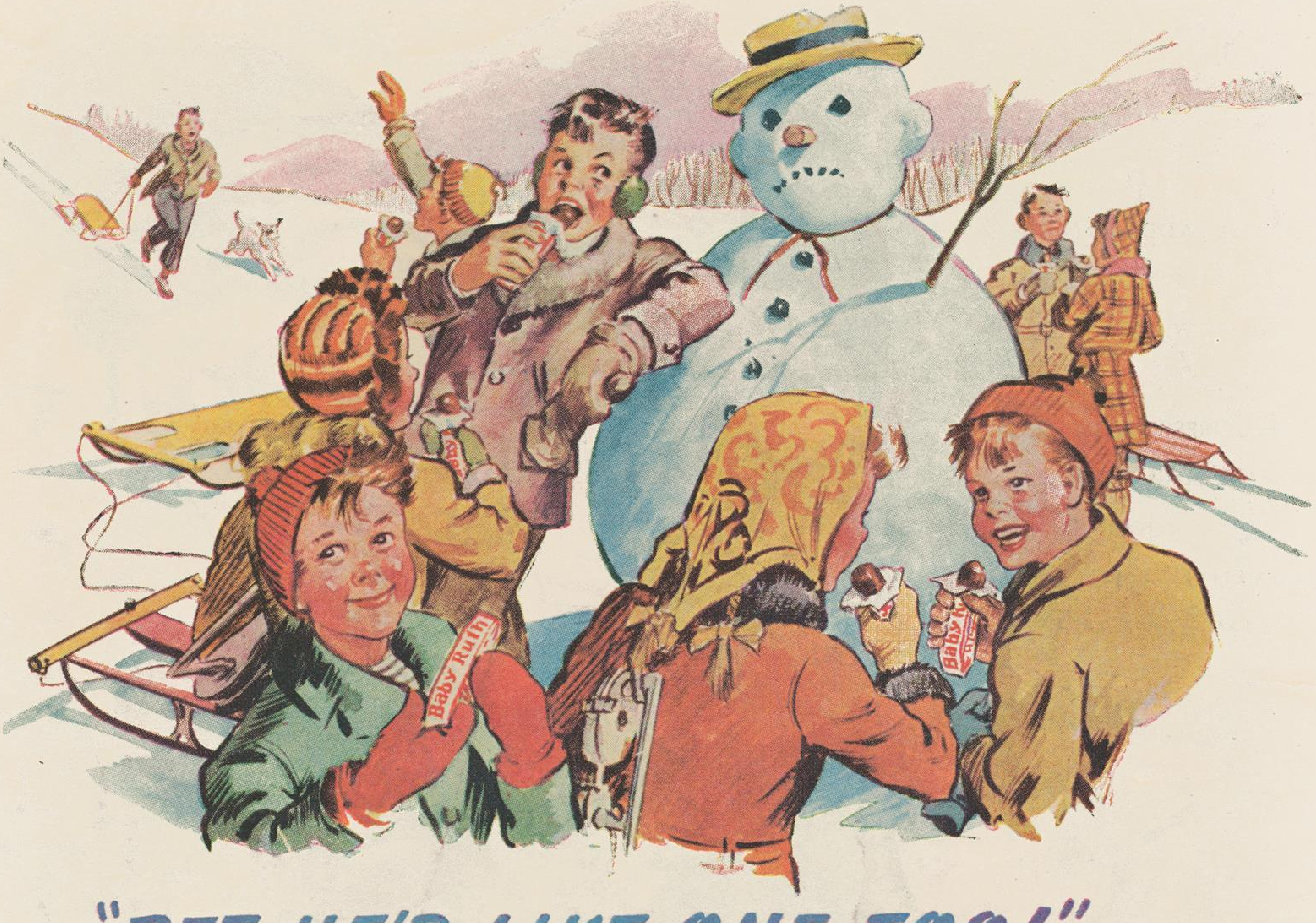
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